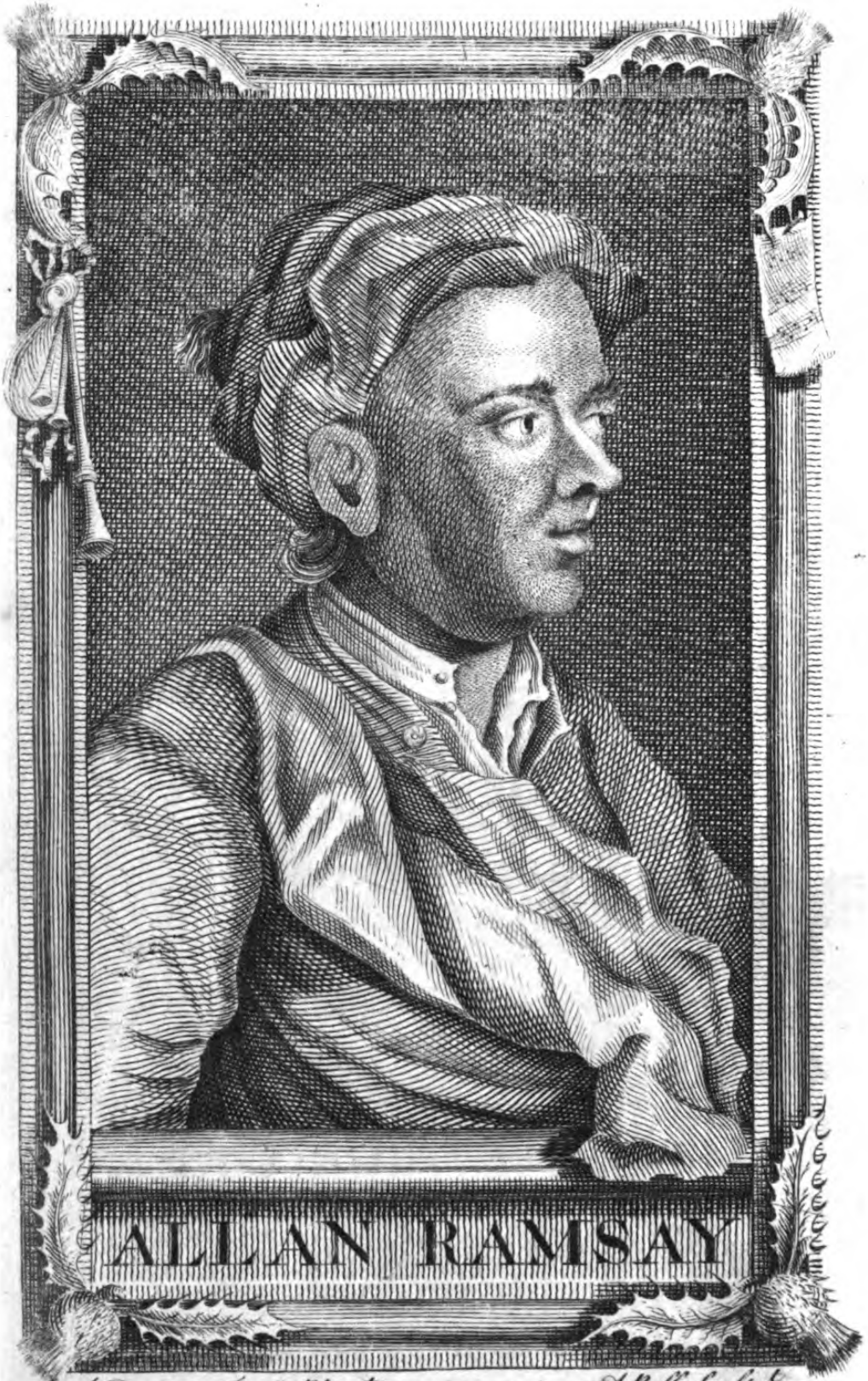
ALLAN RAMSAY
A. Ramsay Junr. Pinxt.
A. Bell Sculpt.

The Tea-Table MISCELLANY:

or,

A Collection of Choice

SONGS,

Scots & English.

In Four Volumes

By

Allan Ramsay.

The TWELTH EDITION.

EDINBURGH
Printed for A. Donaldson, and for Eben: Wilson in DUMFRIES.
MDCCLX.

THE TEA-TABLE MISCELLANY:

A COLLECTION OF CHOICE SONGS, SCOTS AND ENGLISH.

In FOUR VOLUMES.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

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For A. DONALDSON.
MDCCLXII.

DEDICATION.

To ilka lovely BRITISH *laſs,*
Frae Ladies Charlotte, Anne, *and* Jean,
Down to ilk bonny ſinging Beſs,
Wha dances barefoot on the green.

DEAR LASSES,

YOur moſt humble ſlave,
Wha ne'er to ſerve you ſhall decline,
Kneeling, wad your acceptance crave,
When he preſents this ſma' propine.

Then take it kindly to your care,
Revive it with your tunefu' notes:
Its beauties will look ſweet and fair,
Ariſing ſaftly through your throats.

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,
When tented by a ſparkling eye,
The ſpinet tinkling with her voice,
It lying on her lovely knee.

While kettles dringe on ingles dour,
Or claſhes ſtay the lazy laſs;
Thir ſangs may ward you frae the ſour,
And gaily vacant minutes paſs.

E'en while the tea's fill'd reeking round,
Rather than plot a tender tongue,
Treat a' the circling lugs wi' ſound,
Syne ſafely ſip when ye have ſung.

May happineſs had up your hearts,
And warm you lang with loving fires:
May pow'rs propitious play their parts,
In matching you to your deſires.

EDINBURGH, *Jan.* 1.
1724.

A. RAMSAY.

PREFACE.

ALthough it be acknowledged, that our SCOTS tunes have not lengthened variety of muſic, yet they have an agreeable gaiety and natural ſweetneſs that make them acceptable where-ever they are known, not only among ourſelves, but in other countries. They are, for the moſt part ſo chearful, that, on hearing them well played, or ſung, we find a difficulty to keep ourſelves from dancing. What further adds to the eſteem we have for them, is their antiquity, and their being univerſally known. Mankind's love for novelty would appear to contradict this reaſon; but will not, when we conſi-

der, that for one that can tolerably entertain with vocal or inſtrumental muſic, there are fifty that content themſelves with the pleaſure of hearing, and ſinging without the trouble of being taught. Now, ſuch are not judges of the fine flourriſhes of new muſic imported from *Italy* and elſewhere, yet will liſten with pleaſure to tunes that they know, and can join with in the chorus. Say that our way is only an harmonious ſpeaking of merry, witty, or ſoft thoughts, after the poet has dreſſed them in four or five ſtanzas; yet undoubtedly theſe muſt reliſh beſt with people, who have not beſtowed much of their time in acquiring a taſte for that downright perfect muſic, which requires none, or very little of the poet's aſſiſtance.

My being well aſſured, how acceptable new words to known tunes would prove, engaged me to the making verſes for

above

above ſixty of them, in this and the ſecond volume: about thirty more were done by ſome ingenious young gentlemen, who were ſo well pleaſed with my undertaking, that they generouſly lent me their aſſiſtance; and to them the lovers of ſenſe and muſic are obliged for ſome of the beſt ſongs in the collection. The reſt are ſuch old verſes as have been done time out of mind, and only wanted to be cleared from the droſs of blundering tranſcribers and printers; ſuch as, *The Gaberlunzieman*, *Muirland Willy*, &c. that claim their place in our collection for their merry images of the low character.

THIS thirteenth edition in a few years, and the general demand for the book by perſons of all ranks, where-ever our language is underſtood, is a ſure evidence of its being acceptable. My worthy friend Dr *Bannerman* tells me from *America*,

Nor only do your lays oe'r Britain *flow,*
Round all the globe your happy sonnets go;
Here thy soft verse, made to a Scottish *air,*
Are often sung by our Virginian *fair.*
Camilla'*s warbling notes are hear'd no more,*
But yield to Last time I came o'er the moor;
Hydaspes *and* Rinaldo *both give way*
To Mary Scot, Tweedside, *and* Mary Gray.

FROM this and the following volume, Mr *Thomson* (who is allowed by all to be a good teacher and singer of *Scots* songs) culled his *Orpheus Caledonius*, the music for both the voice and flute, and the words of the songs finely ingraven in a folio book, for the use of persons of the highest quality in *Britain*, and dedicated to the late Queen. This, by the by, I thought proper to intimate, and do myself that justice which the publisher neglected; since he ought to have acquainted his illustrious list of subscribers, that the

the moſt of the ſongs were mine, the muſic abſtracted.

In my compoſitions and collections, I have kept out all ſmut and ribaldry, that the modeſt voice and ear of the fair ſinger might meet with no affront; the chief bent of all my ſtudies being to gain their good graces; and it ſhall always be my care to ward off thoſe frowns that would prove mortal to my muſe.

Now, little books, go your ways; be aſſured of favourable reception wherever the ſun ſhines on the free-born chearful *Briton*; ſteal yourſelves into the ladies boſoms. Happy volumes! you are to live too as long as the ſong of *Homer* in *Greek* and *Engliſh*, and mix your aſhes only with the odes of *Horace*. Were it but my fate, when old and ruffled, like you to be again reprinted, what a curious figure would I appear on the utmoſt limits of time, after

a thouſand editions? Happy volumes! you are ſecure; but I muſt yield, pleaſe the ladies, and take care of my fame.

In hopes of this, fearleſs of coming age,
I'll ſmile through life; and when for rhyme re-[nown'd,
I'll calmly quit the farce and giddy ſtage,
And ſleep beneath a flow'ry turf full ſound.

IN-

INDEX.

Beginning with the firſt Line of every SONG.

The SONGS marked C, D, H, L, M, O, &c. are new words by different hands; X, the authors unknown; Z, old ſongs; Q, old ſongs with additions.

A.

B.

Beſſy's

C.

D.

F.

G.

How

H.

I.

K.

L.

Love,

M.

N.

O.

Of

Stella

T.

The

'Tis

Would

V.

Y.

A

COLLECTION

OF

CHOICE SONGS.

BONNY CHRISTY.

HOW ſweetly ſmells the ſimmer green!
Sweet taſte the peach and cherry:
Painting and order pleaſe our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But fineſt colours, fruits, and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirſty,
Loſe a' their charms, and weaker powers,
Compar'd with thoſe of *Chriſty*.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightſome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in conſort chanting?
But if my *Chriſty* tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration;
My thoughts with ecſtaſies rejoice,
And drap the haill creation.

Whene'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping ſhe'll prove a woman:
But, dubious of my ain deſert,
My ſentiments I ſmother;
With ſecret ſighs I vex my heart,
For fear ſhe love another.

Thus ſang blate *Edie* by a burn,
  His *Chriſty* did o'erhear him ;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
  But ere he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her favour with a look,
  Which left nae room to doubt her ;
He wiſely this white minute took,
  And flang his arms about her.

My *Chriſty !* —— witneſs, bonny ſtream,
  Sic joys frae tears ariſing,
I wiſh this may na be a dream ;
  O love the maiſt ſurpriſing !
Time was too precious now for tauk ;
  This point of a' his wiſhes
He wadna with ſet ſpeeches bauk,
  But war'd it a' on kiſſes.

The Buſh aboon TRAQUAIR.

HEar me, ye nymphs, and every ſwain,
  I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me.
Tho' thus I languiſh, thus complain,
  Alas ! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My vows and ſighs, like ſilent air,
  Unheeded never move her ;
At the bonny buſh aboon *Traquair*,
  'Twas there I firſt did love her.

That day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
  No maid ſeem'd ever kinder ;
I thought myſelf the luckieſt lad,
  So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my am'rous flame,
  In words that I thought tender ;
If more there paſs'd, I'm not to blame,
  I meant not to offend her.

Yet

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented ;
If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buſh bloom'd fair in *May*,
Its ſweets I'll ay remember ;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural powers, who hear my ſtrains,
Why thus ſhould *Peggy* grieve me ?
Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her ſmiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn deſpair,
My paſſion no more tender.
I'll leave the buſh aboon *Traquair*,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

C.

An ODE.

To the tune of, *Polwarth on the Green.*

THO' beauty, like the roſe,
That ſmiles on *Polwarth* geen,
In various colours ſhows,
As 'tis by fancy ſeen :
Yet all its different glories lie
United in thy face ;
And virtue, like the ſun on high,
Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,
So ſmooth, ſo calm her mind,
That to ſome angel's care
Each motion ſeems aſſign'd :
But yet ſo chearful, ſprightly, gay,
The joyful moments fly,
As if for wings they ſtole the ray
She darteth from her eye.

Kind am'rous *Cupids*, while
With tuneful voice ſhe ſings,
Perfume her breath and ſmile,
And wave their balmy wings:
But as the tender bluſhes riſe,
Soft innocence doth warm,
The ſoul in bliſsful ecſtaſies
Diſſolveth in the charm. D.

TWEED-SIDE.

WHat beauties does *Flora* diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon *Tweed*?
Yet *Mary*'s ſtill ſweeter than thoſe;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daiſy, nor ſweet-bluſhing roſe,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not *Tweed* gliding gently through thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The blackbird, and ſweet-cooing dove,
With muſic inchant ev'ry buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring,
We'll lodge in ſome village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does *Mary* not tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſsly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt;
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's faireſt, where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding *Tay*,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the *Tweed*?

SONG.

To the tune of, *Wo's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

IS *Hamilla* then my own?
O! the dear, the charming treaſure:
Fortune now in vain ſhall frown;
All my future life is pleaſure.

See how rich with youthful grace,
Beauty warms her ev'ry feature;
Smiling heaven is in her face,
All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms ariſe,
Roſy ſmiles, and kindling bluſhes;
Love ſits laughing in her eyes,
And betrays her ſecret wiſhes.

Haſte then from th' *Idalian* grove,
Infant ſmiles, and ſports, and graces;
Spread the downy couch for love,
And lull us in your ſweet embraces.

Softeſt raptures, pure from noiſe,
This fair happy night ſurround us;
While a thouſand ſprightly joys
Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unſour'd with care or ſtrife,
  Heaven ſtill guard this deareſt bleſſing!
While we tread the path of life,
  Loving ſtill, and ſtill poſſeſſing. S.

SONG.

LET's be jovial, fill our glaſſes,
  Madneſs 'tis for us to think,
How the warld is rul'd by aſſes,
  And the wiſe are ſway'd by chink.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Then never let vain cares oppreſs us,
  Riches are to them a ſnare,
Were ev'ry one as rich as *Cræſus*,
  While our bottle drowns our care.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Wine will make us as red as roſes,
  And our ſorrows quite forget:
Come let us fuddle all our noſes,
  Drink ourſelves quite out of debt.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

When grim death is looking for us,
  We are toping at our bowls,
Bacchus joining in the chorus:
  Death, be gone, here's none but ſouls.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

God-like *Bacchus* thus commanding,
  Trembling death away ſhall fly,
Ever after underſtanding,
  Drinking ſouls can never die.
Fa, la, ra, ſfc.

MUIRLAND

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HEarken and I will tell you how
Young Muirland *Willie* came to woo,
Tho' he could neither ſay nor do;
The truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy, I'ſe hae her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yad as he did ride,
With durk and piſtol by his ſide,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
Out o'er yon moſs, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her dady's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your doughter's love to win,
I care no for making meikle din,
What anſwer gi'e ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gi'e ye my doughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, ſin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what town?
I think my doughter winna gloom
On ſic a lad as ye.
The wooer he ſtepp'd up the houſe,
And wow but he was wondrous crouſe,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owſen in a plough,
Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
The place they ca' it *Cadeneugh*;
I ſcorn to tell a lie:

Beſides,

Beſides, I had frae the great laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the braweſt in a' the town;
I wat on him ſhe did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he ſtended up in haſte,
And gript her hard about the waſte,
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and ha'e enough o' gear;
And for myſell you need na fear,
Troth try me whan ye like.
He took aff his bonnet, and ſpat in his chow,
He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou',
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden bluſh'd, and bing'd ſu law,
She had na will to ſay him na,
But to her dady ſhe left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he ga'e her the tither kiſs,
Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na ſay me na,
But to yourſell ſhe has left it a',
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;
Say what'll ye gie me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e nae meikle,
But ſic's I ha'e, ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three ſoums of ſheep, twa good milk ky,
Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free;
Troth I dow do na mair.

Content,

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't.
I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass,
With mony a blythesome lad and lass;
But sicken a day there never was,
Sick mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straked hands,
Mess *John* ty'd up the mariage-bands,
With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
They glanced in our ladses' een,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
The minstrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their wames together met,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Z

The Promis'd Joy.

To the tune of, *Carl an the king come.*

When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loss result in gain, Phely,

Long

Long the ſport of fortune driv'n,
To deſpair our thoughts were giv'n,
Our odds will all be ev'n, *Phely*,
When we meet again, Phely, *&c.*

Now in dreary diſtant groves,
Tho' we moan like turtle doves,
Suff'ring beſt our virtue proves,
And will enhance our loves, *Phely*,
When we meet again, Phely, *&c.*

Joy will come in a ſurpriſe,
Till its happy hour ariſe;
Temper well your love-ſick ſighs,
For hope becomes the wiſe, *Phely*.
When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loſs reſult in gain, Phely.

M.

To Delia, on her drawing him to her Valentine.

To the tune of, *Black-ey'd Suſan.*

YE powers! was *Damon* then ſo bleſs'd,
To fall to charming *Delia*'s ſhare;
Delia, the beauteous maid, poſſeſs'd
Of all that's ſoft, and all that's fair?
Here ceaſe thy bounty, O indulgent heav'n,
I aſk no more, for all my wiſh is giv'n.

I came, and *Delia* ſmiling ſhow'd,
She ſmil'd, and ſhow'd the happy name;
With riſing joy my heart o'erflow'd,
I felt and bleſs'd the new born-flame.

May

May ſofteſt pleaſures careleſs round her move,
May all her nights be joy, and days be love.

She drew the treaſure from her breaſt,
That breaſt where love and graces play,
O name beyond expreſſion bleſt?
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
To be ſo lodg'd! the thought is ecſtaſy,
Who would not wiſh in paradiſe to lie? R.

The FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

To the tune of, *Auld lang ſyne.*

WHen flow'ry meadows deck the year,
And ſporting lambkins play,
When ſpangl'd fields renew'd appear,
And muſic wak'd the day;
Then did my *Chloe* leave her bow'r,
To hear my am'rous lay,
Warm'd by my love ſhe vow'd no pow'r
Shou'd lead her heart aſtray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough
Surround our couch in throngs,
And all their tuneful art beſtow,
To give us change of ſongs:
Scenes of delight my ſoul poſſeſs'd,
I bleſs'd, then hugg'd my maid;
I robb'd the kiſſes from her breaſt,
Sweet as a noon-day's ſhade.

Joy tranſporting never fails
To fly away as air,
Another ſwain with her prevails
To be as falſe as fair.
What can my fatal paſſion cure?
I'll never woo again;
All her diſdain I muſt endure,
Adoring her in vain.

What

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
  Thus ſighing with his pain!
But time and ſcorn may give him joy,
  To hear her ſigh again.
Ah! fickle *Chloe*, be advis'd,
  Do not thyſelf beguile,
A faithful lover ſhould be priz'd,
  Then cure him with a ſmile. O.

To Mrs S. H. on her taking ſomething ill I ſaid.

To the tune of, *Hallow ev'n.*

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow?
  That beauteous heav'n erewhile ſerene?
Whence do theſe ſtorms and tempeſts flow,
Or what this guſt of paſſion mean?
And muſt then mankind loſe that light,
Which in thine eyes was wont to ſhine,
And lie obſcure in endleſs night,
For each poor ſilly ſpeech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuſe thy fame,
Thy beauty can make large amends:
Or if I durſt profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For *Venus* every heart t' enſnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And *Pallas*, with unuſual care,
Bids wiſdom heighten every grace,
Who can the double pain endure;
Or who muſt not reſign the field

To

To thee, celeſtial maid, ſecure
With *Cupid*'s bow, and *Pallas*' ſhield?

If then to thee ſuch pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But ſmile, and learn to copy heaven,
Since we muſt ſin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itſelf appeas'd beſtows,
As the reward of penitence.

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

HOw blyth ilk morn was I to ſee
The ſwain come o'er the hill!
He ſkipt the burn, and flew to me:
I met him with good-will.
O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows;
I wiſh I were with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay:
He gather'd in my ſheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed ſae ſweet,
The burds ſtood liſt'ning by:
E'en the dull cattle ſtood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we ſpent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play;
I envy'd not the faireſt dame,
Tho' ne'er ſae rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I ſhou'd baniſh'd be,
  Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt ſwain
  That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour,
  Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
He ſtaw my heart: cou'd I refuſe
  Whate'er he aſk'd of me?
O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit
  That held my wee ſoup whey,
My plaidy, broach, and crooked ſtick,
  May now lie uſeleſs by.
O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye *Cowdenknows*, adieu,
  Farewell a' pleaſures there;
Ye gods, reſtore me to my ſwain,
  Is a' I crave or care.
O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
  The broom of Cowdenknows;
I wiſh I were with my dear ſwain,
  With his pipe and my ewes.

S. R.

To Chloe.

To the tune of, *I wiſh my love were in a mire.*

O Lovely maid! how dear's thy pow'r?
  At once I love, at once adore:
With wonder are my thoughts poſſeſt,
While ſofteſt love inſpires my breaſt.
This tender look, theſe eyes of mine,
Confeſs their am'rous maſter thine;

Theſe

Thefe eyes with *Strephon*'s paſſion play,
Firſt make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine;
Poor as it is, this heart of mine
Was never in another's pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by love before.
In thee I've treaſur'd up my joy,
Thou canſt give bliſs, or bliſs deſtroy:
And thus I've bound myſelf to love,
While bliſs or miſery can move.

O ſhould I ne'er poſſeſs thy charms,
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms;
Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
But, like ſome diſcontented ſhade,
That wanders where its body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
For ever exil'd from my fair. L.

Upon hearing his picture was in CHLOE's breaſt.

To the tune of, *The fourteen of* October.

YE gods! was *Strephon*'s picture bleſt
With the fair heaven of *Chloe*'s breaſt?
Move ſofter, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh gently throb, — too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brighteſt of thy kind,
For *Strephon* was the bliſs deſign'd?
For *Strephon*'s ſake, dear charming maid,
Didſt thou prefer his wand'ring ſhade?

And thou, bleſs'd ſhade, that ſweetly art
Lodged ſo near my *Chloe*'s heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And ſoftly tell how dear I love.

Ungrateful thing! it ſcorns to hear
Its wretched maſter's ardent pray'r,
Ingroſſing all that beauteous heav'n,
That *Chloe*, laviſh maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: Were I lord
Of all the wealth thoſe breaſts afford,
I'd be a miſer too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh ſmile not thus, my lovely fair,
On theſe cold looks, that lifeleſs are;
Prize him whoſe boſom glows with fire,
With eager love and ſoft deſire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,
To life can bring the ſilent ſhade:
Thou canſt ſurpaſs the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then, charmer, grant my fond requeſt,
Say thou canſt love, and make me bleſs'd.

Song for a Serenade.

To the tune of, *The Broom of* Cowdenknows.

TEach me, *Chloe*, how to prove
My boaſted flame ſincere:
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my care.

Sleep in vain diſplays her charms,
To bribe my ſoul to reſt,
Vainly ſpreads her ſilken arms,
And courts me to her breaſt.

Where

Where can *Strephon* find repoſe,
  If *Chloe* is not there?
For ah! no peace his boſom knows,
  When abſent from the fair.

What tho' *Phœbus* from on high
  With-holds his chearful ray,
Thine eyes can well his light ſupply,
  And give me more than day. L.

Love is the cauſe of my mourning.

BY a murmuring ſtream a fair ſhepherdeſs lay,
  Be ſo kind, O ye nymphs, I oftimes heard her ſay,
Tell *Strephon* I die, if he paſſes this way,
And that love is the cauſe of my mourning.
Falſe ſhepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
You deceive me, for *Strephon*'s cold heart never warms;
Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his arms,
Oh Strephon! *the cauſe of my mourning.*
  But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go
  Down to the ſhades below,
  Ere ye let *Strephon* know
  That I have lov'd him ſo:
Then on my pale cheek no bluſhes will ſhow
That love was the cauſe of my mourning.

Her eyes were ſcarce cloſed when *Strephon* came by,
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping, and ſoftly drew nigh;
But finding her breathleſs, Oh heavens! did he cry,
Ah Chloris! *the cauſe of my mourning.*
Reſtore me my *Chloris*, ye nymphs, uſe your art.
They ſighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourſelf ſhot the dart,
That wounded the tender young ſhepherdeſs' heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris *with mourning.*
  Ah then is *Chloris* dead,
  Wounded by me! he ſaid;
  I'll follow thee, chaſte maid,
  Down to the ſilent ſhade.

Then on her cold ſnowy breaſt leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon *with mourning.* X.

To Mrs A. H. on ſeeing her at a conſort.

To the tune of, *The bonnieſt laſs in a' the warld.*

LOok where my dear *Hamilla* ſmiles,
Hamilla! heavenly charmer;
See how with all their arts and wiles
The *Loves* and *Graces* arm her.
A bluſh dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair feats of youthful pleaſures,
There love in ſmiling language ſpeaks,
There ſpreads his roſy treaſures.

O faireſt maid, I own thy pow'r,
I gaze, I ſigh, and languiſh,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguiſh.
But eaſe, O charmer, eaſe my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art faireſt of the fair,
So I the deareſt love thee. 2. C.

The Bonny Scot.

To the tune of, *The boatman.*

YE gales, that gently wave the ſea,
And pleaſe the canny boatman,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny *Scot*—man:
In haly bands
We join'd our hands,

Yet

Yet may not this diſcover,
While parents rate
A large eſtate,
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuſe in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat—man
E'er I cou'd for ſic little ends
Refuſe my bonny *Scot*—man.
Wae worth the man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous faſhion,
Frae greedy views
Love's art to uſe,
While ſtrangers to its paſſion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy longing laſſie,
Who pants to preſs thy bawmy mouth,
And in her boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the word,
Then haſte on board,
Fair winds and tenty boatman,
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder ſhore,
My blyth, my bonny *Scot*—man.

SCORNFU' NANCY.

To its own tune.

NAncy's to the *green wood* gane,
To hear the *gowdſpink* chatt'ring,
And *Willie* he has followed her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he cou'd ſay or do,
She geck'd and ſcorned at him;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bid him mind wha gat him.

What

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
  My minny or my aunty ?
With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
  Lang kail and ranty-tanty :
With bannocks of good barley-meal,
  Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped ſtocks fou butter'd well ;
  And was not that right dainty ?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
  'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keeped ay a good kail-yard,
  A ha' houſe and a pantry :
A good blew bonnet on his head,
  An owrlay 'bout his craggy ;
And ay until the day he dy'd,
  He rade on good ſhanks naggy.

Now wae and wander on your ſnout,
  Wad ye ha'e bonny *Nancy* ?
Wad ye compare ye'r ſell to me,
  A docken till a tanſie ?
I have a wooer of my ain,
  They ca' him ſouple *Sandy*,
And well I wat his bonny mou'
  Is ſweet like ſugar-candy.

Wow, *Nancy*, what needs a' this din ?
  Do I not ken this *Sandy* ?
I'm ſure the chief of a' his kin
  Was *Rab* the beggar randy :
His minny *Meg* upo' her back
  Bare baith him and his billy ;
Will ye compare a naſty pack
  To me your winſome *Willy* ?

My gutcher left a good braid ſword,
  Tho' it be auld and ruſty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
  It is baith ſtout and truſty ;

And

And if I can but get it drawn,
  Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
  That he shall get a heezy.

Then *Nancy* turn'd her round about,
  And said, Did *Sandy* hear ye,
Ye wadna miss to get a clout,
  I ken he disna fear ye :
Sae had ye'r tongue, and sae nae mair,
  Set somewhere else your fancy ;
For as lang's *Sandy*'s to the fore,
  Ye never shall get *Nancy*. Z.

SLIGHTED NANCY.

To the tune of, *The kirk wad let me be.*

'TIS I have seven braw new gowns,
  And ither seven better to mak ;
And yet for a' my new gowns,
  My wooer has turn'd his back.
Besides I have seven milk-ky,
  And *Sandy* he has but three ;
And yet for a' my good ky,
  The laddie winna ha'e me.

My dadie's a delver of dikes,
  My mither can card and spin,
And I am a fine fodgel lass,
  And the siller comes linkin in,
The siller comes linking in,
  And it is fou fair to see,
And fifty times wow ! O wow !
  What ails the lads at me ?

Whenever

Whenever our *Baty* does bark,
  Then faſt to the door I rin,
To ſee gin ony young ſpark
  Will light and venture but in :
But never a ane will come in,
  Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
Syne far ben the houſe I rin ;
  And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my firſt prayers,
  I pray'd but anes i' the year,
I wiſh'd for a handſome young lad,
  And a lad with muckle gear.
When I was at my neiſt pray'rs,
  I pray'd but now and than,
I faſh'd na my head about gear,
  If I got a handſome young man.

Now when I'm at my laſt pray'rs,
  I pray on baith night and day,
And O ! if a beggar wad come,
  With that ſame beggar I'd gae.
And O ! and what'll come o' me !
  And O ! and what'll I do ?
That ſic a braw laſſie as I
  Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.

LUCKY NANCY.

To the tune of, *Dainty Davie.*

WHile fops, in ſaft Italian verſe,
  Ilk fair ane's een and breaſt rehearſe,
While ſangs abound and ſenſe is ſcarce,
  Theſe lines I have indited :
But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor *Cupid* ſhall appear,
And yet with theſe fine ſounds I ſwear,
  The maidens are delited.

was ay telling you,
Lucky Nancy, *lucky* Nancy,
Auld ſprings wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor ſnaw with crimſon will I mix,
To ſpread upon my laſſie's cheeks;
And ſyne th' unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, or *Phillis.*
I'll fetch nae ſimile frae *Jove,*
My height of ecſtaſy to prove,
Nor ſighing — thus — preſent my love
With roſes eke and lilies.
I was ay telling you, &c.

But ſtay, — I had amaiſt forgot
My miſtreſs and my ſang to boot,
And that's an unco' faut I wat;
But, *Nancy,* 'tis nae matter.
Ye ſee I clink my verſe wi' rhyme,
And ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forby, how ſweet my numbers chime,
And ſlide away like water.
I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend ſonſy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy half-ſhut een and hodling air,
Are a' my paſſion's fewel.
Nae ſkyring gowk, my dear, can ſee,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou haſt charms enow for me,
Then ſmile, and be na cruel.
Leez me on thy ſnawy pow,
Lucky Nancy, *lucky* Nancy;
Drieſt wood will eitheſt low,
And, Nancy, *ſae will ye now.*

Troth

Troth I have ſung the ſang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do ;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable *Nancy*.
But if the warld my paſſion wrang,
And ſay ye only live in ſang,
Ken I deſpiſe a ſland'ring tongue,
And ſing to pleaſe my fancy.
Leez me on thy, &c.

Q.

A SCOTS CANTATA.

The tune after an *Italian* manner.

Compoſed by Signor Lorenzo Bocchi.

RECITATIVE.

BLate *Jonny* faintly tald fair *Jean* his mind ;
Jeany took pleaſure to deny him lang ;
He thought her ſcorn came frae her heart unkind,
Which gart him in deſpair tune up this ſang.

AIR.

O bonny laſſie, ſince 'tis ſae,
That I'm deſpis'd by thee,
I hate to live, but O I'm wae,
And unco ſweer to die.
Dear *Jeany*, think what dowy hours
I thole by your diſdain ;
Ah ! ſhould a breaſt ſae ſaft as yours
Contain a heart of ſtane ?

RECITATIVE.

Theſe tender notes did a' her pity move,
With melting heart ſhe liſt'ned to the boy ;
O'ercome ſhe ſmil'd, and promis'd him her love :
He in return thus ſang his riſing joy.

AIR.

Hence frae my breaſt, contentious care,
  Ye've tint the power to pine;
My *Jeany*'s good, my *Jeany*'s fair,
  And a' her ſweets are mine.
O ſpread thine arms, and gi'e me fowth
  Of dear inchanting bliſs,
A thouſand joys around thy mouth
  Gi'e heaven with ilka kiſs.

The TOAST.

To the tune of, *Saw ye my Peggy.*

COme let's ha'e mair wine in,
  Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loves nae dwining,
  Let's be blyth and free,
Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir;
Ye'er miſtreſs, *Robie*, gi'es her,
We'll drink her health wi' pleaſure,
  Wha's belov'd by thee.

  Then let *Peggy* warm ye,
That's a laſs can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye,
  Sweet is ſhe to me.
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wiſh ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed ſaw her
  Kiltet to the knee.

  Peggy a dainty laſs is,
Come let's join our glaſſes,
And refreſh our hauſes
  With a health to thee.
Let coofs their caſh be clinking,
Be ſtateſmen tint in thinking,
While we with love and drinking,
  Give our cares the lie.

MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

To its ain tune.

THE meal was dear ſhort ſyne,
We buckl'd us a' the gither;
And *Maggie* was in her prime,
When *Willie* made courtſhip till her:
Twa piſtals charg'd beguefs,
To gi'e the courting ſhot;
And ſyne came ben the laſs,
Wi' ſwats drawn frae the butt.
He firſt ſpeer'd at the guidman,
And ſyne at *Giles* the mither,
An ye wad gi's a bit land,
We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye ſhall hae,
I'll gi'e you her by the hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it ſall be good,
There's nane ſall hae its maik,
The laſs bound in her ſnood,
Aud *Crummie* who kens her ſtake:
With an auld bedden o' claiths,
Was left me by my mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
Ye may may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye ſpeak right well, guidman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modeſty,
Gin ye'll not quat your land:
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gawn the gither,
A houſe is butt and benn,
And *Crummie* will want her fother.

The

The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their mither !
We have nouther pat nor pan,
But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
For that ye need na fear,
Twa good ſtilts to the pleugh,
And ye your ſell maun ſteer :
Ye ſhall hae twa good pocks
That anes were o' the tweel,
The t'ane to had the grots,
The ither to had the meal :
With an auld kiſt made of wands,
And that ſall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may had your tocher.

Conſider well, guidman,
We hae but borrow'd gear,
The horſe that I ride on
Is *Sandy Wilſon*'s mare :
The ſaddle's nane of my ain,
An thae's but borrow'd boots,
And whan that I gae hame,
I maun take to my coots :
The cloak is *Geordy Watt*'s,
That gars me look ſae crouſe ;
Come fill us a cogue of ſwats,
We'll mak na mair toom ruſe.

I like you well, young lad,
For telling me ſae plain,
I married when little I had,
O' gear that was my ain.
But ſin that things are ſae,
The bride ſhe maun come furth,
Tho' a' the gear ſhe'll hae,
It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
Fy cry on *Giles* the mither :
Content am I, quo' ſhe,
E'en gar the hiſſie come hither.
The bride ſhe gade till her bed,
The bridegroom he came till her ;
The fiddler crap in at the fit,
An they cuddl'd it a' the gither. Z.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Blink over the burn, ſweet* BETTY.

LEave kindred and friends, ſweet *Betty*,
Leave kindred and friends for me :
Aſſur'd thy ſervant is ſteddy
To love, to honour, and thee.
The gifts of nature and fortune
May fly by chance as they came ;
They're grounds the deſtinies ſport on,
But virtue is ever the ſame.

Altho' my fancy were roving,
Thy charms ſo heavenly appear,
That other beauties diſproving,
I'd worſhip thine only, my dear.
And ſhou'd life's ſorrows embitter
The pleaſure we promis'd our lover,
To ſhare them together is fitter,
Than moan aſunder, like doves.

Oh ! were I but once ſo bleſſed,
To graſp my love in my arms !
By thee to be graſp'd ! and kiſſed !
And live on thy heaven of charms ;
I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
Shou'd fortune capricious prove ;
Tho' death ſhou'd tear me to pieces,
I'd die a martyr to love. M.

SONG.

SONG.

To the tune of, *The bonny grey-ey'd morning.*

CElestial muses, tune your lyres,
Grace all my raptures with your lays,
Charming, inchanting *Kate* inspires,
In lofty sounds her beauties praise:
How undesigning she displays
Such scenes as ravish with delight;
Tho' brighter than meridian rays,
They dazzle not, but please the sight.

Blind god, give this, this only dart,
I neither will, nor can her harm;
I would but gently touch her heart,
And try for once if that cou'd charm.
Go, *Venus*, use your fav'rite wile,
As she is beauteous, make her kind,
Let all your graces round her smile,
And sooth her till I comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,
And all my anxious cares remov'd,
In moving notes I'll tell the maid,
With what pure lasting flames I lov'd.
Then shall alternate life and death,
My ravish'd flutt'ring soul possess,
The softest tend'rest things I'll breathe,
Betwixt each am'rous fond caress. O.

SONG.

To the tune of, *The broom of* Cowdenknows.

SUbjected to the power of love,
By *Nell*'s resistless charms,
The fancy fix'd no more can rove,
Or fly soft love's alarms.

Gay *Damon* had the ſkill to ſhun
All traps by *Cupid* laid,
Until his freedom was undone
By *Nell* the conquering maid.

But who can ſtand the force of love,
When ſhe reſolves to kill ?
Her ſparkling eyes love's arrows prove,
And wound us with our will.

O happy *Damon*, happy fair,
What *Cupid* has begun,
May faithful *Hymen* take a care
To ſee it fairly done. G.

SONG.

Tune of, *Logan water*.

Vitas hinnuleo me ſimilis, Chloe.

TEll me, *Hamilla*, tell me why
Thou doſt from him that loves thee run ?
Why from his ſoft embraces fly,
And all his kind endearments ſhun ?

So flies the *fawn*, with fear oppreſs'd,
Seeking its *mother* ev'ry where,
It ſtarts at ev'ry empty blaſt,
And trembles when no danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,
To gaze the glories of thy face,
Not with a hateful ſtep purſue,
As age to rifle every grace.

Ceaſe then, dear wildneſs, ceaſe to tray,
But haſte all rivals to outſhine,
And grown mature, and ripe for joy,
Leave *mamma*'s arms, and come to *mine*. W.

A South-Sea Sang.

Tune of, *For our lang biding here.*

When we came to *London* town,
We dream'd of gowd in gowpens here,
And rantinly ran up and down,
In rising stocks to buy a skair:
We daftly thought to row in rowth,
But for our daffin pay'd right dear;
The lave will fare the war in trouth,
For our lang biding here.

But when we find our purses toom,
And dainty stocks began to fa',
We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom
Girn'd at stockjobbing ane and a'.
If ye gang near the *South-sea* house,
The whilly wha's will grip ye'r gear,
Syne a' the leave will fare the war,
For our lang biding here.

Hap me with thy petticoat.

O *Bell*, thy looks have kill'd my heart,
I pass the day in pain,
When night returns, I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.
I'm starving in cold, while thou art warm:
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charming petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my arms.

But

But waking think what I endure,
  While cruel you decline
Thoſe pleaſures, which can only cure
  This panting breaſt of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
  Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt reward that's due to love,
  And let true paſſion die.
Oh! turn, and let compaſſion ſeize
  That lovely breaſt of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me eaſe,
  If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
  That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its law to ſlight,
  By hind'ring the deſign.
May all the pow'rs of love agree,
  At length to make thee mine,
Or looſe my chains, and ſet me free
  From ev'ry charm of thine.

Love inviting Reason.

A SONG to the tune of, — *Chami ma chattle, ne duce ſkar mi.*

WHen innocent paſtime our pleaſure did crown,
  Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
Ere *Annie* became a fine lady in town,
  How lovely, and loving, and bonny was ſhe?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
  Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy ajee; —
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
  And favour thy *Jamie* wha dotes upon thee.

Does

Does the death of a lintwhite give *Annie* the ſpleen?
  Can tining of trifles be uneaſy to thee?
Can lapdogs and monkeys draw tears from theſe een,
  That look with indifference on poor dying me?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
  And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
  And think on thy *Jamie* wha dotes upon thee.

Ah! ſhou'd a new manto or *Flanders* lace head,
  Or yet a wee cottie, tho' never ſae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
  That anes had ſome hope of purchaſing thine?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
  And dinna prefer ye'er fleegeries to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be ſolid and canny,
  And tent a true lover that dotes upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* edition of new-fangle *Sany*,
  Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,
  And aim at theſe beniſons promis'd to me?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
  And never prefer a light dancer to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be conſtant and canny,
  Love only thy *Jamie* wha dotes upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka ſweet hour,
  That ſlade away ſaftly between thee and me,
Ere ſquirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power
  To rival my love, and impoſe upon thee.
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
  And let thy deſires be a' center'd in me;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
  And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

The

The Bob of Dumblane.

LAſſie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling kame;
For fainneſs, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane*.
Haſte ye, gang to the ground of your trunkies,
Buſk ye braw, and dinna think ſhame;
Conſider in time, if leading of monkies
Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dumblane*.

Be frank, my laſſie, leſt I grow ſickle,
And take my word and offer again.
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
Ye did na accept the *Bob of Dumblane*.
The dinner, the piper, and prieſt ſhall be ready,
And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane,
Away then, leave baith minny and dady,
And try with me the *Bob of Dumblane*.

SONG complaining of abſence.

To the tune of, *My apron, deary*.

AH *Chloe!* thou treaſure, thou joy of my breaſt,
Since I parted from thee, I'm a ſtranger to reſt;
I fly to the grove, there to languiſh and mourn,
There ſigh for my charmer, and long to return;
The fields all around me are ſmiling and gay,
But they ſmile all in vain — my *Chloe*'s away;
The field and the grove can afford me no eaſe,—
But bring me my *Chloe*, a deſert will pleaſe.

No virgin I ſee that my boſom alarms,
I'm cold to the faireſt, tho' glowing with charms,
In vain they attack me, and ſparkle the eye;
Theſe are not the looks of my *Chloe*, I cry.

Theſe

These looks where bright love, like the sun sits enthron'd,
And smiling diffuses his influence round;
'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd,
Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my sight,
It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night;
But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,
In secret I languish, a prey to despair;
But absence and torment abate not my flame,
My *Chloe*'s still charming, my passion the same;
O! would she preserve me a place in her breast,
Then absence would please me, for I would be bless'd.

R.

SONG.

To the tune of, *I fix'd my fancy on her.*

BRight *Cynthia*'s power divinely great,
What heart is not obeying?
A thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
And in her eyes are playing.
She seems the queen of love to reign;
For she alone dispenses
Such sweets as best can entertain
The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,
Her breath gives balmy blisses;
I hear an angel when she sings,
And taste of heaven in kisses.
Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
From nature's richest treasure:
Let me the other sense employ,
And I shall die with pleasure.

X.

SONG.

SONG.

To the tune of, *I loo'd a bonny lady.*

TEll me, tell me, charming creature,
Will you never eaſe my pain?
Muſt I die for ev'ry feature?
Muſt I always love in vain?
The deſire of admiration
Is the pleaſure you purſue;
Pray thee try a laſting paſſion,
Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and ſighing could not move you;
For a lover ought to dare:
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you ſaid I went too far.
Are ſuch giddy ways beſeeming?
Will my dear be fickle ſtill?
Conqueſt is the joy of women,
Let their ſlaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,
And my deſp'rate thoughts increaſe;
Pray conſider, if you kill me,
You will have a lover leſs.
If your wand'ring heart is beating,
For new lovers let it be:
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a day, and fix on me.

THE REPLY.

IN vain, fond youth; thy tears give o'er;
What more, alas! can *Flavia* do?
Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore:
All are not happy that are true.

Suppreſs

Suppreſs thoſe ſighs, and weep no more;
  Should heaven and earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain, ſince any power,
  To crown thy love, muſt alter mine.

But if revenge can eaſe thy pain,
  I'll ſooth the ills I cannot cure;
Tell that I drag a hopeleſs chain,
  And all that I inflict endure. X.

The Rose in Yarrow.

To the tune of, *Mary Scot.*

'TWas ſummer, and the day was fair,
  Reſolv'd a while to fly from care,
Beguiling thought, forgetting ſorrow,
I wander'd o'er the braes of *Yarrow*;
Till then deſpiſing beauty's power,
I kept my heart, my own ſecure;
But *Cupid*'s art did there deceive me,
And *Mary*'s charms do now enſlave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive?
No ranſom take for *Mary*'s ſlave?
Her frowns of reſt and hope deprive me;
Her lovely ſmiles like light revive me.
No bondage may with mine compare,
Since firſt I ſaw this charming fair:
This beauteous flower, this roſe of *Yarrow*,
In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heaven but one requeſt,
I'd aſk to lie in *Mary*'s breaſt;
There would I live or die with pleaſure,
Nor ſpare this world one moment's leiſure;
Deſpiſing kings and all that's great,
I'd ſmile at courts, and courtiers fate;

My joy complete on ſuch a marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on *Yarrow*.

But tho' ſuch bliſs I ne'er ſhould gain,
Contented ſtill I'll wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her;
For leaving life I'll always love her.
What doubts diſtract a lover's mind?
That breaſt, all ſoftneſs, muſt prove kind;
And ſhe ſhall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous roſe of *Yarrow*. C.

The Fair Penitent.

A SONG.—*To its ain tune.*

A Lovely laſs to a friar came
To confeſs in a morning early,
In what my dear, art thou to blame?
Come own it all ſincerely.
I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a lad that loves me dearly.

The greateſt fault in myſelf I know,
Is what I now diſcover.
Then you to Rome *for that muſt go,*
Their diſcipline to ſuffer.
Lake a day, Sir! if it muſt be ſo,
Pray with me ſend my lover.

No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double dealing;
But if with me you'll repeat the ſame,
I'll pardon your paſt failing.
I muſt own, Sir, tho' I bluſh for ſhame,
That your penance is prevailing. X.

The

The laſt time I came o'er the Moor.

THE laſt time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me.
Ye powers! what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
Ev'n kings when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me:
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my cares at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there's not one place
To let a rival enter:
Since ſhe excels in every grace,
In her my love ſhall center.
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the *Alps* ſhall cover,
On *Greenland* ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
  She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
  Tho' I left her behind me;
Then *Hymen*'s ſacred bonds ſhall chain
  My heart to her fair boſom,
There, while my being does remain,
  My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

The Laſs of Peaty's Mill.

THE laſs of *Peaty*'s mill,
  So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill,
Hath ſtole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midſt her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

  Her arms, white, round, and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To preſs 'em with his hand.
Thro' all my ſpirits ran
An ecſtaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

  Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
When e'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasures at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of *Peaty*'s mill,
Shou'd share the same wi' me.

GREEN SLEEVES.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my dear *Delia* take a care,
And represent her lover
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, justice, love, and truth;
Till I return, her passions sooth,
For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid slave,
With soul sunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to save,
With glaring gold bewitch her.
Tell her, for me she was design'd,
For me, who know how to be kind,
And have mair plenty in my mind,
Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
And fools run an eternal round,
In quest of what can ne'er be found,
To please their vain ambition.
Let little minds great charms espy,
In shadows which at distance lie,
Whose hop'd for pleasure, when come nigh,
Prove nothing in fruition.

But caſt into a mold divine,
Fair *Delia* does with luſtre ſhine,
Her virtuous ſoul's an ample mine,
Which yields a conſtant treaſure.
Let poets in ſublimeſt lays,
Employ their ſkill her fame to raiſe;
Let ſons of muſic paſs whole days,
With well-tun'd reeds to pleaſe her.

The YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN *April*, when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain;
The *Yellow-hair'd laddie* would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his loves ev'ning and morn:
He ſang with ſo ſaft and enchanting a ſound,
That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unſeen danc'd around.

The ſhepherd thus ſung, Tho' young *Maya* be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornfu' proud air;
But *Suſie* was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the ſpring.

That *Madie* in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconſtant, and never ſpoke truth:
But *Suſie* was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddeſs who ſprung from the ſea.

That mamma's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently ſour:
Then, ſighing, he wiſhed, would parents agree,
The witty ſweet *Suſie* his miſtreſs might be.

NANNY — O,

NANNY — O.

WHile ſome for pleaſure pawn their health,
'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
I'll ſave myſelf, and without ſtealth,
Kiſs and careſs my *Nanny* — O.
She bids more fair t'engage a *Jove*
Than *Leda* did or *Danae* — O.
Were I to paint the queen of love,
None elſe ſhould ſit but *Nanny* — O.

How joyfully my ſpirits riſe,
When dancing ſhe moves finely — O;
I gueſs what heaven is by her eyes,
Which ſparkle ſo divinely — O.
Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
Breathe in the bleſs'd *Britannia*,
None's happineſs I ſhall envy,
As long's ye grant me *Nanny* — O.

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny — O,
My lovely charming Nanny — O.
I care not though the world know
How dearly I love Nanny — O.

BONNY JEAN.

LOve's goddeſs in a myrtle grove,
Said, *Cupid*, bend thy bow with ſpeed,
Nor let the ſhaft at random rove,
For *Jeany*'s haughty heart muſt bleed.
The ſmiling boy, with divine art,
From *Paphos* ſhot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny *Jean*.

No

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuſes *Willie*'s kind addreſs ;
Her yielding bluſhes ſhew no care,
But too much fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
While ev'ry day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing charms in bonny *Jean*.

A thouſand tranſports croud his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former ſorrows ſeem a jeſt,
Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind :
Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean ;
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If abſent from his bonny *Jean*.

The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
Which even in ſummer ſhorten'd ſeems ;
When ſunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than *Troy*'s prize, the *Spartan* queen,
With breaking day, he lifts his ſight,
And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.

Throw the Wood, Laddie.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn ?
Thy preſence cou'd eaſe me,
When naething can pleaſe me :
Now dowie I ſigh on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho'

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing;
Yet nane of them pleaſes my eye or my ear,
When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forſaken, ſome ſpare not to tell:
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning;
Their jeering gaes aſt to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander myſell.

Then ſtay, my dear *Sandy*, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,
When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing, and play.

Down the Burn, Davie.

WHen trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to ſee;
When *Mary* was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blyth *Davie*'s blinks her heart did move
To ſpeak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, *love*,
And I ſhall follow thee.

Now *Davie* did each lad ſurpaſs,
That dwelt on this burn-ſide,
And *Mary* was the bonnieſt laſs,
Juſt meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were roſy, red, and white,
Her een were bonny blue;
Her looks were like *Aurora* bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
  What tender tales they ſaid !
His cheek to hers he aſt did lay,
  And with her boſom play'd ;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
  To be mair fully bleſt,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down ;
  Love only ſaw the reſt.

What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs play,
  And naething ſure unmeet ;
For, ganging hame, I heard them ſay,
  They lik'd a wawk ſae ſweet ;
And that they aften ſhou'd return
  Sic pleaſure to renew.
Quoth *Mary*, love, I like the burn,
  And ay ſhall follow you. C.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Gilder Roy*.

AH ! *Chloris*, cou'd I now but ſit
  As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty cou'd beget
  No happineſs nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
  And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that riſing fire
  Wou'd take my reſt away.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,
  As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
  Than youth conceal'd in thine :
But as your charms inſenſibly
  To their perfection preſt ;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
  And center'd in my breaſt.

My

My paſſion with your beauty grew,
  While *Cupid* at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
  Threw a new flaming dart;
Each gloried in their wanton part;
  To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmoſt of his art; —
  To make a beauty, ſhe.

SONG.

To the tune of, *The yellow-hair'd laddie.*

YE ſhepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
  Approach from your ſports, and attend to my ſtrain;
Amongſt all your number a lover ſo true,
Was ne'er ſo undone, with ſuch bliſs in his view.

Was ever a nymph ſo hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me ſincere, and ſhe ſees how I pine;
She does not diſdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly reſigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:
She ſmiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my ſighs.
A boſom ſo flinty, ſo gentle an air,
Inſpires me with hope, and yet bids me deſpair!

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears:
Her anſwer confounds, while her manner endears;
When ſoftly ſhe tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bleſs her in ſpite of my grief.

By night, while I ſlumber, ſtill haunted with care,
I ſtart up in anguiſh, and ſigh for the fair:
The fair ſleeps in peace, may ſhe ever do ſo!
And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

Then

Then gaze at a diſtance, nor farther aſpire,
Nor think ſhe ſhou'd love, whom ſhe cannot admire;
Huſh all thy complaining, and dying her ſlave,
Commend her to heaven, and thyſelf to the grave.

SONG.

To the tune of, *When ſhe came ben ſhe bobbed.*

COme, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
Let's have no more female impert'nence and noiſe;
For I've try'd the endearments and pleaſures of love,
And I find they're but nonſenſe and whimſies, by *Jove.*

When firſt of all *Betty* and I were acquaint,
I whin'd like a fool, and ſhe ſigh'd like a ſaint:
But I found her *religion*, her *face*, and her *love*,
Were *hypocriſy*, *paint*, and *ſelf-intereſt*, by *Jove.*

Sweet *Cecil* came next with her languiſhing air,
Her *outſide* was orderly, modeſt, and fair;
But her *ſoul* was *ſophiſticate*, ſo was her *love*,
For I found ſhe was only a *ſtrumpet*, by *Jove.*

Little double-gilt Jenny's gold charm'd me at laſt:
(You know *marriage* and *money together* does beſt.)
But the *baggage*, forgetting her *vows* and her *love*,
Gave her gold to a *ſniv'ling dull coxcomb*, by *Jove.*

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys;
Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noiſe:
I know few of the ſex that are worthy my love;
And for *ſtrumpets* and *jilts*, I abhor them by *Jove.*

L.

DUMBARTON'S

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

DUmbarton's drums beat bonny — O,
When they mind me of my dear *Jonny* — O.
How happy am I,
When my ſoldier is by,
While he kiſſes and bleſſes his *Annie* — O!
'Tis a ſoldier alone can delight me — O,
For his graceful looks do invite me — O:
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death ſhall e'er fright me — O.

My love is a handſome laddie — O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppiſh nor gaudy — O:
Tho' commiſſions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year;
For he ſhall ſerve no longer a cadie — O.
A ſoldier has honour and bravery — O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery — O;
He minds no other thing
But the ladies or the king;
For every other care is but ſlavery — O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady — O;
Farewell all my friends and my daddy — O;
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready — O.
Dumbarton's drums ſound bonny — O,
They are ſprightly like my dear *Jonny* — O:
How happy ſhall I be,
When on my ſoldier's knee,
And he kiſſes and bleſſes his *Annie* — O!

Auld lang ſyne.

SHould auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with ſcars?

 These

Theſe are the noble hero's lot,
  Obtain'd in glorious wars :
Welcome, my VARO, to my breaſt,
  Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as bleſt,
  As I was lang ſyne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
  A thouſand *Cupids* play,
Whilſt thro' the groves I walk with you,
  Each object makes me gay :
Since your return the ſun and moon
  With brighter beams do ſhine,
Streams murmur ſoft notes while they run,
  As they did lang ſyne.

Deſpiſe the court and din of ſtate ;
  Let that to their ſhare fall,
Who can eſteem ſuch ſlav'ry great,
  While bounded like a ball :
But ſunk in love, upon my arms
  Let your brave head recline,
We'll pleaſe ourſelves with mutual charms,
  As we did lang ſyne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
  You may purſue the chace,
And, after a blyth bottle, end
  All cares in my embrace :
And in a vacant rainy day
  You ſhall be wholly mine ;
We'll make the hours run ſmooth away,
  And laugh at lang ſyne.

The hero, pleas'd with the ſweet air,
  And ſigns of gen'rous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
  Bow'd to the powers above :
Next day, with conſent and glad haſte,
  Th' approach'd the ſacred ſhrine ;
Where the good prieſt the couple bleſs'd,
  And put them out of pine.

The

The LASS of LIVINGSTON.

PAin'd with her ſlighting *Jamie*'s love,
Bell dropt a tear — *Bell* dropt a tear;
The gods deſcended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear — well pleas'd to hear.
They heard the praiſes of the youth
From her own tongue — from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus ſhe ſung — and thus ſhe ſung.

Bleſs'd days when our ingenious ſex,
More frank and kind — more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex;
But ſpoke their mind — but ſpoke their mind.
Repenting now, ſhe promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return — wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
Or cauſe him mourn — or cauſe him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deſerving ſwain,
Yet ſtill thought ſhame — yet ſtill thought ſhame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame — to own my flame?
Why took I pleaſure to torment,
And ſeem too coy — and ſeem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My ſlighted joy — my ſlighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its ſpring,
Own your deſire — own your deſire,
While love's young power with his ſoft wing
Fans up the fire — fans up the fire,
O do not with a ſilly pride,
Or low deſign — or low deſign,
Refuſe to be a happy bride,
But anſwer plain — but anſwer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes — with flowing eyes.
Glad *Jamie* heard her all the time,
With ſweet ſurpriſe — with ſweet ſurpriſe.
Some god had led him to the grove;
His mind unchang'd — his mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I am reveng'd — I am reveng'd!

PEGGY, I muſt love thee.

AS from a rock paſt all relief,
The ſhipwrack'd *Colin* ſpying
His native ſoil, o'ercome with grief,
Half ſunk in waves, and dying:
With the next morning-ſun he ſpies,
A ſhip, which gives unhop'd ſurpriſe;
New life ſprings up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted,
Low with deſpair my ſpirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
I found in *Peggy*'s mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying?
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying:
I'll haſte dull courtſhip to a cloſe,
Since marriage can my fears oppoſe:
Why ſhould we happy minutes loſe,
Since, *Peggy*, I muſt love thee.

Men

Men may be foolish, if they please,
And deem't a lover's duty,
To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
Doting on a proud beauty:
Such was my case for many a year,
Still hope succeeding to my fear;
False *Betty*'s charms now disappear,
Since *Peggy*'s far outshine them.

BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY.

O *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
They are twa bonny lassies,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.
Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter;
But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now *Bessy*'s hair's like a lint-tap;
She smiles like a *May* morning,
When *Phœbus* starts frae *Thetis*' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waste and feet's fu' genty;
Wih ilka grace she can command;
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And *Mary*'s locks are like a craw,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances:
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O *Jove*, she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
Ye unco fair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are sic bonny lasses:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

I'll never leave thee.

JONNY.

THO' for seven years and mair, honour shou'd reave me,
To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee:
For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented;
And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

O *Jonny*, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;
And nought i' the warld wad vex my heart sairer,
If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
Grieve me, grieve me, oh, it wad grieve me!
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JONNY.

My *Nelly*, let never sic fancies oppress ye,
For while my blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye:
Your blooming saft beauties first beeted love's fire,
Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, *Jonny*, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;

And

And gin you prove fauſe, to ye'rſell be it ſaid then,
Ye'll win but ſma' honour to wrong a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, heavens! it wad reave me
Of my reſt night and day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

Bid iceſhogles hammer red gauds on the ſtuddy,
And fair ſimmer-mornings nae mair appear ruddy,
Bid *Britons* think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The ſtarns ſhall gang witherſhins ere I deceive thee.

My Deary, if you die.

LOve never more ſhall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart ſhall gain,
My *Peggy*, if thou die.
Thy beauties did ſuch pleaſure give,
Thy love's ſo true to me;
Without thee I ſhall never live,
My deary, if thou die.

If fate ſhall tear thee from my breaſt,
How ſhall I lonely ſtray?
In dreary dreams the night I'll waſte,
In ſighs the ſilent day.
I ne'er can ſo much virtue find,
Nor ſuch perfection ſee;
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My *Peggy*, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With *Cupid*'s raving rage,
But thine which can ſuch ſweets impart,
Muſt all the world engage.
'Twas this that like the morning-ſun
Gave joy and life to me;

And

And when its deſtin'd day is done,
  With *Peggy* let me die.

Ye powers that ſmile on virtuous love,
  And in ſuch pleaſure ſhare;
You who its faithful flames approve,
  With pity view the fair.
Reſtore my *Peggy*'s wonted charms,
  Thoſe charms ſo dear to me;
Oh! never rob them from thoſe arms:
  I'm loſt if *Peggy* die.

My Jo Janet.

SWeet Sir, for your courteſie,
  When ye come by the *Baſs* then,
For the love ye bear to me,
  Buy me a keeking-glaſs then.
Keek into the draw-well,
  Janet, Janet;
And there ye'll ſee ye'r bonny ſell,
  My jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
  What if I ſhou'd fa' in?
Syne a' my kin will ſay and ſwear,
  I drown'd myſell for ſin.
Had the better be the brae,
  Janet, Janet;
Had the better be the brae,
  My jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courteſie,
  Coming through *Aberdeen* then,
For the love ye bear to me,
  Buy me a pair of ſhoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
  Janet, Janet;
Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
  My jo Janet.

But

But what if dancing on the green,
And ſkipping like a mawking,
If they ſhould ſee my clouted ſhoon,
Of me they will be tauking.
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet,
Syne a' their fauts will no be ſeen,
My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courteſie,
When ye gae to the croſs then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horſe then.
Pace upo' your ſpinning-wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your ſpinning-wheel,
My jo Janet.

My ſpinning-wheel is auld and ſtiff.
The rock o't winna ſtand, Sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
Employs aft my hand, Sir.
Make the beſt o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man,
My jo Janet.

SONG.

To the tune of, *John Anderſon my jo.*

WHat means this niceneſs now of late,
Since time that truth does prove;
Such diſtance may conſiſt with ſtate,
But never will with love.
'Tis either cunning or diſdain
That does ſuch ways allow;
The firſt is baſe, the laſt is vain:
May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
  You over-act your part;
And if it be to have me gone,
  You need not ha'f that art:
For if you chance a look to caſt,
  That ſeems to be a frown,
I'll give you all the love that's paſt,
  The reſt ſhall be my own.

Auld Rob Morris.

MITHER.

AUld *Rob Morris* that wins in yon glen,
  He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld (men,
Has fourſcore of black ſheep, and fourſcore too;
Auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Had your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be ſeen;
For he is fourſcore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Had your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride:
He ſhall lie by your ſide, and kiſs ye too;
Auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld *Rob Morris* I ken him fou weel,
His a—— it ſticks out like ony peat-creel,
He's outſhinn'd, inknee'd, and ringle-ey'd too;
Auld *Rob Morris* is the man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Though auld *Rob Morris* be an elderly man,
Yet his auld braſs it will buy a new pan;
Then, doughter, ye ſhould na be ſo ill to ſhoo,
For Auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGH-

DOUGHTER.

But auld *Rob Morris* I never will hae,
His back is ſae ſtiff, and his beard is grown gray:
I had titter die than live wi' him a year;
Sae mair of *Rob Morris* I never will hear. Q.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Come kiſs with me, come clap with me*, &c.

PEGGY.

MY *Jocky* blyth, for what thou'ſt done,
There is nae help nor mending;
For thou haſt jogg'd me out of tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.
My mither ſees a change on me,
For my complexion daſhes,
And this, alas! has been with thee
Sae late amang the raſhes.

JOCKY.

My *Peggy*, what I've ſaid I'll do,
To free thee frae her ſcouling.
Come then and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling;
For her content I'll inſtant wed,
Since thy complexion daſhes;
And then we'll try a feather-bed,
'Tis ſafter than the raſhes.

PEGGY.

Then, *Jocky*, ſince thy love's ſae true,
Let mither ſcoul, I'm eaſy:
Sae langs I live I ne'er ſhall rue
For what I've done to pleaſe thee.
And there's my hand I's ne'er complain:
Oh! weel's me on the raſhes;
Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,
And a fig for a' their claſhes. Z.

SONG.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Rothes's lament*; or, *Pinky-house*.

AS *Sylvia* in a foreſt lay,
To vent her wo alone;
Her ſwain *Sylvander* came that way,
And heard her dying moan:
Ah! is my love (ſhe ſaid) to you
So worthleſs and ſo vain?
Why is your wonted fondneſs now
Converted to diſdain?

You vow'd the light ſhou'd darkneſs turn,
Ere you'd exchange your love;
In ſhades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you ſwore?
But ah! it ſeems they moſt deceive,
Who moſt our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind:
Alas! I ſee it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.
For you, delighted I could die:
But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that credulous conſtant I
Shou'd by yourſelf be kill'd.

This ſaid — all breathleſs, ſick, and pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital ſpirits fail,
And ſenſes at a ſtand.
Sylvander then began to melt:
But ere the word was given,
The heavy hand of death ſhe felt,
And ſigh'd her ſoul to heaven.

M.

The

The young LAIRD and EDINBURGH KATY.

NOW wat ye wha I met yeſtreen,
Coming down the ſtreet, my jo?
My miſtreſs in her tartan ſcreen,
Fow bonny, braw, and ſweet, my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wiſh'd a lover ill,
Since ye're out of your mither's ſight,
Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O *Katy*, wiltu' gang wi' me,
And leave the dinſome town a while;
The bloſſom's ſprouting frae the tree,
And a' the ſimmer's gaw'n to ſmile:
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs, and whiſtling hind,
In ilka dale, green, ſhaw, and park,
Will nouriſh health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Bends his morning-draught of dew,
We'll gae to ſome burn-ſide and play,
And gather flow'rs to buſk ye'r brow;
We'll pou the daiſies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog:
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And ſport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleaſant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
A canny, ſaft, and flow'ry den,
Which circling birks have form'd a bow'r:
Whene'er the ſun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler ſhade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

KATY's Anſwer.

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' ſhe did the ſame before me:
I canna get leave
To look to my loove,
Or elſe ſhe'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher;
Then, *Sandy*, ye'll fret,
And wyte ye'r poor *Kate*,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty
Of ſiller and pleniſhing dainty,
Yet he's unco ſweer
To twin wi' his gear;
And ſae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag well o' ye'r land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

MARY SCOT.

HAppy's the love which meets return,
When in ſoft flames ſouls equal burn;
But words are wanting to diſcover
The torments of a hopeleſs lover.
Ye regiſters of heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there ſee me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the flower of *Yarrow?*

Ah

Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the gods above muſt ſhare;
While mortals with deſpair explore her,
And at diſtance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile:
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing ſwain the banks of *Yarrow*.

Be huſh, ye fears, I'll not deſpair;
My *Mary*'s tender as ſhe's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh:
With ſucceſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the ſky;
When *Mary Scot*'s become my marrow,
We'll make a paradiſe in *Yarrow*.

O'er Bogie.

I *Will awa' wi' my love,*
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had ſworn and ſaid,
I'll o'er Bogie *wi' her.*
If I can get but her conſent,
I dinna care a ſtrae;
Tho' ilka ane be diſcontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now ſhe's miſtreſs of my heart,
And wordy of my hand,
And well I wat we ſhanna part
For ſiller or for land.
Let rakes delyte to ſwear and drink,
And beaus admire fine lace,
But my chief pleaſure is to blink
On *Betty*'s bonny face.
I will awa', &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
  Of colour, treats, and air,
The ſaul that ſparkles in her een
  Makes her a jewel rare:
Her flowing wit gives ſhining life
  To a' her other charms;
How bleſs'd I'll be when ſhe's my wife,
  And lock'd up in my arms!
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and ſing,
  While o'er her ſweets I range,
I'll cry, Your humble ſervant, King,
  Shame fa' them that wa'd change
A kiſs of *Betty* and a ſmile,
  Abeit ye wad lay down
The right ye hae to *Britain*'s iſle,
  And offer me ye'r crown.
I will awa', &c.

O'er the Moor to Maggy.

AND I'll o'er the moor to *Maggy*,
  Her wit and ſweetneſs call me;
Then to my fair I'll ſhow my mind,
  Whatever may befal me.
If ſhe love mirth, I'll learn to ſing;
  Or likes the *Nine* to follow,
I'll lay my lugs in *Pindus'* ſpring,
  And invocate *Apollo*.

If ſhe admire a martial mind,
  I'll ſheath my limbs in armour;
If to the ſofter dance inclin'd,
  With gayeſt airs I'll charm her:
If ſhe love grandeur, day and night,
  I'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favour in my prince's ſight,
  And ſhine in future ſtory.

Beauty

Beauty can wonders work with eaſe,
  Where wit is correſponding;
And braveſt men know beſt to pleaſe,
  With complaiſance abounding.
My bonny *Maggy*'s love can turn
  Me to what ſhape ſhe pleaſes,
If in her breaſt that flame ſhall burn,
  Which in my boſom blazes.

POLWART on the GREEN.

AT Polwart *on the green*
  If you'll meet me the morn,
Where laſſes do convene
  To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome you ſhall meet
  Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete,
  The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames ſay *Na*,
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the ſna',
While inwardly they bleeze;
But I will frankly ſhaw my mind,
  And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
  That langs na to be free.

At *Polwart* on the green,
Amang the new-mawn hay,
With ſangs and dancing keen
We'll paſs the heartſome day.
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
  And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou ſhalt be welcome, my dear lad,
  To take a part of mine.

JOHN HAY'S bonny Laſſie.

BY ſmooth winding *Tay* a ſwain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I ſtill live pining
Myſell thus away, and darna diſcover
To my bonny *Hay* that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes ſtranger;
If ſhe's not my bride, my days are nae langer:
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's freſh as the ſpring, and ſweet as *Aurora*,
When birds mount and ſing, bidding day a good mor-
The ſward of the mead, enamel'd with daiſies, [row.
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if ſhe appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers ſmell the ſweeter:
'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a-flowing,
Her ſmiles and bright eye ſet my ſpirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:
I'm all on a fire, dear maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my deſire is *Hay*'s bonny laſſie.

KATHARINE OGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While *May*'s ſweet ſcent did chear my brain,
From flow'rs which grew ſo rarely:
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She ſhin'd though it was foggy;
I aſk'd her name: Sweet Sir, ſhe ſaid,
My name is *Katharine Ogie*.

I ſtood a while, and did admire,
  To ſee a nymph ſo ſtately ;
So briſk an air there did appear
  In a country-maid ſo neatly :
Such natural ſweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
  Like a lilie in a boggie ;
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
  Like this ſame *Katharine Ogie.*

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
  Who ſees thee, ſure muſt prize thee ;
Though thou art dreſs'd in robes but mean,
  Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee ;
Thy handſome air, and graceful look,
  Far excels any clowniſh rogie ;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
  My charming *Katharine Ogie.*

O were I but ſome ſhepherd ſwain !
  To feed my flock beſide thee,
At boughting-time to leave the plain,
  In milking to abide thee ;
I'd think myſelf a happier man,
  With *Kate*, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thouſands ten,
  Had I but *Katharine Ogie.*

Then I'd deſpiſe th' imperial throne,
  And ſtateſmens dang'rous ſtations :
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
  I'd ſmile at conqu'ring nations :
Might I careſs and ſtill poſſeſs
  This laſs of whom I'm vogie ;
For theſe are toys, and ſtill look leſs,
  Compar'd with *Katharine Ogie.*

But I fear the gods have not decreed
  For me ſo fine a creature,
Whoſe beauty rare makes her exceed
  All other works in nature.

Clouds

Clouds of despair surround my love,
  That are both dark and foggy :
Pity my case, ye powers above,
  Else I die for *Katharine Ogie.*

An thou were my ain Thing.

OF race divine thou needs must be,
  Since nothing earthly equals thee ;
For heaven's sake, oh ! favour me,
  Who only lives to love thee.
    An thou were my ain thing,
    I would love thee, I would love thee ;
    An thou were my ain thing,
    How dearly would I love thee !

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save ;
O ! for their sake support a slave,
  Who only lives to love thee.
    An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your sake,
What man can name I'll undertake,
  So dearly do I love thee.
    An thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
Till fates my thread of life have spun,
  Which breathing out I'll love thee.
    An thou were, &c.

X.

Like

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Like bees that ſuck the morning dew,
Frae flowers of ſweeteſt ſcent and hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
And gar the gods envy me.
An thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the uſe of light,
I'd on thy beauties feaſt my ſight,
Syne in ſaft whiſpers through the night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
An thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my *Jean?*
She moves a goddeſs o'er the green;
Were I a king, thou ſhould be queen,
Nane but myſell aboon thee.
An thou were, &c.

I'd graſp thee to this breaſt of mine,
Whilſt thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my ſtronger limbs ſhou'd twine,
Form'd hardly to defend thee.
An thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not ſtay,
In ſhining youth let's make our hay;
Since love admits of nae delay,
O let nae ſcorn undo thee.
An thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar ſtand,
Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And, with ilk ſmile, thou ſhalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
An thou were, &c.

There's

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY ſweeteſt *May*, let love incline thee,
T' accept a heart which he deſigns thee;
And, as your conſtant ſlave, regard it,
Syne for its faithfulneſs reward it.
'Tis proof a-ſhot to birth or money,
But yields to what is ſweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a kiſs and a ſmily,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting ſweet theſe lips of thine are,
Thy boſom white, and legs ſae fine are,
That, when in pools, I ſee thee clean 'em;
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wiſh, and I wiſh, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain,
Though kith and kin and a' ſhou'd revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks leſt they ſhou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear laſſie, it is but daffin,
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin.
That na, na, na, I hate it moſt vilely,
O ſay, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

For the Love of JEAN.

J*Ocky* ſaid to *Jeany*, *Jeany*, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' *Jeany*, for my tocher-good,
For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee.
E'ens ye like, quo' *Jonny*, ye may let it be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
I hae ſeven good owſen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' houſe, a barn and a byre,
A ſtack afore the door, I'll make a rantin fire,
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry ſhall we be:
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany ſaid to *Jocky*, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye ſhall be the lad, I'll be the laſs myſell.
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a laſſie free,
Ye're welcomer to take me than to let me be. Z.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Peggy, I muſt love thee.*

BEneath a beech's grateful ſhade,
Young *Colin* lay complaining;
He ſigh'd, and ſeem'd to love a maid,
Without hopes of obtaining:
For thus the ſwain indulg'd his grief,
Though pity cannot move thee,
Though thy hard heart gives no relief,
Yet, *Peggy*, I muſt love thee.

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,
That thus you cruelly uſe him?
If love's a fault, 'tis that alone
For which you ſhould excuſe him!
'Twas thy dear ſelf firſt rais'd this flame,
This fire by which I languiſh;
'Tis thou alone can quench the ſame,
And cool its ſcorching anguiſh.

For

For thee I leave the ſportive plain,
  Where ev'ry maid invites me ;
For thee, ſole cauſe of all my pain,
  For thee that only ſlights me :
This love that fires my faithful heart
  By all but thee's commended.
Oh ! would thou act ſo good a part,
  My grief might ſoon be ended.

That beauteous breaſt, ſo ſoft to feel,
  Seem'd tenderneſs all over,
Yet it defends thy heart like ſteel,
  'Gainſt thy deſpairing lover.
Alas ! tho' ſhould it ne'er relent,
  Nor *Colin*'s care e'er move thee,
Yet till life's lateſt breath is ſpent,
  My *Peggy*, I muſt love thee. C.

Genty TIBBY, and ſonſy NELLY.

To the tune of, *Tibby Fowler in the glen.*

T*ibby* has a ſtore o' charms,
  Her genty ſhape our fancy warms ;
How ſtrangely can her ſma' white arms
  Fetter the lad who looks but at her ?
Fra'er ancle to her ſlender waiſt,
  Theſe ſweets conceal'd invite to dawt her ;
Her roſy cheek, and riſing breaſt,
  Gar ane's mouth guſh bowt fu' o' water.

Nelly's gawſy, ſaft, and gay,
Freſh as the lucken flowers in *May* ;
Ilk ane that ſees her, cries, *Ah hey*
  She's bonny ! O I wonder at her !
The dimples of her chin and cheek,
And limbs ſae plump invite to dawt her ;
  Her lips ſae ſweet, and ſkin ſae ſleek,
  Gar mony mouths beſide mine water.

Now

Now ſtrike my finger in a bore,
My wyſon with the maiden ſhore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
When theſe twa ſtars appear the gither.
O love! why doſt thou gi'e thy fires
Sae large, while we're oblig'd to nither
Our ſpacious ſauls immenſe deſires,
And ay be in a hankerin ſwither.

Tibby's ſhape and airs are fine,
And *Nelly*'s beauties are divine:
But ſince they canna baith be mine,
Ye gods, give ear to my petition;
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this proviſion,
I get the other to my lane,
In proſpect *plano* and fruition.

UP IN THE AIR.

NOW the ſun's gane out o' ſight,
Beet the ingle, and ſnuff the light;
In glens the fairies ſkip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to *France*.
Up in the air
On my bonny gray mare,
And I ſee her yet, and I ſee her yet.
Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and ſna',
O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
Nae ſtarns keek thro' the azure ſlit,
'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.
The man i' the moon
Is carouſing aboon;
D' ye ſee, d' ye ſee, d' ye ſee him yet?
The man, &c.

Take your glaſs to clear your een,
'Tis the elixir heals the ſpleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inſpire,
And gently puffs the lover's fire.
Up in the air,
It drives away care;
Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet,
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the froſt;
Come, *Willie*, gie's about ye'r toaſt;
Til't lads, and lilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythſome bout.
Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair:
Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet.
Up wi't, &c.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

GIN ye meet a bonny laſſie,
Gi'e her a kiſs, and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty huſſy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' ſtrae.

Be ſure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartſome time:
Then, lads and laſſes, while 'tis *May*,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the ſaft minutes of delyte,
When *Jenny* ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
On you, if ſhe kepp ony ſkaith.

Haith

Haith ye're ill-bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
  Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook:
Syne frae your arms ſhe'll rin away,
  And hide herſelf in ſome dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
  Where lies the happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
  Nineteen na-ſays are ha'f a grant.

Now to her heaving boſom cling,
  And ſweetly toolie for a kiſs:
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
  As taiken of a future bliſs.

Theſe benniſons, I'm very ſure,
  Are of the gods indulgent grant:
Then, ſurly carls, whiſht, forbear
  To plague us with your whining cant.

PATIE and PEGGY.

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth,
  And rowing eye, which ſmiling tells the truth,
I gueſs, my laſſie, that as well as I
You're made for love, and why ſhould ye deny?

PEGGY.

  But ken ye, lad, gin we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taſte but hard and ſour.

PATIE.

  But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their ſweetneſs they may tine, and ſae may ye:
Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang ha'f-year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my *Patie*'s arms for good and a':
But ſtint your wiſhes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armsfu'! hence, ye cares, away,
I'll kiſs my treaſure a' the live lang day:
A' night I'll dream my kiſſes o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

Sun, gallop down the weſtlin ſkies,
Gang ſoon to bed and quickly riſe;
O laſh your ſteeds, poſt time away,
And haſte about our bridal-day:
And if ye're weary'd, honeſt light,
Sleep gin ye like a week that night.

The Mill, Mill — O.

BEneath a green ſhade I fand a fair maid,
Was ſleeping ſound and ſtill — O;
A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her with good-will — O:
Her boſom I preſs'd; but ſunk in her reſt,
She ſtirr'dna my joy to ſpill — O:
While kindly ſhe ſlept, cloſe to her I crept,
And kiſs'd, and kiſs'd her my fill — O.

Oblig'd by command in *Flanders* to land,
T' employ my courage and ſkill — O,
Frae her quietly I ſtaw, hoiſt ſails and awa',
For the wind blew fair on the bill — O.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraiſing fame
Tald me with a voice right ſhrill — O,
My laſs, like a fool, had mounted the ſtool,
Nor kend wha had done her the ill — O.

Mair

Mair fond of her charms, with my ſon in her arms,
I ferlying ſpeer'd how ſhe fell — O.
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth ſhe, Let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell — O.
Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
And bade her a' fears expel — O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her deed myſell — O.

My bonny ſweet laſs, on the gowany graſs,
Beneath the *Shilling-hill* — O,
If I did offence, I'ſe make ye amends
Before I leave *Peggy*'s Mill — O.
O the mill, mill — O, *and the kill, kill* — O,
And the coggin of the wheel — O :
The ſack and the ſieve, a' that ye maun leave,
Amd round with a ſodger reel — O.

COLIN and GRISY parting.

To the tune of, *Wo's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

WIth broken words, and downcaſt eyes,
Poor *Colin* ſpoke his paſſion tender:
And, parting with his *Griſy*, cries,
Ah! wo's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

To others I am cold as ſnow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go:
It breaks my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love ſhall hinder,
Nor time nor place ſhall ever change
My vows, though we're oblig'd to ſunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
  And beauties which invite our wonder,
Thy lively wit and prudence rare,
  Shall ſtill be preſent, though we ſunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy ſwain in this,
  You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a promiſe with a kiſs,
  Always to love me though we ſunder.

Ye gods, take care of my dear laſs,
  That as I leave her I may find her,
When that bleſs'd time ſhall come to paſs,
  We'll meet again, and never ſunder.

The GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

THE pawky auld carl came o'er the lee,
  Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courteſie,
  Will you lodge a ſilly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he ſat;
My daughter's ſhoulders he 'gan to clap,
  And cadgily ranted and ſang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As firſt when I ſaw this country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
  And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and ſhe grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir ſlee twa togither were ſay'ng,
  When wooing they were ſae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
  And awa' wi' me thou ſhou'd gang.

And

And O ! quo' ſhe, an I were as white
As e'er the ſnaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
And awa' with thee I wou'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;
They raiſe a wee before the cock,
And wilily they ſhot the lock,
And faſt to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raiſe,
And at her leiſure pat on her claiſe ;
Syne to the ſervants bed ſhe gaes,
To ſpeer for the ſilly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The ſtrae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hand, cry'd, Waladay,
For ſome of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and ſome to kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that cou'd be miſt ;
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praiſe be bleſt,
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae but the houſe, laſs, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The ſervant gaed where the daughter lay,
The ſheets were cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her goodwife did ſay,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haſte ye find theſe traitors again ;
For ſhe's be burnt, and he's be ſlain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' horſe, ſome ran a fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit :
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd ſhe ſit,
But ay ſhe curs'd and ſhe bann'd.

Mean

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' ſnug in a glen, where nane cou'd ſee,
The twa, with kindly ſport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheeſe a whang:
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo' ſhe, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winſome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-fardly wad ſhe crook her mou',
Sic a poor man ſhe'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And ſpindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we ſhall be merry and ſing. I.

THE CORDIAL.

To the tune of, *Where ſhall our goodman lie?*

HE.

WHere wad bonny *Annie* lie?
Alane nae mair ye maun lie;
Wad ye a goodman try?
Is that the thing ye're lacking!

SHE.

S H E.

Can a lafs fae young as I
Venture on the bridal-tie,
Syne down with a goodman lie ?
I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

H E.

Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to lie,
And fleep till ye be weary.

S H E.

What if I fhou'd wauking lie,
When the hoboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm faint and iry ?

H E.

In my bofom thou fhalt lie,
When thou waukrife art, or dry,
Healthy cordial ftanding by,
Shall prefently revive thee.

S H E.

To your will I then comply,
Join us, prieft, and let me try
How I'll wi' a goodman lie,
Wha can a cordial give me.

EW-BUGHTS MARION.

WIll ye go to the ew-bughts, *Marion*,
And wear in the fheep wi' me ?
The fun fhines fweet, my *Marion*,
But nae half fae fweet as thee.
O *Marion*'s a bonny lafs,
And the blyth blink's in her eye ;
And fain wad I marry *Marion*,
Gin *Marion* wad marry me.

There's

There's gowd in your garters, *Marion*,
And ſilk on your white hauſs-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiſs my *Marion*,
At e'en when I come hame.
There's braw lads in *Earnſlaw*, *Marion*,
Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,
At kirk, when they ſee my *Marion*;
But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my *Marion*;
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my *Marion*,
Juſt on her bridal-day;
And ye's get a green ſey apron,
And waſtecoat of the *London* brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and ſtout, my *Marion*;
Nane dances like me on the green:
And gin ye forſake me, *Marion*,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' *Jean*:
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle of the cramaſie;
And ſoon as my chin has nae hair on,
I ſhall come weſt, and ſee ye. Q.

The blythſome Bridal.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For *Jocky*'s to be married to *Maggy*,
The laſs wi' the gowden hair.
And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
And bannocks of barley-meal;
And there will be good ſawt herring,
To reliſh a cog of good ale.
Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And

And there will be *Saney* the ſutor,
  And *Will* wi' the meikle mou';
And there will be *Tam* the blutter,
  With *Andrew* the tinkler, I trow;
And there will be bow'd-legged *Robbie*,
  With thumbleſs *Katy*'s goodman;
And there will be blue-cheeked *Dowbie*,
  And *Lawrie* the laird of the land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be ſow-libber *Patie*,
  And plucky-fac'd *Wat* i' the mill,
Caper-nos'd *Francie* and *Gibbie*,
  That wins in the how of the hill;
And there will be *Alaſter Sibbie*,
  Wha in with black *Beſſie* did mool,
With ſnivelling *Lilly* and *Tibby*,
  The laſs that ſtands aft on the ſtool.
Fy let us, &c.

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Steenie*,
  And coft him grey breeks to his arſe,
Who after was hangit for ſtealing,
  Great mercy it happen'd na warſe:
And there will be gleed *Geordy Janners*,
  And *Kirſh* with the lilly-white leg,
Wha gade to the ſouth for manners,
  And bang'd up her wame in *Mons-meg*.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Judan Maclawrie*,
  And blinkin daft *Barbara Macleg*,
Wi' flae-lugged ſharney-fac'd *Lawrie*,
  And ſhangy-mou'd haluket *Meg*.
And there will be happer-ars'd *Nancy*,
  And fairy-fac'd *Flowrie* by name,
Muck *Madie*, and fat-hippit *Griſy*,
  The laſs wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And

And there will be *Girn-again-Gibbie*,
With his glaikit wife *Jenny Bell*,
And miſle-ſhinn'd *Mungo Macapie*,
The lad that was ſkipper himſel.
There lads and laſſes in pearlings
Will feaſt in the heart of the ha',
On ſybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
That are baith ſodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brachan,
With fowth of good gabbocks of ſkate,
Powſowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
And caler nowt-feet in a plate.
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whitens and ſpeldings enew,
With ſinged ſheep-heads, and a haggies,
And ſcadlips to ſup till ye ſpew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbocks,
And ſowens, and farls, and baps,
With ſwats, and well ſcraped-paunches,
And brandy in ſtoups and in caps:
And there will be meal-kail and caſtocks,
With ſkink to ſup till ye rive,
And roaſts to roaſt on a brander,
Of flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrapt haddocks, wilks, dulſe and tangle,
And a mill of good ſniſhing to prie;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll riſe up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For Jocky's *to be married to* Maggie,
The laſs wi' the gowden hair.

Z.

The

The HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine;
But O they're vain and idly gaudy!
How much unlike that gracefu' mien,
And manly looks of my highland laddie?
O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
My handſome, charming highland laddie;
May heaven ſtill guard, and love reward
Our lawland laſs and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuſe
To be the wealthieſt lawland lady,
I'd take young *Donald* without trews,
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The braweſt beau in borrows-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady;
Frae winter's cauld, and ſummer's ſun,
He'll ſcreen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and ſilken bed,
May pleaſe a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiſs, and be as glad,
Behind a buſh in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us paſs,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland laſs,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While heaven preſerves my highland laddie.
O *my bonny*, &c.

ALLAN WATER.

Or, My Love ANNIE's very bonny.

WHat numbers ſhall the muſe repeat?
What verſe be found to praiſe my *Annie*?
On her ten thouſand graces wait,
Each ſwain admires, and owns ſhe's bonny.
Since firſt ſhe trod the happy plain,
She ſet each youthful heart on fire;
Each nymph does to her ſwain complain,
That *Annie* kindles new deſire.

This lovely darling dearest care,
This new delight, this charming *Annie*,
Like ſummer's dawn, ſhe's freſh and fair,
When *Flora*'s fragrant breezes fan ye.
All day the am'rous youths conveen,
Joyous they ſport and play before her;
All night, when ſhe no more is ſeen,
In bliſsful dreams they ſtill adore her.

Among the croud *Amyntor* came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Annie*;
His riſing ſighs expreſs his flame,
His words were few, his wiſhes many.
With ſmiles the lovely maid reply'd,
Kind ſhepherd, why ſhould I deceive ye?
Alas! your love muſt be deny'd,
This deſtin'd breaſt can ne'er relieve ye.

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid*'s art,
His wiles, his ſmiles, his charms beguiling,
He ſtole away my virgin heart;
Ceaſe, poor *Amyntor*, ceaſe bewailing.

Some

Some brighter beauty you may find,
  On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
Then chuſe ſome heart that's unconfin'd,
  And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*. C.

The Collier's bonny Laſſie.

THE collier has a daughter,
  And O ſhe's wonder bonny;
A laird he was that ſought her,
  Rich baith in lands and money:
The tutors watch'd the motion
  Of this young honeſt lover;
But love is like the ocean;
  Wha can its depth diſcover!

He had the art to pleaſe ye,
  And was by a' reſpected;
His airs ſat round him eaſy,
  Genteel, but unaffected.
The collier's bonny laſſie,
  Fair as the new-blown lillie,
Ay ſweet, and never ſaucy,
  Secur'd the heart of *Willie*.

He lov'd beyond expreſſion
  The charms that were about her,
And panted for poſſeſſion,
  His life was dull without her.
After mature reſolving,
  Cloſe to his breaſt he held her,
In ſafteſt flames diſſolving,
  He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny collier's daughter,
  Let naething diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis no your ſcanty tocher
  Shall ever gar me loſe ye:

For I have gear in plenty,
  And love ſays, 'tis my duty
To ware what heaven has lent me,
  Upon your wit and beauty.

Where HELEN lies.

To —— in mourning.

AH! why thoſe tears in *Nelly*'s eyes!
  To hear thy tender ſighs and cries,
The gods ſtand liſt'ning from the ſkies,
    Pleas'd with thy piety.
To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a care,
Who views thee as an angel fair,
    Or ſome divinity.

O be leſs graceful, or more kind,
And cool this fever of my mind,
Caus'd by the boy ſevere and blind;
    Wounded, I ſigh, for thee;
While hardly dare I hope to riſe
To ſuch a height by *Hymen*'s ties,
To lay me down where *Helen* lies,
    And with thy charms be free.

Then muſt I hide my love, and die,
When ſuch a ſovereign cure is by?
No; ſhe can love, and I'll go try,
    Whate'er my fate may be;
Which ſoon I'll read in her bright eyes,
With thoſe dear agents I'll adviſe,
They tell the truth when tongues tell lies,
    The leaſt believed by me.

SONG.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Gallowſhiels.*

AH the ſhepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languiſh,
To bear the ſcornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his anguiſh.
Yet eager looks, and dying ſighs,
My ſecret ſoul diſcover,
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her;
The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing bluſhes,
A thouſand various ways they ſpeak
A thouſand various wiſhes.

For oh! that form ſo heavenly fair,
Thoſe languid eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling,
That artleſs bluſh, and modeſt air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes purſue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are paſt,
Be this laſt bleſſing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my laſt,
And die in ſight of heaven.

To L. M. M.

Tune, *Rantin roaring Willie.*

O *Mary!* thy graces and glances,
Thy ſmiles ſo inchantingly gay,
And thoughts ſo divinely harmonious,
Clear wit and good humour diſplay.

But ſay not thou'lt imitate angels
  Ought fairer, though ſcarcely, ah me!
Can be found equalizing thy merit,
  A match amongſt mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties ſhed fires
  May warm up ten thouſand to love,
Who deſpairing, may fly to ſome other,
  While I may deſpair, but ne'er rove.
What a mixture of ſighing and joys
  This diſtant adoring of thee,
Gives to a fond heart too aſpiring,
  Who loves in ſad ſilence like me?

Thus looks the poor beggar on treaſure,
  And ſhipwreck'd, on landſcapes on ſhore:
Be ſtill more divine and have pity;
  I die ſoon as hope is no more.
For, *Mary*, my ſoul is thy captive,
  Nor love, nor expects to be free;
Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
  Thy ſlav'ry's a pleaſure to me.

This is no mine ain Houſe.

THis is not mine ain houſe,
  I ken by the rigging o't;
Since with my love I've changed vows,
  I dinna like the bigging o't.
For now that I'm young *Robie*'s bride,
And miſtreſs of his fire-ſide,
Mine ain houſe I'll like to guide,
  And pleaſe me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's houſe,
  I gang where love invites me;
The ſtricteſt duty this allows,
  When love with honour meets me.

When

When *Hymen* moulds us into ane,
My *Robie*'s nearer than my kin,
And to refuſe him were a ſin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain houſe,
True love ſhall be at hand ay,
To make me ſtill a prudent ſpouſe,
And let my man command ay;
Avoiding ilka cauſe of ſtrife,
The common peſt of married life,
That makes ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band ay.

Fint a Crum of thee ſhe faws.

RETurn hameward, my heart, again,
And bide where thou was wont to be,
Thou art a fool to ſuffer pain
For love of ane that loves not thee.
My heart, let be ſic fantaſie,
Love only where thou haſt good cauſe;
Since ſcorn and liking ne'er agree,
The fint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

To what effect ſhould thou be thrall?
Be happy in thine ain free-will,
My heart, be never beſtial,
But ken wha does thee good or ill:
At hame with me then tarry ſtill,
And ſee wha can beſt play their paws,
And let the filly fling her fill,
For fint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

Though ſhe be fair, I will not fenzie,
She's of a kind with mony mae;
For why, they are a felon menzie
That ſeemeth good, and are not ſae.

My

My heart, take neither ſturt nor wae
For *Meg*, for *Marjory*, or *Mauſe*,
But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

Remember, how that *Medea*
Wild for a ſight of *Jaſon* yied,
Remember, how young *Creſſida*
Left *Troilus* for *Diomede*;
Remember *Helen*, as we read,
Brought *Troy* from bliſs unto bare waws:
Then let her gae where ſhe may ſpeed,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

Becauſe ſhe ſaid I took it ill,
For her depart my heart was ſair,
But was beguil'd; gae where ſhe will,
Beſhrew the heart that firſt takes care:
But be thou merry late and air,
This is the final end and clauſe,
And let her feed and foully fair,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breaſt,
Ne'er let her ſlights thy courage ſpill.
Nor gie a ſob, although ſhe ſneeſt,
She's faireſt paid that gets her will.
She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
When ſhe glaicks paughty in her braws;
Now let her ſnirt and fyke her fill,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws. Z.

To Mrs E. C.

Tune, *Sae merry as we have been.*

NOW *Phœbus* advances on high,
Nae footſteps of winter are ſeen;
The birds carrol ſweet in the ſky,
And lambkins dance reels on the green.

Through

Through plantings, and burnies ſae clear,
  We wander for pleaſure and health,
Where buddings and bloſſoms appear,
  Giving proſpects of joy and wealth.

View ilka gay ſcene all around,
  That are, and that promiſe to be;
Yet in them a' naething is found
  Sae perfect, *Eliza*, as thee.
Thy een the clear fountains excel,
  Thy locks they outrival the grove;
When zephyrs thus pleaſingly ſwell,
  Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The roſes and lillies combin'd,
  And flowers of maiſt delicate hue,
By thy cheek and dear breaſts are outſhin'd,
  Their tinctures are naething ſae true.
What can we compare with thy voice,
  And what with thy humour ſae ſweet?
Nae muſic can bliſs with ſic joys;
  Sure angels are juſt ſae complete.

Fair bloſſom of ilka delight,
  Whoſe beauties ten thouſand outſhine:
Thy ſweet ſhall be laſting and bright,
  Being mix'd with ſae many divine.
Ye powers, who have given ſic charms
  To *Eliza*, your image below,
O ſave her frae all human harms!
  And make her hours happily flow.

My Daddy forbad, my Minny forbad.

WHen I think on my lad,
  I ſigh and am ſad,
For now he is far frae me.

My

My daddy was harſh,
My minny was warſe,
That gart him gae yont the ſea,
Without an eſtate,
That made him look blate:
And yet a brave lad is he.
Gin ſafe he come hame,
In ſpite of my dame,
He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love ſpeers nae advice
Of parents o'er wiſe,
That have but ae bairn like me,
That looks upon caſh,
As naething but traſh,
That ſhackles what ſhou'd be free.
And though my dear lad
Not ae penny had,
Since qualities better has he;
Abeit I'm an heireſs,
I think it but fair is,
To love him, ſince he loves me.

Then, my dear *Jamie*,
To thy kind *Jeanie*,
Haſte, haſte thee in o'er the ſea,
To her wha can find
Nae eaſe in her mind,
Without a blyth ſight of thee.
Though my daddy forbad,
And my minny forbad,
Forbidden I will not be;
For ſince thou alone
My favour haſt won,
Nane elſe ſhall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,
Or without their leave,
Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee:

Be

Be content with a heart,
That can never desert,
Till they cease to oppose or be.
My parents may prove
Yet friends to our love,
When our firm resolves they see;
Then I with pleasure
Will yield up my treasure,
And a' that love orders to thee.

Tune, *Steer her up, and had her gawn.*

O Steer her up, and had her gawn,
Her mither's at the mill, jo;
But gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo.
Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking,
Cast thy cares of love away;
Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glass of claret,
How invitingly it looks;
Take it aff, and let's hae mair o't,
Pox on fighting, trade, and books.
Let's have pleasure while we're able,
Bring us in the meikle bowl,
Place't on the middle of the table,
And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
Fou, as ever it can hold:
O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
'Tis mair precious far than gold.
By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
Spite of *Venus* and her *Mumpers*,
Drinking better is than love.

Clout

Clout the Caldron.

HAve you any pots or pans,
Or any broken chandlers ?
I am a tinkler to my trade,
And newly come frae *Flanders*,
As ſcant of ſiller as of grace,
Diſbanded, we've a bad run ;
Gar tell the lady of the place,
I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
I'll do't to your contentment,
And dinna care a ſingle flie
For any man's reſentment ;
For, lady fair, though I appear
To ev'ry ane a tinkler,
Yet to yourſell I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love *Jupiter* into a ſwan,
Turn'd for his lovely *Leda* ;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
To carry aff *Europa*.
Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your *Argos* blinker,
And win your love, like mighty *Jove*,
Thus hide me in a tinkler ?
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
But this fine plot you'll fail in,
For there is neither pot nor pan
Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron,
For I've a tinkler under tack
That's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

The

The MALT-MAN.

THE malt-man comes on *Munday*,
He craves wonder ſair,
Cries, *Dame, come gi'e me my ſiller,*
Or malt ye ſall ne'er get mair.
I took him into the pantry,
And gave him ſome good cock-broo,
Syne paid him upon a gantree,
As hoſtler-wives ſhould do.

When malt-men come for ſiller,
And gaugers with wands o'er ſoon,
Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
And clear them as I have done.
This bewith, when cunzie is ſcanty,
Will keep them frae making din;
The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
The ſnackeſt of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,
But I can be as ſlee,
And he may crack of his winning,
When he clears ſcores with me:
For come when he likes, I'm ready;
But if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind lady,
She'll anſwer a bill for me.

BONNY BESSY.

Tune, *Beſſy's Haggies.*

Beſſy's beauties ſhine ſae bright,
Were her many virtues fewer,
She wad ever give delight,
And in tranſport make me view her.

Bonny *Bessy*, thee alane
  Love I, naething else about thee ;
With thy comelineſs I'm tane,
  And langer cannot live without thee.

Bessy's boſom's ſaft and warm,
  Milk-white fingers ſtill employ'd ;
He who takes her to his arm,
  Of her ſweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
My dear *Bessy*, when the roſes
  Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
Virtue, which thy mind diſcloſes,
  Will keep love frae growing caulder.

Bessy's tocher is but ſcanty,
  Yet her face and ſoul diſcovers
Theſe inchanting ſweets in plenty
  Muſt entice a thouſand lovers.
'Tis not money, but a woman
  Of a temper kind and eaſy,
That gives happineſs uncommon,
  Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

Omnia vincit Amor.

AS I went forth to view the ſpring,
  Which *Flora* had adorned
In raiment fair ; now every thing
  The rage of winter ſcorned :
I caſt mine eye, and did eſpy
  A youth, who made great clamor ;
And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
  Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breaſt he lay along,
  Hard by a murm'ring river,
And mournfully his doleful ſong
  With ſighs he did deliver ;

Ah !

Ah ! *Jeany*'s face has comely grace,
  Her locks that ſhine like lammer,
With burning rays have cut my days ;
  For *omnia vincit amor.*

Her glancy een like comets ſheen,
  The morning-ſun outſhining,
Have caught my heart in *Cupid*'s net,
  And make me die with pining.
Durſt I complain, nature's to blame,
  So curiouſly to frame her,
Whoſe beauties rare make me with care
  Cry, *Omnia vincit amor.*

Ye cryſtal ſtreams that ſwiftly glide,
  Be partners of my mourning,
Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
  Condemn her for her ſcorning :
Let every tree a witneſs be,
  How juſtly I may blame her ;
Ye chanting birds, note theſe my words,
  Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Had ſhe been kind as ſhe was fair,
  She long had been admired,
And been ador'd for virtues rare,
  Wh' of life now makes me tired.
Thus ſaid, his breath began to fail,
  He could not ſpeak, but ſtammer ;
He ſigh'd full ſore, and ſaid no more,
  But *omnia vincit amor.*

When I obſerv'd him near to death,
  I run in haſte to ſave him,
But quickly he reſign'd his breath,
  So deep the wound love gave him.
Now for her ſake this vow I'll make,
  My tongue ſhall ay defame her,
While on his herſe I'll write this verſe,
  Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Straight I consider'd in my mind
  Upon the matter rightly,
And found, though *Cupid* he be blind,
  He proves in pith most mighty.
For warlike *Mars*, and thund'ring *Jove*,
  And *Vulcan* with his hammer,
Did ever prove the slaves of love,
  For *omnia vincit amor*.

Hence we may see th' effects of love,
  Which gods and men keep under,
That nothing can his bonds remove,
  Or torments break asunder :
Nor wise, nor fool, need go to school,
  To learn this from his grammar ;
His heart's the book, where he's to look,
  For *omnia vincit amor*.

The auld Wife beyont the Fire.

I.

THere was a wife won'd in a glen,
  And she had dochters nine or ten,
That sought the house baith but and ben,
  To find their mam a snishing.
  The auld wife beyont the fire,
  The auld wife aniest the fire,
  The auld wife aboon the fire,
  She died for lack of snishing.

II.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
For I maun hae a young goodman
  Shall furnish me with snishing.
  The auld wife, &c.

Her

III.

Her eldeſt dochter ſaid right bauld,
Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
And if ye with a younker wald,
He'll waſte away your ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

IV.

The youngeſt dochter ga'e a ſhout,
O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
Beſides ha't blind, you have the gout,
Your mill can had nae ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

V.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
For I hae baith a tooth and ſtump,
And will nae langer live in dump,
By wanting of my ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

VI.

Thole ye, ſays *Peg*, that pauky ſlut,
Mother, if you can crack a nut,
Then we will a' conſent to it,
That you ſhall have a ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

VII.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a piſtol-bullet gat;
She powerfully began to crack,
To win herſell a ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

Note, *Sniſhing, in its literal meaning, is ſnuff made of tobacco; but, in this ſong, it means ſometimes contentment, a huſband, love, money*, &c.

VIII.

Braw ſport it was to ſee her chow't,
And 'tween her gums ſae ſqueez and row't,
While frae her jaws the ſlaver flow'd,
And ay ſhe curs'd poor ſtumpy.
The auld wife, &c.

IX.

At laſt ſhe gae a deſperate ſqueez,
Which brak the lang tooth by the neez,
And ſyne poor ſtumpy was at eaſe,
But ſhe tint hopes of ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

X.

She of the taſk began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And died for lack of ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

XI.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,
Aſſoon as ye're paſt mark of mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
And leave aff thoughts of ſniſhing:
Elſe, like this wife beyont the fire,
Ye'r bairns againſt you will conſpire;
Nor will ye get, unleſs ye hire,
A young man with your ſniſhing.

Q.

I'll never love thee more.

MY dear and only love, I pray,
That little world of thee,
Be govern'd by no other ſway,
But pureſt monarchy:

For if confuſion have a part,
  Which virtuous ſouls abhor,
I'll call a ſynod in my heart,
  And never love thee more.

As *Alexander* I will reign,
  And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore diſdain
  A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
  Or his deſerts are ſmall,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
  To gain or loſe it all.

But I will reign, and govern ſtill,
  And always give the law,
And have each ſubject at my will,
  And all to ſtand in aw :
But 'gainſt my batt'ries if I find
  Thou ſtorm or vex me ſore,
As if thou ſet me as a blind,
  I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
  Where I ſhould ſolely be,
If others do pretend a part,
  Or dares to ſhare with me :
Or committees if thou erect,
  Or go on ſuch a ſcore,
I'll ſmiling mock at thy neglect,
  And never love thee more.

But if no faithleſs action ſtain
  Thy love and conſtant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
  And glorious by my ſword.
I'll ſerve thee in ſuch noble ways,
  As ne'er was known before ;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
  And love thee more and more.

The

The Blackbird.

UPon a fair morning for ſoft recreation,
I heard a fair lady was making her moan,
With ſighing and ſobbing, and ſad lamentation,
Saying, My *blackbird* moſt royal is flown.
My thoughts they deceive me,
Reflections do grieve me,
And I am o'erburden'd with ſad miſery;
Yet, if death ſhould blind me,
As true love inclines me,
My *blackbird* I'll ſeek out, where-ever he be.

Once into fair *England* my *blackbird* did flouriſh,
He was the chief flower that in it did ſpring;
Prime ladies of honour his perſon did nouriſh,
Becauſe he was the true ſon of a king:
But ſince that falſe fortune,
Which ſtill is uncertain,
Has cauſed this parting between him and me,
His name I'll advance
In *Spain* and in *France*,
And ſeek out my *blackbird*, where-ever he be.

The birds of the foreſt all met together,
The turtle has choſen to dwell with the dove;
And I am reſolv'd in foul or fair weather,
Once in the ſpring to ſeek out my love.
He's all my heart's treaſure,
My joy and my pleaſure;
And juſtly (my love) my heart follows thee,
Who art conſtant and kind,
And courageous of mind,
All bliſs on my *blackbird*, where-ever he be.

In *England* my *blackbird* and I were together,
Where he was ſtill noble and gen'rous of heart;
Ah! wo to the time that firſt he went thither,
Alas! he was forc'd from thence to depart.

In-

In *Scotland* he's deem'd,
And highly esteem'd,
In *England* he seemeth a stranger to be;
Yet his fame shall remain,
In *France* and in *Spain*;
All bliss to my *blackbird*, where-ever he be.

What if the fowler my *blackbird* has taken,
Then sighing and sobbing will be all my tune;
But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,
And hope yet to see him in *May* or in *June*.
For him through the fire,
Through mud and through mire,
I'll go; for I love him to such a degree,
Who is constant and kind,
And noble of mind,
Deserving all blessings, where-ever he be.

It is not the occan can fright me with danger,
Nor though, like a pilgrim, I wander forlorn,
I may meet with friendship of one is a stranger,
More than of one that in *Britain* is born.
I pray heaven so spacious,
To *Britain* be gracious,
Tho' some there be odious to both him and me,
Yet joy and renown,
And laurels shall crown
My *blackbird* with honour, where ever he be.

Tak your auld cloak about you.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And *Boreas*, with his blasts sae bald,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:
Then *Bell*, my wife, wha loves na strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, goodman, save *Cromy*'s life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My

My *Cromie* is an uſeful cow,
  And ſhe is come of a good kine;
Aft has ſhe wet the bairns mou,
  And I am laith that ſhe ſhou'd tyne;
Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
  The ſun ſhines in the lift ſae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
  Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
  When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's ſcantly worth a groat,
  For I have worn't this thirty year;
Let's ſpend the gear that we have won,
  We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, ſince I have ſworn
  To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king *Robert* rang,
  His trews they coſt but ha'f a crown;
He ſaid, they were a groat o'er dear,
  And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
  And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
  Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,
  Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
  When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye not ſee *Rob*, *Jock*, and *Hab*,
  As they are girded gallantly,
While I ſit hurklen in the aſe?
  I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
  Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa,
  Of lads and bonny laſſes ten:

Now

Now they are women grown and men,
  I wiſh and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good huſband,
  E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, ſhe loves na ſtrife;
  But ſhe wad guide me, if ſhe can,
And to maintain an eaſy life,
  I aft maun yield, though I'm goodman:
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
  Unleſs ye give her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
  And tak my auld cloak about me.

The Quadruple Alliance.

Tune, *Jocky blyth and gay.*

S*Wift*, *Sandy*, *Young*, and *Gay*,
  Are ſtill my heart's delight,
I ſing their ſangs by day,
    And read their tales at night.
      If frae their books I be,
      'Tis dulneſs then with me;
      But when theſe ſtars appear,
      Jokes, ſmiles, and wit ſhine clear.

Swift with uncommon ſtile,
    And wit that flows with eaſe
Inſtructs us with a ſmile,
    And never fails to pleaſe.
      Bright *Sandy* gladly ſings
      Of heroes, gods, and kings:
      He well deſerves the bays,
      And every *Briton*'s praiſe.

While

While thus our *Homer* ſhines:
Young, with *Horatian* flame,
Corrects theſe falſe deſigns
We puſh in love of fame.
Blyth *Gay* in pawky ſtrains,
Makes villains, clowns, and ſwains
Reprove, with biting leer,
Thoſe in a higher ſphere.

Swift, *Sandy*, *Young*, and *Gay*,
Long may you give delight;
Let all the *dunces* bray,
You're far above their ſpite:
Such, from a malice ſour,
Write nonſenſe, lame and poor,
Which never can ſucceed,
For who the traſh will read?

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.

A

COLLECTION

OF

CHOICE SONGS.

She ſung — the youth attention gave,
And charms on charms eſpies:
Then all in raptures falls a ſlave,
Both to her voice and eyes.

VOLUME II.

To Clarinda.

A SONG.

To the tune of, *I wiſh my love were in a mire.*

B*Leſs'd as th' immortal gods is he,*
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile, &c.
So ſpoke and ſmil'd the eaſtern maid;
Like thine, ſeraphic were her charms,
That in *Circaſia*'s vineyards ſtray'd,
And bleſs'd the wiſeſt monarch's arms.

A thouſand fair of high deſert,
Strave to enchant the amorous king;
But the *Circaſian* gain'd his heart,
And taught the royal bard to ſing.

Clarinda thus our ſang inſpires,
And claims the ſmooth and higheſt lays,
But while each charm our boſom fires,
Words ſeems too few to ſound her praiſe.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,
To paint ſurpaſſes human ſkill:
Her majeſty, mix'd with the ſweet,
Let ſeraphs ſing her if they will.
Whilſt wond'ring with a raviſh'd eye,
We all that's perfect in her view,
Viewing a ſiſter of the ſky,
To whom an adoration's due.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Lochaber no more.*

FArewell to *Lochaber*, and farewell my *Jean*,
Where heartſome with thee I've mony day been;
For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,
We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more.
Theſe tears that I ſhed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir,
Though bore on rough ſeas to a far bloody ſhore,
May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Though hurricanes riſe, and riſe ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempeſt like that in my mind.
Though loudeſt of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the ſhore.
To leave thee behind me, my heart is ſair pain'd,
By eaſe that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd.
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I muſt deſerve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my *Jeany*, maun plead my excuſe,
Since honour commands me, how can I refuſe?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.

I gae then, my lafs, to win honour and fame,
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

The auld Goodman.

LAte in an evening forth I went,
A little before the ſun ga'd down,
And there I chanc'd by accident,
To light on a battle new begun.
A man and his wife was fa'n in a ſtrife,
I canna well tell you how it began;
But ay ſhe wail'd her wretched life,
And cry'd ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

HE.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a ſilly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to ſcorn;
For he did ſpend, and make an end
Of gear that his forefathers wan,
He gart the poor ſtand frae the door,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,
When I think on my winſome *John*,
His blinkin eye, and gate ſae free,
Was naething like thee, thou doſen'd drone.
His roſie face, and flaxen hair,
And a ſkin as white as ony ſwan,
Was large and tall, and comely withal,
And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

HE.

Why doſt thou pleen? I thee maintain,
For meal and mawt thou diſna want;
But thy wild bees I canna pleaſe,
Now when our gear 'gins to grow ſcant.
Of houſehold ſtuff thou haſt enough,
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
Of ſiklike ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes, I may tell, and fret myſell,
To think on theſe blyth days I had,
When he and I together lay
In arms into a well-made bed;
But now I ſigh and may be ſad,
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
Thou falds thy feet, and fa's aſleep,
And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night fae dark,
And gane was a' the light o' day;
The carl was fear'd to miſs his mark,
And therefore wad nae langer ſtay;
Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
I trow the wife the day ſhe wan,
And ay the o'erword of the fray
Was ever, *Alake, my auld goodman.* Z.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Valiant* JOCKY.

On a beautiful, but very young Lady.

BEauty from fancy takes its arms,
And ev'ry common face ſome breaſt may move.
Some in a look, a ſhape, or air find charms,
To juſtify their choice, or boaſt their love.

But

But had the great *Apelles* ſeen that face,
When he the *Cyprian* goddeſs drew,
He had neglected all the female race,
Thrown his firſt *Venus* by, and copied you.
In that deſign,
Great nature would combine
To fix the ſtandard of her ſacred coin;
The charming figure had enhanc'd his fame,
And ſhrines been rais'd to *Seraphina*'s name.

II.

But ſince no painter e'er could take
That face which baffles all his curious art;
And he that ſtrives the bold attempt to make,
As well might paint the ſecrets of the heart;
O happy glaſs, I'll thee prefer,
Content to be, like thee, inanimate,
Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
A better life and motion would create.
Her eyes would inſpire,
And like *Prometheus'* fire,
At once inform the piece and give deſire,
The charming phantom I would graſp, and fly
O'er all the orb, though in that moment die,

III.

Let meaner beauties fear the day,
Whoſe charms are fading, and ſubmit to time;
The graces which from them it ſteals away,
It with a laviſh hand ſtill adds to thine.
The god of love in ambuſh lies,
And with his arms ſurrounds the fair,
He points his conquering arrows in theſe eyes,
Then hangs a ſharpen'd dart at every hair,
As with fatal ſkill,
Turn which way you will,
Like *Eden*'s flaming ſword each way you kill;
So rip'ning years improve rich nature's ſtore,
And gives perfection to the golden ore. P.

Laſs with a Lump of Land.

GI'E me a laſs with a lump of land,
And we for life ſhall gang the gither,
Though daft or wiſe, I'll never demand,
Or black or fair, it makſna whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And bloom alane is na worth a ſhilling;
But ſhe that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a laſs with a lump of land,
And in my boſom I'll hug my treaſure;
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowf, it will find pleaſure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, though bonny, to meddle,
Unleſs they bring caſh, or a lump of land,
They'ſe never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
And ſiller and gowd's a ſweet complexion;
But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection:
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And caſtles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,
And naithing can catch our modern ſparks,
But well-tocher'd laſſes, or jointur'd widows.

The Shepherd Adonis.

I.

THE ſhepherd *Adonis*
Being weary'd with ſport,
He, for a retirement,
To the woods did reſort.
He threw by his club,
And he laid himſelf down;
He envy'd no monarch,
Nor wiſh'd for a crown.

II.

He drank of the burn,
  And he ate frae the tree,
Himſelf he enjoy'd,
  And frae trouble was free:
He wiſh'd for no nymph,
  Though never ſae fair,
Had nae love nor ambition,
  And therefore no care.

III.

But as he lay thus
  In an ev'ning ſae clear,
A heav'nly ſweet voice
  Sounded ſaft in his ear;
Which came frae a ſhady
  Green neighbouring grove,
Where bonny *Amynta*
  Sat ſinging of love.

IV.

He wander'd that way,
  And found wha was there,
He was quite confounded
  To ſee her ſae fair:
He ſtood like a ſtatue,
  Not a foot cou'd he move,
Nor knew he what griev'd him;
  But he fear'd it was love.

V.

The nymph ſhe beheld him
  With a kind modeſt grace,
Seeing ſomething that pleas'd her
  Appear in his face,
With bluſhing a little
  She to him did ſay,
Oh ſhepherd! what want ye,
  How came you this way?

His

VI.

His ſpirits reviving,
He to her reply'd,
I was ne'er ſae ſurpris'd
At the ſight of a maid,
Until I beheld thee
From love I was free;
But now I'm ta'en captive,
My faireſt, by thee. Z.

THE COMPLAINT.

To B. I. G.

To the tune of, *When abſent*, &c.

WHen abſent from the nymph I love,
I'd fain ſhake off the chains I wear;
But whilſt I ſtrive theſe to remove,
More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
My captiv'd fancy day and night
Fairer and fairer repreſents
Belinda form'd for dear delight,
But cruel cauſe of my complaints.

All day I wander through the groves,
And ſighing hear from ev'ry tree
The happy birds chirping their loves,
Happy, compar'd with lonely me.
When gentle ſleep with balmy wings
To reſt fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
A thouſand fears my fancy brings,
That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddeſs fair,
And all the graces in her train,
With melting ſmiles and killing air
Appears the cauſe of all my pain.
A while my mind delighted flies
O'er all her ſweets with thirling joy,
Whilſt want of worth makes doubts ariſe,
That all my trembling hopes deſtroy.

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
  I'm all o'er tranſport and deſire ;
My pulſe beats high, my cheek appears
  All roſes, and mine eyes all fire.
When to myſelf I turn my view,
  My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan :
Thus whilſt my fears my pains renew,
  I ſcarcely look or move a man.

The young Laſs *contra* auld Man.

THE carl he came o'er the croft,
  And his beard new ſhav'n,
He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
  The carl trows that I wad hae him.
Howt awa, I winna hae him !
  Na, forſooth, I winna hae him !
For a' his beard new ſhav'n,
  Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A ſiller broach he gae me nieſt,
  To faſten on my curchea nooked,
I wor'd a wee upon my breaſt,
  But ſoon, alake ! the tongue o't crooked ;
And ſae may his, I winna hae him,
  Na, forſooth, I winna hae him,
Ane twice a bairn's a laſs's jeſt ;
  Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

Th carle has na fault but ane ;
  For he has land and dollars plenty ;
But wae's me for him ! ſkin and bane
  Is no for a plump laſs of twenty.
Howt awa, I winna hae him,
  Na, forſooth, I winna hae him,
What ſignifies his dirty riggs,
  And caſh, without a man with them.

But

But ſhou'd my cankard dady gar
  Me tak him 'gainſt my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware,
  That antlers dinna claim their ſtation.
Howt awa, I winna hae him !
  Na, forſooth, I winna hae him !
I'm flee'd to crack the haly band,
  Sae lawty ſays, I ſhou'd na hae him.

VIRTUE and WIT,

The Preſervatives of Love and Beauty.

To the tune of, *Killikranky*.

HE.

CONfeſs thy love, fair bluſhing maid,
  For ſince thine eye's conſenting,
Thy ſafter thoughts are a' betray'd,
  And na-ſays no worth tenting.
Why aims thou to oppoſe thy mind,
  With words thy wiſh denying ?
Since nature made thee to be kind,
  Reaſon allows complying.

Nature and reaſon's joint conſent
  Make love a ſacred bleſſing,
Then happily that time is ſpent,
  That's war'd on kind careſſing.
Come then, my *Katie*, to my arms,
  I'll be nae mair a rover ;
But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,
  And prove a faithful lover.

SHE.

What you deſign, by nature's law,
  Is fleeting inclination,
That *Willy-Wiſp* bewilds us a'
  By its infatuation.
When that goes out, careſſes tire,
  And love's na mair in ſeaſon,
Syne weakly we blow up the fire,
  With all our boaſted reaſon.

HE.

HE.

The beauties of inferior caſt
  May ſtart this juſt reflection ;
But charms, like thine, maun always laſt,
  Where wit has the protection.
Virtue and wit, like *April* rays,
  Make beauty riſe the ſweeter ;
The langer then on thee I gaze,
  My love will grow completer.

SONG.

To the tune of, *The happy Clown.*

IT was the charming month of *May*,
  When all the flow'rs were freſh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
  Sweet *Chloe*, chaſte and fair,

From peaceful ſlumber ſhe aroſe,
Girt on her mantle and her hoſe,
And o'er the flow'ry mead ſhe goes,
  To breathe a purer air.

Her looks ſo ſweet, ſo gay her mien,
Her handſome ſhape, and dreſs ſo clean,
She look'd all o'er like beauty's queen,
  Dreſt in her beſt array.

The gentle winds, and purling ſtream,
Aſſay'd to whiſper *Chloe*'s name,
The ſavage beaſts, till then ne'er tame,
  Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people, one might ſee,
Perch'd all around her on a tree,
With notes of ſweeteſt melody
  They act a chearful part.

The dull ſlaves on the toilſome plow,
Their wearied necks and knees do bow,
A glad ſubjection there they vow,
  To pay with all their heart.

The

The bleating flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming nymph they ſpy,
They leave their hoarſe and rueful cry,
And dance around the brooks.

The woods are glad, the meadows ſmile,
And *Forth* that foam'd and roar'd ere while,
Glides calmly down and ſmooth as oil,
Through all its charming crooks.

The finny ſquadrons are content
To leave their wat'ry element,
In glazie numbers down they bent,
They flutter all along.

The inſects, and each creeping thing,
Join'd to make up the rural ring;
All friſk and dance, if ſhe but ſing,
And make a jovial throng.

Kind *Phœbus* now began to riſe,
And paint with red the eaſtern ſkies,
Struck with the glory of her eyes,
He ſhrinks behind a cloud.

Her mantle on a bow ſhe lays,
And all her glory ſhe diſplays,
She left all nature in amaze,
And ſkipp'd into the wood. X.

Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.

BAlow, my boy, lie ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep:
If thou'lt be ſilent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full ſad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
Balow, my boy, lie ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep.

Balow,

Balow, my darling, ſleep a while,
And when thou wak'ſt, then ſweetly ſmile;
But ſmile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay God forbid;
For in thine eye his look I ſee,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.
Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
And with his ſugar'd words to move,
His tempting face, and flatt'ring chear,
In time to me did not appear;
But now I ſee that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falſeſt youth,
That ever kiſs'd a woman's mouth,
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy courteſy:
For, if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her abuſe, and care not how.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the firſt,
To yield thee all a maiden durſt,
Thou ſwore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
But quick as thought the change is wrought,
Thy love's no more, thy promiſe nought.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I wiſh I were a maid again,
From young mens flattery I'd refrain,
For now unto my grief I find,
They all are perjur'd and unkind:
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witneſs my babe lies in my arms.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worſe,
That I muſt needs be now a nurſe,

And lull my young ſon on my lap,
From me, ſweet orphan, take the pap.
Balow, my child, thy mother mild
Shall wail as from all bliſs exil'd.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
Whoſe greateſt grief's for wronging thee,
Nor pity her deſerved ſmart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart;
For too ſoon truſting lateſt finds,
With faireſt tongues are falſeſt minds.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftleſs ſon has play'd,
Of vows and oaths, forgetful he
Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy curſe and mine
Make him eat acorns with the ſwine.
Balow, my boy, &c.

But curſe not him; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorſe, is bleſſing thee;
Perhaps at death; for who can tell
Whether the judge of heaven or hell,
By ſome proud foe has ſtruck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I wiſh I were into the bounds
Where he lies ſmother'd in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his fair.
No woman's yet ſo fiercely ſet,
But ſhe'll forgive, though not forget.
Balow, my boy, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's ſake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My ſmock once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding-ſheet.

Ah me! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee;
Too ſoon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
Thy griefs are growing to a ſum,
God grant thee patience when they come;
Born to ſuſtain thy mother's ſhame,
A hapleſs fate, a baſtard's name.
Balow, my boy, lie ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep. X.

SONG.

She raiſe and loot me in.

THE night her ſilent ſable wore,
And gloomy were the ſkies;
Of glitt'ring ſtars appear'd no more
Than thoſe in *Nelly*'s eyes.
When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, ſhrouded only with her ſmock,
Aroſe and loot me in.

Faſt lock'd within her cloſe embrace,
She trembling ſtood aſham'd;
Her ſwelling breaſt, and glowing face,
And ev'ry touch inflam'd.
My eager paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the fort to win;
And her fond heart was ſoon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expreſſing,
Tranſporting was the joy;
I knew no greater bleſſing,
So bleſs'd a man was I.

And ſhe, all raviſh'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
She'd riſe and let me in.

But ah! at laſt ſhe prov'd with bairn,
And ſighing ſat and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en juſt like a fool.
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her raſh ſin:
She ſigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour,
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch beauty part?
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart;
But wedded, and conceal'd our crime:
Thus all was well again,
And now ſhe thanks the happy time
That e'er ſhe loot me in. Z.

SONG.

If love's a ſweet paſſion.

IF love's a ſweet paſſion, why does it torment?
If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my complaint?
Since I ſuffer with pleaſure, why ſhould I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the pain is, ſo ſoft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I graſp her hands gently, look languiſhing down,
And, by paſſionate ſilence, I make my love known.
But oh! how I'm bleſs'd when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her love,
When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How

How pleasing is beauty? how sweet are the charms?
How delightful embraces? how peaceful her arms?
Sure there is nothing so easy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and wins the fair field.

X.

JOHN OCHILTREE.

HOnest man, *John Ochiltree*;
Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree*,
Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,
And dance as thou was wont to do.
Alake, alake, I wont to do!
Ohon, ohon! I wont to do!
Now wont to do's away frae me,
Frae silly auld John Ochiltree.
Honest man, *John Ochiltree*;
Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree*:
Come anes out o'er the moor to me,
And do but what thou dow to do.
Alake, alake! I dow to do!
Walaways! I dow to do!
To whost and hirple o'er my tree,
My bonny moor-powt, is a' I may do.

Walaways! *John Ochiltree*,
For mony a time I tell'd to thee,
Thou rade sae fast by sea and land;
And wadna keep a bridle-hand;
Thou'd tine the beast, thy sell wad die,
My silly auld *John Ochiltree*.
Come to my arms, my bonny thing,
And chear me up to hear thee sing;
And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
For thoughts maun now my life sustain.

Gae thy ways, *John Ochiltree:*
  Hae done! it has nae ſa'r wi' me.
I'll ſet the beaſt in throw the land,
  She'll may be fa' in a better hand,
Even ſit thou there, and drink thy fill,
  For I'll do as I wont to do ſtill. Z.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Jenny beguil'd the webſter.*

The auld chorus.

Up ſtairs, down ſtairs,
  Timber ſtairs fear me.
I'm laith to lie a' night my lane,
  And Johny's *bed ſae near me.*

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
  Though I'm baith good and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my ſleep
  I ſtart and dream of *Johny.*
When *Johny* then comes down the glen,
  To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with content gi' your conſent,
  For we twa ne'er can ſinder.

Better to marry, than miſcarry;
  For ſhame and ſkaith's the clink o't,
To thole the dool, to mount the ſtool,
  I downa bide to think o't;
Sae while 'tis time I'll ſhun the crime,
  That gars poor *Epps* gae whinging,
With haunches fow, and een ſae blew,
  To a' the bedrals binging.

Had *Eppy*'s apron bidden down,
  The kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the word's gane thro' the town;
  Alake how can ſhe mend it?

Now

Now *Tam* maun face the minister,
And she maun mount the pillar:
And that's the way that they maun gae,
For poor folk has nae siller.

Now had ye'r tongue, my daughter young,
Replied the kindly mither,
Get *Johny*'s hand in haly band,
Syne wap your wealth togither.
I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
Ye'll do your part discreetly;
And prove a wife will gar his life
And barrel run right sweetly.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Wat ye wha I met yestreen*, &c.

OF all the birds whose tuneful throats
Do welcome in the verdant spring,
I far prefer the *Stirling*'s notes,
And think she does most sweetly sing.
Nor thrush, nor linnet, nor the bird
Brought from the far *Canary* coast,
Nor can the nightingale afford,
Such melody as she can boast.

When *Phœbus* southward darts his fires,
And on our plains he looks ascance,
The nightingale with him retires,
My *Stirling* makes my blood to dance.
In spite of *Hyems*' nipping frost,
Whether the day be dark or clear,
Shall I not to her health entoast,
Who makes it summer all the year?

Then by thyself, my lovely bird,
I'll stroke thy back, and kiss thy breast;
And if you'll take my honest word,
As sacred as before the priest,

I'll bring thee where I will devise
Such various ways to pleasure thee,
The velvet fog thou wilt despise,
When on the *downy hills with me.* T. R.

SONG.

To its own tune.

IN *January* last,
On Munanday at morn,
As through the fields I past,
To view the winter-corn,
I looked me behind,
And saw come o'er the know,
And glancing in her apron,
With a bonny brent brow.

I said, Good-morrow, fair maid;
And she right courteously
Return'd a beck, and kindly said,
Good-day, sweet Sir, to you.
I spear'd, my dear, how far awa
Do ye intend to gae?
Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa
Out o'er yon broomy brae.

HE.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
To have sic company;
For I'm ganging straight that gate,
Where ye intend to be.
When we had gane a mile or twain,
I said to her, My dow,
May we not lean us on this plain,
And kiss your bonny mou?

SHE.

SHE.

Kind Sir, ye are a wee mistane;
For I am nane of these,
I hope ye some mair breeding ken,
Than to ruffle womens claise:
For may be I have chosen ane,
And plighted him my vow,
Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
And kiss my bonny mou'.

HE.

Na, if ye are contracted,
I hae nae mair to say:
Rather than be rejected,
I will gie o'er the play;
And chuse anither will respect
My love and on me rew;
And let me clasp her round the neck,
And kiss her bonny mou'.

SHE.

O Sir, ye are proud-hearted,
And laith to be said nay,
Else ye wad ne'er a started
For ought that I did say:
For women in their modesty,
At first they winna bow;
But if we like your company,
We'll prove as kind as you.

Z.

SONG.

To the tune of, *I'll never leave thee.*

ONE day I heard *Mary* say,
How shall I leave thee?
Stay, dearest *Adonis*, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?

Alas

Alas! my fond heart will break,
  If thou ſhould leave me.
I'll live and die for thy ſake:
  Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, ſay,
  Has *Mary* deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
  New love, that has griev'd thee?
My conſtant mind ne'er ſhall ſtray,
  Thou may believe me.
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
  And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
  What can relieve thee?
Can *Mary* thy anguiſh ſooth!
  This breaſt ſhall receive thee.
My paſſion can ne'er decay,
  Never deceive thee:
Delight ſhall drive pain away,
  Pleaſure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
  How ſhall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me ſad,
  I'll never leave thee.
Where would my *Adonis* fly?
  Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
  If I ſhould leave thee.

C

Sleepy Body, Drowſy Body.

S*Omnolente, quæſo, repente*
  Vigila, vive, me tange.
Somnolente, quæſo, repente
Vigila, vive, me tange.

Cum

Cum me ambiebas,
Videri ſolebas
Amoris negotiis aptus;
At factus maritus,
In lecto ſopitus,
Somno es, haud amore, tu captus.

O ſleepy body,
And drowſy body,
O wiltuna waken and turn thee:
To drivel and draunt,
While I ſigh and gaunt,
Gives me good reaſon to ſcorn thee.

When thou ſhouldſt be kind,
Thou turns ſleepy and blind,
And ſnoters and ſnores far frae me.
Wae light on thy face,
Thy drowſy embrace
Is enough to gar me betray thee. Q.

General LESLY's March to Longmarſton Moor.

MArch, march,
Why the d— do ye na march?
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order,
Front about, ye muſketeers all,
Till ye come to the *Engliſh* border,
Stand till't, and fight like men,
True goſpel to maintain,
The parliament blyth to ſee us a' coming.
When to the kirk we come,
We'll purge it ilka room,
Frae *Popiſh* relics and a' ſic innovations,
That a' the warld may ſee,
There's nane i' the right but we,
Of the auld *Scottiſh* nation.

Jenny

Jenny ſhall wear the hood,
Jocky the ſark of GOD;
And the kiſt fou of whiſtles,
That make ſic a cleiro,
Our pipers braw,
Shall hae them a',
Whate'er come on it,
Buſk up your plaids, my lads,
Cock up your bonnets.
March, march, &c. Z.

SONG.

To the tune of, *I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.*

H E.

A Dieu, for a while, my native green plains,
My neareſt relations, and neighbouring ſwains,
Dear *Nelly*, frae theſe I'd ſtart eaſily free,
Were minutes not ages, while abſent frae thee.

S H E.

Then tell me the reaſon thou does not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away;
Alake, thou deceiver, o'er plainly I ſee,
A lover ſae roving will never mind me.

H E.

The reaſon unhappy, is owing to fate
That gave me a being without an eſtate,
Which lays a neceſſity now upon me,
To purchaſe a fortune for pleaſure to thee.

S H E.

Small fortune may ſerve where love has the ſway,
Then, *Johny*, be counſel'd na langer to ſtray;
For while thou proves conſtant in kindneſs to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treaſure in thee.

H E.

O ceaſe, my dear charmer, elſe ſoon I'll betray
A weakneſs unmanly, and quickly give way

To

To fondneſs which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and diſhonour to me.

Bear witneſs, ye ſtreams, and witneſs, ye flowers,
Bear witneſs, ye watchful inviſible powers,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er ſmile upon me.

SONG.

To the tune of,

Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bride;
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny marrow;
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bride,
Buſk and go to the braes of Yarrow;
There will we ſport and gather dew,
Dancing while laverocks ſing the morning:
There learn frae turtles to prove true;
O *Bell*, ne'er vex me with thy ſcorning.

To weſtlin breezes *Flora* yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythneſs appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair freſh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the roſes bloſſom,
Yet haſtilie they flow to *Tweed*,
And pour their ſweetneſs in his boſom.

Haſte ye, haſte ye, my bonny *Bell*,
Haſte to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
With free conſent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus ſang I ſaftly to my fair,
Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
O queen of ſmiles, I aſk na mair,
Since now my bonny *Bell*'s conſenting.

Corn-riggs are bonny.

MY *Patie* is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is ſweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.
His ſhape is handſome, middle ſize;
He's ſtately in his wawking;
The ſhining of his een ſurpriſe;
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Laſt night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he ſpake,
That ſet my heart a-glowing.
He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a ſilly mind
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are deſign'd,
We chaſtely ſhould be granting;
Then I'll comply, and marry *Pate*,
And ſyne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.

CROMLET's Lilt.

SInce all thy vows, falſe maid,
Are blown to air,
And my poor heart betray'd
To ſad deſpair,
Into ſome wilderneſs,
My grief I will expreſs,
And thy hard-heartedneſs,
O cruel air.

Have

Have I not graven our loves
On every tree,
In yonder ſpreading groves,
Tho' falſe thou be?
Was not a ſolemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy faith, I my troth,
Conſtant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful ſhade,
Where neither ſun nor wind
E'er entrance had:
Into that hollow cave,
There will I ſigh and rave,
Becauſe thou doſt behave
So faithleſsly.

Wild fruit ſhall be my meat,
I'll drink the ſpring,
Cold earth ſhall be my ſeat:
For covering
I'll have the ſtarry ſky
My head to canopy,
Until my ſoul on hy
Shall ſpread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
Nor tears for me:
No grave do I deſire,
Nor obſequies:
The courteous *Red-breaſt* he
With leaves will cover me,
And ſing my elegy
With doleful voice.

And when a ghoſt I am,
I'll viſit thee,
O thou deceitful dame,
Whoſe cruelty

Has kill'd the kindeſt heart
That e'er felt *Cupid*'s dart,
And never can deſert
From loving thee, X.

SONG.

We'll a' to KELSO go.

AN I'll awa to bonny *Tweed* ſide,
And ſee my deary come throw,
And he ſall be mine,
Gif ſae he incline,
For I hate to lead *apes* below.

While young and fair
I'll make it my care,
To ſecure myſel in a jo;
I'm no ſic a fool
To let my blood cool,
And ſyne gae lead *apes* below.

Few words, bonny lad,
Will eithly perſuade,
Tho' bluſhing, I daftly ſay, no,
Gae on with your ſtrain,
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead *apes* below.

Unty'd to a man,
Do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow:
Then I will do well,
Do better what will,
And let them lead *apes* below.

Our time is precious,
And gods are gracious
That beauties upon us beſtow;

'Tis

'Tis not to be thought
We got them for nought,
Or to be ſet up for a ſhow.

'Tis carried by votes,
Come kilt up your coats,
And let us to *Edinburgh* go,
Where ſhe that's bonny
May catch a *Johny*,
And never lead *apes* below.

WILLIAM and MARGARET.

An old ballad.

'TWas at the fearful midnight-hour,
When all were faſt aſleep,
In glided *Margaret*'s grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at *William*'s feet.

Her face was pale like *April* morn;
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reſt their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek;
Juſt op'ning to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! — ſhe cry'd, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain,
And aid the ſecret fears of night,
To fright the faithleſs man.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you ſay, my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win that virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why ſaid you, that my eyes were bright,
Yet left theſe eyes to weep?

How could you ſwear, my lip was ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
Theſe lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
This winding-ſheet I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our night,
Till that laſt morn appear.

But

But hark! — the cock has warn'd me hence —
  A long and late adieu!
Come ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies,
  That dy'd for love of you.

The lark ſung out, the morning ſmil'd,
  And rais'd her gliſt'ring head;
Pale *William* quak'd in ev'ry limb;
  Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
  Where *Margaret*'s body lay,
And ſtretch'd him o'er the green graſs turf
  That wrapt her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret*'s name,
  And thrice he wept full ſore:
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
  And word ſpoke never more. D. M.

The Complaint.

THE ſun was ſunk beneath the hill,
  The weſtern cloud was lin'd with gold:
Clear was the ſky, the wind was ſtill,
  The flocks were penn'd within the fold;
When in the ſilence of the grove,
Poor *Damon* thus deſpair'd of love.

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant roſe,
  From the hard rock or oozy beech;
Who from each weed that barren grows,
  Expects the grape or downy peach;
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care,
  No fields that wave with golden grain,
No paſtures green, or gardens fair,
  A woman's venal heart to gain.

Then

Then all in vain my ſighs muſt prove,
Whoſe whole eſtate, alas ! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since womens hearts are bought and ſold !
They aſk no vows of ſacred truth ;
When'er they ſigh, they ſigh to gold.
Gold can the frowns of ſcorn remove ; —
Thus I am ſcorn'd, — who have but love.

To buy the gems of *India*'s coaſt,
What wealth, what riches would ſuffice ?
Yet *India*'s ſhore ſhould never boaſt
The luſtre of thy rival eyes ;
For there the world too cheap muſt prove ;
Can I then buy ? — who have but love.

Then, *Mary*, ſince nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter ſelf compare,
Be juſt, as fair, and value more,
Than gems or ore, a heart ſincere :
Let treaſure meaner beauties prove ;
Who pays thy worth, muſt pay in love. X.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Montroſe's lines.*

I Toſs and tumble thro' the night,
And wiſh th' approaching day,
Thinking when darkneſs yields to light,
I'll baniſh care away :
But when the glorious ſun doth riſe,
And chear all nature round,
All thoughts of pleaſure in me dies ;
My cares do ſtill abound.

My

My tortur'd and uneasy mind
  Bereaves me of my rest ;
My thoughts are to all pleasure blind,
  With care I'm still oppreſt :
But had I her within my breaſt,
  Who gives me ſo much pain,
My raptur'd ſoul would be at reſt,
  And ſofteſt joys regain.

I'd not envy the god of war,
  Bleſs'd with fair *Venus*' charms,
Nor yet the thund'ring *Jupiter*
  In fair *Alcmena*'s arms :
Paris, with *Helen*'s beauty bleſs'd,
  Wou'd be a jeſt to me ;
If of her charms I were poſſeſs'd,
  Thrice happier wou'd I be.

But ſince the gods do not ordain
  Such happy fate for me,
I dare not 'gainſt their will repine,
  Who rule my deſtiny.
With ſprightly wine I'll drown my care,
  And cheriſh up my ſoul ;
Whene'er I think on my loſt fair,
  I'll drown her in the bowl. I. H. *Jamaica.*

The Deceiver.

WIth tuneful pipe and hearty glee,
  Young *Watty* wan my heart ;
A blyther lad ye cou'dna ſee,
  All beauty without art.
  His winning tale
  Did ſoon prevail
To gain my fond belief ;

But

But ſoon the ſwain
Gangs o'er the plain,
And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
And leaves me full of grief.

Tho' *Colin* courts with tuneful ſang,
Yet few regard his mane :
The laſſes a' round *Watty* thrang,
While *Colin*'s left alane :
In *Aberdeen*
Was never ſeen
A lad that gave ſic pain.
He daily wooes,
And ſtill purſues,
Till he does all, till he does all,
Till he does all obtain.

But ſoon as he has gain'd the bliſs,
Away then does he run,
And hardly will afford a kiſs,
To ſilly me undone :
Bonny *Katy*,
Maggy, *Beatty*,
Avoid the roving ſwain ;
His wilie tongue
Be ſure to ſhun,
Or you like me, or you like me,
Like me will be undone.

Z.

SWEET SUSAN.

To the tune of, *Leader-haughs*.

I.

THE morn was fair, ſaft was the air,
All nature's ſweets were ſpringing ;
The buds did bow with ſilver dew,
Ten thouſand birds were ſinging :

When

When on the bent, with blyth content,
  Young *Jamie* ſang his marrow,
Nae bonnier laſs e'er trod the graſs,
  On *Leader-haughs* and *Yarrow*.

II.

How ſweet her face, where ev'ry grace
  In heavenly beauty's planted;
Her ſmiling een, and comely mien
  That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
  But bleſs my bonny marrow;
If her dear ſmile my doubts beguile,
  My mind ſhall ken nae ſorrow.

III.

Yet tho' ſhe's fair, and has full ſhare
  Of every charm inchanting,
Each good turns ill, and ſoon will kill
  Poor me, if love be wanting.
O bonny laſs! have but the grace
  To think, e'er ye gae furder,
Your joys maun flit, if ye commit
  The crying ſin of murder.

IV.

My wand'ring ghaiſt will ne'er get reſt,
  And night and day affright ye;
But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,
  I'll ſtudy to delight ye.
Our years around with love thus crown'd,
  From all things joys ſhall borrow;
Thus none ſhall be more bleſs'd than we
  On *Leader-haughs* and *Yarrow*.

V.

O ſweeteſt *Sue!* 'tis only you
  Can make life worth my wiſhes,
If equal love your mind can move
  To grant this beſt of bliſſes.

Thou

Thou art my ſun, and thy leaſt frown
Would blaſt me in the bloſſom :
But if thou ſhine, and make me thine,
I'll flouriſh in thy boſom.

COWDON-KNOWS.

WHen ſummer comes, the ſwains on *Tweed*
Sing their ſucceſsful loves,
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And muſic fills the groves.

But my lov'd ſong is then the broom
So fair on *Cowdon-knows* ;
For ſure ſo ſweet, ſo ſoft a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

There *Colin* tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart ;
No ſhepherd e'er that dwelt on *Tweed*
Could play with half ſuch art.

He ſung of *Tay*, of *Forth*, and *Clyde*,
The hills and dales all round,
Of *Leader-haughs*, and *Leader-ſide*,
Oh! how I bleſs the ſound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on *Cowdon-knows* ;
For ſure ſo freſh, ſo bright a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

Not *Teviot* braes ſo green and gay
May with his broom compare,
Not *Yarrow* banks in flow'ry *May*,
Nor the buſh aboon *Traquair*.

More pleaſing far are *Cowdon-knows*,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At even among the broom.

Ye

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where *Tweed* with *Teviot* flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd *Cowdon-knows*. C.

SANDY and BETTY.

S*Andy* in *Edinburgh* was born,
As blyth a lad as e'er gade thence:
Betty did *Staffordshire* adorn
With all that's lovely to the sense.

Had *Sandy* still remain'd at hame,
He had not blinkt on *Betty*'s smile;
For why, he caught the gentle flame
On this side *Tweed* full many a mile.

She, like the fragrant violet,
Still flourish'd in her native mead:
He, like the stream, improving yet
The further from his fountain-head.

The stream must now no further stray;
A fountain fix'd by *Venus*' power
In his clear bosom, to display
The beauties of his bord'ring flower.

When gracious *Anna* did unite
Two jarring nations into one,
She bade them mutually unite,
And make each other's good their own.

Henceforth let each returning year
The *rose* and *thistle* bear one stem:
The *thistle* be the *rose*'s spear,
The *rose* the *thistle*'s diadem.

The queen of *Britain*'s high decree,
The queen of love is bound to keep;
Anna the sovereign of the sea,
Venus the daughter of the deep. W. B.

ODE.

To Mrs A. R.

Tune of, *Love's goddess in a myrtle grove.*

NOW spring begins her smiling round,
And lavish paints th' enamell'd ground;
The birds now lift their chearful voice,
And gay on every bough rejoice:
The lovely *graces* hand in hand
Knit fast in love's eternal band,
With early step, at morning-dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

Where-e'er the youthful *sisters* move,
They fire the soul to genial love:
Now, by the river's painted side,
The swain delights his country-bride;
While pleas'd, she hears his artless vows,
Each bird his feather'd consort wooes:
Soon will the ripen'd summer yield
Her various gifts to every field.

The fertile trees, a lovely show!
With ruby-tinctur'd birth shall glow;
Sweet smells from beds of lilies born
Perfume the breezes of the morn:
The smiling day and dewy night
To rural scenes my fair invite;
With summer-sweets to feast her eye,
Yet soon, soon, will the summer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
To profit by th' instructive show.
Now young and blooming thou appears,
All in the flourish of thy years:
The lovely bud shall soon disclose
To every eye the blushing rose;
Now, now the tender stalk is seen
With beauty fresh, and ever green.

But

But when the ſunny hours are paſt,
Think not the coz'ning ſcene will laſt;
Let not the flatt'rer hope perſuade,
Ah! muſt I ſay, that it will fade?
For ſee the ſummer flies away,
Sad emblem of our own decay!
Now winter from the frozen north
Drives ſwift his iron chariot forth.

His grizly hands in icy chains
Fair *Tweda*'s ſilver ſtream conſtrains.
Caſt up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of *Yare*;
Behold his footſteps dire are ſeen
Confeſs'd o'er ev'ry with'ring green;
Griev'd at the ſight, when thou ſhalt ſee
A ſnowy wreath to clothe each tree.

Frequenting now the ſtream no more,
Thou flies, diſpleas'd, the frozen ſhore,
When thou ſhalt miſs the flowers that grew
But late, to charm thy raviſh'd view;
Then ſhall a ſigh thy ſoul invade,
And o'er thy pleaſures caſt a ſhade:
Shall I, ah! horrid! wilt thou ſay,
Be like to this ſome other day?

Yet when in ſnow and dreary froſt
The pleaſure of the fields is loſt,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires ſupply the diſtant ſun;
In gay delights our hours employ,
And do not loſe, but change our joy.
Happy! abandon every care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair.

To turn the page of ſacred bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
In cities thus with witty friends
In ſmiles the hoary ſeaſon ends.
But when the lovely white and red
From the pale aſhy cheek is fled,

Then wrinkles dire, and age ſevere
Make beauty fly, we know not where.

The fair, whom fates unkind diſarm,
Ah ! muſt they never ceaſe to charm ?
Or is there left ſome *pleaſing art*
To keep ſecure a captive heart ?
Unhappy love ! may lovers ſay,
Beauty, thy food, does ſwift decay ;
When once that ſhort-liv'd ſtock is ſpent,
What is't thy famine can prevent ?

Lay in good ſenſe with timeous care,
That love may live on wiſdom's fare :
Though *ecſtaſy* with *beauty* flies,
Eſteem is born when *beauty* dies.
Happy the man whom fates decree
Their richeſt gift in giving thee ;
Thy beauty ſhall his youth engage,
Thy wiſdom ſhall delight his age.

HORACE, Book I. Ode 11.

To W. D.

Tune of, *Willy was a wanton wag.*

WIlly, ne'er inquire what end
The gods for thee or me intend ;
How vain the ſearch, that but beſtows
The knowledge of our future woes !
Happier the man that ne'er repines,
Whatever lot his fate aſſigns,
Than they that idly vex their lives
With wizards and inchanting wives.

Thy preſent years in mirth employ,
And conſecrate thy youth to joy ;
Whether the fates to thy old ſcore
Shall bounteous add a winter more,
Or this ſhall lay thee cold in earth
That rages o'er the *Pentland* firth,

No-

No more with *Home* the dance to lead ;
Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,
That's ſacred to the genial hour,
In flowing wine ſtill warm thy ſoul,
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
Behold, the flying hour is loſt,
For time rides ever on the poſt,
Even while we ſpeak, even while we think,
And waits not for the ſtanding drink.

Collect thy joys each preſent day,
And live in youth, while beſt you may ;
Have all your pleaſures at command,
Nor truſt one day in fortune's hand.
Then, *Willy*, be a wanton wag,
If ye wad pleaſe the laſſes braw,
At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
And carry ay the gree awa'.

The Widow.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can ſhape, and the widow can ſew,
And mony braw things the widow can do ;
Then have at the widow, my laddie.
With courage attack her baith early and late,
To kiſs her and clap her you manna be blate,
Speak well, and do better, for that's the beſt gate
To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow ſhe's youthfu', and never ae hair
The war of the wearing, and has a good ſkair
Of every thing lovely, ſhe's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
What cou'd you wiſh better your pleaure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonnieſt toaſt in the town,
With naething, but draw in your ſtool and ſit down,
And ſport with the widow, my laddie ?

Then till'er, and kill'er with courtesie dead,
Tho' stark love and kindness be all ye can plead;
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

The Highland Lassie.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're sour and unco saucy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind
Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.
O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My hearty smiling highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lass in borrows town,
Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,
I'd tak my *Katy* but a gown,
Bare-footed in her little coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my dautie;
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
My flighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stenn
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's

There's nane ſhall dare by deed or word
'Gainſt her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my truſty ſword,
Or frae my ſide whiſk out a whinger.
O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treaſure
To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleaſure.
O my bonny, bonny highland laſſie,
My lovely ſmiling highland laſſie,
May never care make thee leſs fair,
But bloom of youth ſtill bleſs my laſſie.

JOCKY blyth and gay.

BLyth *Jocky* young and gay,
Is all my heart's delight;
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.
If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter then with me;
But when he tarries here,
'Tis ſummer all the year.

When I and *Jocky* met
Firſt on the flow'ry dale,
Right ſweetly he me tret,
And love was all his tale.
You are the laſs, ſaid he,
That ſtaw my heart frae me;
O eaſe me of my pain,
And never ſhaw diſdain.

Well can my *Jocky* kyth
His love and courteſie,
He made my heart full blyth
When he firſt ſpake to me.

His ſuit I ill deny'd,
He kiſs'd, and I comply'd:
Sae *Jocky* promis'd me,
That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when *Jocky* comes,
Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis night when *Jocky* glooms,
But when he ſmiles 'tis day.
When our eyes meet, I pant,
I colour, ſigh, and faint;
What laſs that wad be kind,
Can better tell her mind?

Q.

Had away from me, DONALD.

O Come away, come away,
Come away wi' me, *Jenny*;
Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane.
Whaſe ſmiles ânes raviſh'd me, *Jenny*;
If you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought ſall alter me, *Jenny*;
For you're the miſtreſs of my mind,
Whate'er you think of me, *Jenny*.

Firſt when your ſweets enſlav'd my heart,
You ſeem'd to favour me, *Jenny*;
But now, alas! you act a part
That ſpeaks unconſtancy, *Jenny*;
Unconſtancy is ſic a vice,
'Tis not beſitting thee, *Jenny*;
It ſuits not with your virtue nice
To carry ſae to me, *Jenny*.

Her ANSWER.

O Had away, had away,
Had away frae me, *Donald*;
Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
It is not meet for me, *Donald*:

Some

Some fickle miſtreſs you may find
  Will jilt as faſt as thee, *Donald*;
To ilka ſwain ſhe will prove kind,
  And nae leſs kind to thee, *Donald*.

But I've a heart that's naething ſuch,
  'Tis fill'd with honeſty, *Donald*;
I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,
  I hate all levity, *Donald*.
Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend
  Your heart is chain'd to mine, *Donald*;
For words of falſehood I'll defend,
  A roving love like thine, *Donald*.

Firſt when you courted, I muſt own
  I frankly favour'd you, *Donald*;
Apparent worth and fair renown
  Made me believe you true, *Donald*.
Ilk virtue then ſeem'd to adorn
  The man eſteem'd by me, *Donald*;
But now, the maſk fallen aff, I ſcorn
  To ware a thought on thee, *Donald*.

And now, for ever, had away,
  Had away from me, *Donald*;
Gae ſeek a heart that's like your ain,
  And come nae mair to me, *Donald*;
For I'll reſerve myſell for ane,
  For ane that's liker me, *Donald*;
If ſic a ane I canna find,
  I'll ne'er loo man, nor thee, *Donald*.

DONALD.

Then I'm thy man, and falſe report
  Has only tald a lie, *Jenny*;
To try thy truth, and make us ſport,
  The tale was rais'd by me, *Jenny*.

JENNY.

When this ye prove, and ſtill can love,
  Then come away to me, *Donald*;
I'm well content, ne'er to repent
  That I have ſmil'd on thee, *Donald*.

Todlen

Todlen butt, and todlen ben.

WHen I've a ſaxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
O! poverty parts good company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Coudna my loove come todlen hame?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and ſend her good ſale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if that her tippony chance to be ſma',
We'll tak a good ſcour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to ſleep,
And twa pint-ſtoups at our bed's feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?
Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my loove comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay ſae good-humour'd when weeting your mou;
When ſober, ſae ſour, ye'll fight with a flee,
That 'tis a blyth fight to the bairns and me.
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame. Z.

The Auld Man's beſt Argument.

To the tune of, *Widow, are ye wawkin?*

O Wha's that at my chamber-door?
"Fair widow, are ye wawking?"
Auld carl, your ſuit give o'er,
Your love lies a' in tawking.

Gi'e

Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an *April* meadow;
'Tis ſic as he can bleſs the ſight
And boſom of a widow.

" O widow, wilt thou let me in,
" I'm pawky, wiſe, and thrifty,
" And come of a right gentle kin,
" I'm little mair than fifty."
Daft carl, dit your mouth,
What ſignifies how pawky,
Or gentle born ye be, — bot youth?
In love you're but a gawky.

" Then, widow, let theſe guineas ſpeak,
" That powerfully plead clinkan,
" And if they fail, my mouth I'll ſteek,
" And nae mair love will think on."
Theſe court indeed, I maun confeſs,
I think they make you young, Sir,
And ten times better can expreſs
Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

The peremptor Lover.

To the tune of, *John Anderſon, my jo.*

'TIs not your beauty, nor your wit,
That can my heart obtain;
For they cou'd never conquer yet,
Either my breaſt or brain:
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth I'll ſcorn your ſlave to be,
Or doat upon you more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind;
No ſmoothed ſight, nor ſmiling frown,
Can ſatisfy my mind.

Pray

Pray let *Platonics* play ſuch pranks,
Such follies I deride;
For love, at leaſt, I will have thanks,
And ſomething elſe beſide.

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I ſhall be with you,
And let our actions be as free,
As virtue will allow.
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
If true, I'll conſtant be;
If fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn aſſoon as you.

Since our affections well ye know,
In equal terms do ſtand,
'Tis in your power to love or no,
Mine's likewiſe in my hand.
Diſpenſe with your auſterity,
Unconſtancy abhor,
Or, by great *Cupid*'s deity,
I'll never love you more. Q.

What's that to you?

To the tune of, *The glancing of her apron.*

MY *Jeany* and I have toil'd
The live-lang ſimmer-day,
Till we almoſt were ſpoil'd
At making of the hay:
Her kurchy was of holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny brow,
I whiſper'd ſomething in her ear;
But what's that to you?

Her ſtockings were of *Kerſey* green,
As tight as ony ſilk:
O ſic a leg was never ſeen,
Her ſkin was white as milk:

Her

Her hair was black as ane could wish,
And sweet, sweet was her mou,
Oh! *Jeany* daintilie can kiss;
But what's that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine,
To make my *Jeany* fair,
There is nae bennison like mine,
I have amaist nae care;
Only I fear my *Jeany*'s face
May cause mae men to rue,
And that may gar me say, alas?
But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
Hide that sweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys these looke divine.
O do not prostitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,
And I with faithful heart shall swear,
For ever to be true.

King *Solomon* had wives enow,
And mony a concubine;
But I enjoy a bliss mair true,
His joys were short of mine;
And *Jeany*'s happier than they,
She seldom wants her due,
All debts of love to her I pay,
And what's that to you?

Q.

SONG.

To the absent FLORINDA.

To the tune of, *Queen of Sheba's march.*

COme, *Florinda*, lovely charmer,
Come and fix this wav'ring heart;
Let those eyes my soul rekindle,
Ere I feel some foreign dart.

Come, and with thy ſmiles ſecure me,
If this heart be worth thy care,
Favour'd by my dear *Florinda*,
I'll be true, as ſhe is fair.

Thouſand beauties trip around me,
And my yielding breaſt aſſail;
Come and take me to thy boſom,
Ere my conſtant paſſion fail.

Come, and, like the radiant morning,
On my ſoul ſerenely ſhine,
Then thoſe glimmering ſtars ſhall vaniſh,
Loſt in ſplendor more divine.

Long this heart has been thy victim,
Long has felt the pleaſing pain,
Come, and with an equal paſſion
Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my charmer, I can promiſe,
If our ſouls in love agree,
None in all the upper dwellings
Shall be happier than we.

A Bacchanal SONG.

o the tune of, *A uld Sir Symon the King.*

COme here's to the nymph that I love!
Away, ye vain ſorrows away:
Far, far from me, ſorrows, begone,
All there ſhall be pleaſant and gay.

Far hence be the ſad and the penſive,
Come fill up the glaſſes around,
We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
And all our vain ſorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting,
With every gay blooming deſire,
My blood with briſk ardour is glowing,
Soft pleaſures my boſom inſpire.

My

My ſoul now to love is diſſolving,
Oh fate! had I here my fair charmer,
I'd claſp her, I'd claſp her ſo eager,
Of all her diſdain I'd diſarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here
With his troops of vain cares in array?
Avaunt, idle penſive intruder, —
He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come, give me a bumper;
Young *Cupid*, here's to thy confuſion. —
Now, now he's departing, he's vanquiſh'd,
Adieu to his anxious deluſion.

Come, jolly god *Bacchus*, here's to thee;
Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza,
Sing Io, ſing Io to *Bacchus* —
Hence all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what ſhould we do but be jovial?
Come tune up your voices and ſing;
What ſoul is ſo dull to be heavy,
When wine ſets our fancies on wing?

Come, *Pegaſus* lies in this bottle,
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
Each of us a gallant young *Perſeus*,
Sublime we'll aſcend to the ſky.

Come mount, or adieu, I ariſe,
In ſeas of wide æther I'm drown'd,
The clouds far beneath me are ſailing,
I ſee the ſpheres whirling around.

What darkneſs, what rattling is this?
Thro' *Chaos*' dark regions I'm hurl'd,
And now, — oh my head it is knockt
Upon ſome confounded new world.

Now, now theſe dark ſhades are retiring,
See yonder bright blazes a ſtar,
Where am I! — behold the *Empyreum*,
With flaming light ſtreaming from far. I. W. Q.

To Mrs A. C.

A SONG.

To the tune of, *All in the downs.*

WHen beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The muſe can no more ceaſe to ſing,
Than can the lark, with riſing light,
Her notes neglect with drooping wing.
The morning ſhines, harmonious birds mount hie:
The dawning beauty ſmiles, and poets fly.

Young *Annie*'s budding graces claim
Th' inſpired thought, and ſofteſt lays;
And kindle in the breaſt a flame,
Which muſt be vented in her praiſe.
Tell us, ye gentle ſhepherds, have you ſeen
E'er one ſo like an angel tread the green?

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts;
When ſhe appears, take the alarm:
Love on her beauty points his darts,
And wings an arrow from each charm.
Around her eyes and ſmiles the graces ſport,
And to her ſnowy neck and breaſt reſort.

But vain muſt every caution prove:
When ſuch inchanting ſweetneſs ſhines,
The wounded ſwain muſt yield to love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeleſs pines.
Such flames the foppiſh butterfly ſhou'd ſhun;
The eagle's only fit to view the ſun.

She's as the op'ning lily fair;
Her lovely features are complete;
Whilſt heaven indulgent makes her ſhare
With angels all that's wiſe and ſweet.
Theſe virtues which divinely deck her mind,
Exalt each other of th' inferior kind.

Whether

Whether ſhe love the rural ſcenes,
Or ſparkle in the airy town,
O! happy he her favour gains,
Unhappy! if ſhe on him frown.
The muſe unwilling quits the lovely theme,
Adieu ſhe ſings, and thrice repeats her name.

A Paſtoral Song.

To the tune of, *My apron, deary.*

JAMIE.

WHile our flocks are a-feeding,
And we're void of care,
Come, *Sandy*, let's tune
To praiſe of the fair:
For, inſpir'd by my *Suſie*,
I'll ſing in ſuch lays,
That *Pan*, were he judge,
Muſt allow me the bays.

SANDY.

While under this hawthorn
We lie at our eaſe,
By a muſical ſtream,
And refreſh'd by the breeze
Of a zephyr ſo gentle,
Yes, *Jamie*, I'll try
For to match you and *Suſie*,
Dear *Katie* and I.

JAMIE.

Oh! my *Suſie* ſo lovely,
She's without compare,
She's ſo comely, ſo good,
And ſo charmingly fair:
Sure, the gods were at pains
To make ſo complete
A nymph, that for love
There was ne'er one ſo meet.

SANDY.

Oh my *Katie*'s so bright,
  She's so witty and gay;
Love, join'd with the graces,
  Around her looks play.
In her mien she's so graceful,
  In her humour so free:
Sure the gods never fram'd
  A maid fairer than she.

JAMIE.

Had my *Susie* been there,
  When the *shepherd* declar'd
For the lady of *Lemnos*,
  She had lost his regard:
And o'ercome by a presence
  More beauteously bright,
He had own'd her outdone,
  As the darkness by light.

SANDY.

Not fair *Helen* of *Greece*,
  Nor all the whole train,
Either of real beauties,
  Or those poets feign,
Cou'd be match'd with my *Katie*,
  Whose every sweet charm
May conquer best judges,
  And coldest hearts warm.

JAMIE.

Neither riches nor honour,
  Or any thing great,
Do I ask of the gods,
  But that this be my fate,
That my *Susie* to all
  My kind wishes comply:
For with her wou'd I live,
  And with her I wou'd die.

SANDY.

SANDY.

If the fates give me *Katie*,
And her I enjoy,
I have all my desires ;
Nought can me annoy :
For my charmer has every
Delight in such store,
She'll make me more happy
Than swain e'er before.

Love will find out the way.

OVer the mountains,
And over the waves,
Over the fountains,
And under the graves :
Over the floods that are deepest,
Which do *Neptune* obey ;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glowworm to lie ;
Where there is no space
For the receipt of a fly ;
Where the midge dare not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay :
But if love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child in his force ;
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worse :
But if she, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some

Some think to loſe him,
Which is too unkind;
And ſome do ſuppoſe him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er ſo cloſe ye wall him,
Do the beſt that ye may,
Blind love, if ſo ye call him,
He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
To ſtoop to your fiſt;
Or you may inveigle
The phœnix of the eaſt;
The lioneſs, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey:
But you'll never ſtop a lover,
He will find out his way.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Throw the wood, laddie.*

AS early I walk'd, on the firſt of ſweet *May*,
Beneath a ſteep mountain,
Beſide a clear fountain,
I heard a grave lute ſoft melody play,
Whilſt the *Echo* reſounded the dolorous lay.

I liſten'd, and look'd, and ſpy'd a young ſwain,
With aſpect diſtreſſed,
And ſpirits oppreſſed,
Seem'd clearing afreſh, like the ſky after rain,
And thus he diſcovered how he ſtrave with his pain.

Tho' *Eliſa* be coy, why ſhou'd I repine,
That a maid much above me,
Vouchſafes not to love me?
In her high ſphere of worth I never could ſhine;
Then why ſhould I ſeek to debaſe her to mine?

No =

No: henceforth esteem shall govern my desire,
And, in due subjection,
Retain warm affection;
To shew that self-love inflames not my fire,
And that no other swain can more humbly admire.

When passion shall cease to rage in my breast,
Then quiet returning,
Shall hush my sad mourning;
And, lord of myself, in absolute rest,
I'll hug the condition which heaven shall think best.

Thus friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,
May still be respected,
Tho' love is rejected:
Elisa shall own, tho' to love not inclin'd,
That she ne'er had a friend like her lover resign'd.

May the fortunate youth who hereafter shall woo
With prosp'rous endeavour,
And gain her dear favour,
Know, as well as I, what t' *Elisa* is due,
Be much more deserving, but never less true.

Whilst I, disengag'd from all amorous cares,
Sweet liberty tasting,
On calmest peace feasting,
Employing my reason to dry up my tears,
In hopes of heaven's blisses I'll spend my few years.

Ye powers, that preside o'er virtuous love,
Come aid me with patience,
To bear my vexations;
With equal desires my flutt'ring heart move,
With sentiments purest my notions improve.

If love in his fetters e'er catch me again,
May courage protect me,
And prudence direct me;
Prepar'd for all fates, rememb'ring the swain,
Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

Rob's

Tak thir for my part of the feaſt,
It is well knawin I am well bodin:
Ye need not ſay my part is leaſt,
Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.
The wife ſpeer'd gin the kail were ſodin,
When we have done, tak hame the brok;
The roſt was teugh as raploch hodin,
With which they feaſted *Jenny* and *Jock*. Z.

SONG.

To the tune of, *A rock and a wee pickle tow.*

I Have a green purſe and a wee pickle gowd,
A bonny piece land and planting on't,
It fattens my flocks, and my bairns it has ſtow'd;
But the beſt thing of a's yet wanting on't;
To grace it, and trace it,
And gie me delight;
To bleſs me, and kiſs me,
And comfort my ſight,
With beauty by day, and kindneſs by night,
And nae mair my lane gang ſaunt'ring on't.

My *Chriſty* ſhe's charming and good as ſhe's fair;
Her een and her mouth are inchanting ſweet,
She ſmiles me on fire, her frowns gie deſpair:
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou faireſt, and deareſt,
Delight of my mind,
Whoſe gracious embraces
By heaven were deſign'd
For happieſt tranſports, and bleſſes refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting ſweet.

For thee, bonny *Chriſty*, my ſhepherds and hinds
Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine:
Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
Our days ſhall with pleaſure and plenty ſhine.

Then

Then hear me, and chear me
With ſmiling conſent,
Believe me, and give me
No cauſe to lament,
Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou ſay, *Content,*
I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, *and he ſhall be mine.*

SONG.

To its ain tune.

ALtho' I be but a country-laſs,
Yet a loſty mind I bear — O,
And think myſell as good as thoſe
That rich apparel wear — O.
Altho' my gown be hame-ſpun grey,
My ſkin it is as ſaft — O,
As them that ſatin weeds do wear,
And carry their heads aloft — O.

What tho' I keep my father's ſheep,
The thing that muſt be done — O,
With garlands of the fineſt flowers,
To ſhade me frae the ſun — O.
When they are feeding pleaſantly,
Where graſs and flowers do ſpring — O,
Then on a flowery bank at noon,
I ſet me down and ſing — O.

My *Paiſly* piggy, cork'd with ſage,
Contains my drink but thin — O;
No wines do e'er my brains enrage,
Or tempt my mind to ſin — O.
My country-curds, and wooden ſpoon,
I think them unco fine — O,
And on a flowery bank at noon,
I ſet me down and dine — O.

Altho' my parents cannot raiſe
Great bags of ſhining gold — O,
Like them whaſe daughters, now a-days,
Like ſwine are bought and ſold — O;

Yet my fair body it ſhall keep
  An honeſt heart within — O;
And for twice fifty thouſand crowns,
  I value not a prin — O.

I uſe nae gums upon my hair,
  Nor chains about my neck — O,
Nor ſhining rings upon my hands,
  My fingers ſtraight to deck — O;
But for that lad to me ſhall fa',
  And I have grace to wed — O,
I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
  I mean my maidenhead — O.

If canny fortune give to me
  The man I dearly love — O,
Tho' we want gear, I dinna care,
  My hands I can improve — O,
Expecting for a bleſſing ſtill
  Deſcending from above — O.
Then we'll embrace, and ſweetly kiſs,
  Repeating tales of love — O. Z.

Waly, waly, gin Love be bonny.

O Waly, waly up the bank,
  And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn-ſide,
  Where I and my love wont to gae.
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
  I thought it was a truſty tree,
But firſt it bow'd, and ſyne it brak,
  Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonny,
  A little time while it is new,
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
  And fades away like the morning-dew.
O wherefore ſhould I buſk my head?
  Or wherefore ſhou'd I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forſook,
  And ſays he'll never love me mair.

Now

Now *Arthur-Seat* ſhall be my bed,
The ſheets ſhall ne'er be fyl'd by me,
Saint *Anton*'s well ſhall be my drink,
Since my true love has forſaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And ſhake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the froſt that freezes fell,
Nor blawing ſnaw's inclemency:
'Tis not ſic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by *Glaſgow* town,
We were a comely ſight to ſee;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I myſell in cramaſie.

But had I wiſt before I kiſs'd,
That love had been ſae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a caſe of gold,
And pinn'd it with a ſilver pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And ſet upon the nurſe's knee,
And I myſell were dead and gane,
For a maid again I'll never be. Z.

The loving Laſs and Spinning-Wheel.

AS I ſat at my ſpinning-wheel,
A bonny lad was paſſing by:
I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
For trouth he had a glancing eye.
My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

With looks all kindneſs he drew near,
And ſtill mair lovely did appear;

And round about my ſlender waſte
He claſp'd his arms, and me embrac'd :
To kiſs my hand, ſyne down did kneel,
As I ſat at my ſpinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers lang and ſmall,
And ſaid, there was nae lady fair
That ever cou'd with me compare.
Theſe words into my heart did ſteal,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

Altho' I ſeemingly did chide,
Yet he wad never be deny'd,
But ſtill declar'd his love the mair,
Until my heart was wounded ſair :
That I my love cou'd ſcarce conceal,
Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnels and my ſpinning-wheel ;
He bid me leave them all with ſpeed,
And gang with him to yonder mead.
My yielding heart ſtrange flames did feel,
Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
And whiſper'd, Riſe, my bonny maid,
And with me to yon hay-cock go,
I'll teach thee better wark to do.
In trouth I loo'd the motion weel,
And loot alane my ſpinning-wheel.

Amang the pleaſant cocks of hay,
Then with my bonny lad I lay ;
What laſſie, young and ſaft as I,
Cou'd ſic a handſome lad deny ?
Theſe pleaſures I cannot reveal,
That far ſurpaſt the ſpinning-wheel.

On

On the Marriage of the R. H. Lord G— and Lady K— C—.

A SONG.

To the tune of, *The highland laddie.*

BRIGANTIUS.

NOW all thy virgin-ſweets are mine,
And all the ſhining charms that grace thee:
My fair *Melinda*, come, recline
Upon my breaſt, while I embrace thee,
And tell without diſſembling art,
My happy raptures in thy boſom:
Thus will I plant within thy heart,
A love that ſhall for ever bloſſom.

CHORUS.

O the happy, happy, brave and bonny,
Sure the gods well pleas'd behold ye;
Their work admire, ſo great, ſo fair,
And well in all your joys uphold ye.

MELINDA.

No more I bluſh, now that I'm thine;
To own my love in tranſport tender,
Since that ſo brave a man is mine,
To my *Brigantius* I ſurrender.
By ſacred ties I'm now to move
As thy exalted thoughts direct me;
And while my ſmiles engage thy love,
Thy manly greatneſs ſhall protect me.

CHORUS.

O the happy, *&c.*

BRIGANTIUS.

Soft fall thy words, like morning-dew,
New life on blowing flowers beſtowing;
Thus kindly yielding makes me bow
To heaven, with grateful ſpirit glowing.

My honour, courage, wealth, and wit,
  Thou dear delight, my chiefest treasure,
Shall be employ'd as thou thinks fit,
  As agents for our love and pleasure.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

With my *Brigantius* I could live
  In lonely cotts, beside a mountain,
And nature's easy wants relieve
  With shepherds fare, and quaff the fountain.
What pleases thee, the rural grove,
  Or congress of the fair and witty,
Shall give me pleasure with thy love,
  In plains retir'd or social city.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

How sweetly canst thou charm my soul,
  O lovely sum of my desires!
Thy beauties all my cares controul,
  Thy virtue all that's good inspires.
Tune every instrument of sound,
  Which all thy mind divinely raises,
Till every height and dale rebounds,
  Both loud and sweet, my darling's praises.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

Thy love gives me the brightest shine,
  My happiness is now completed,
Since all that's generous, great, and fine,
  In my *Brigantius* is united;
For which I'll study thy delight,
  With kindly tale the time beguiling,
And round the change of day and night,
  Fix throughout life a constant smiling.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

SONG

SONG.

To the tune of, *Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

ADieu, ye pleaſant ſports and plays,
Farewell each ſong that was diverting;
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
I ſing of *Delia* and *Damon*'s parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear, tormenting, pleaſant paſſion,
Till *Delia*'s mildneſs had prevail'd
On him to ſhew his inclination.

Juſt as the fair-one ſeem'd to give
A patient ear to his love-ſtory,
Damon muſt his *Delia* leave,
To go in queſt of toilſome glory.

Half-ſpoken words hung on his tongue,
Their eyes refus'd the uſual meeting;
And ſighs ſupply'd their wonted ſong,
Theſe charming ſouls were chang'd to weeping.

Dear idol of my ſoul, adieu:
Ceaſe to lament, but ne'er to love me;
While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
No other charms ſhall ever move me.

Alas! who knows, when parted far
From *Delia*, but you may deceive her?
The thought deſtroys my heart with care,
Adieu, my dear, I fear, for ever.

If ever I forget my vows,
May then my guardian angel leave me:
And more to aggravate my woes,
Be you ſo good as to forgive me. H.

O'er

O'er the hills and far away.

JOcky met with *Jenny* fair,
Aſt be the dawning of the day,
But *Jocky* now is fu' of care,
Since *Jenny* ſtaw his heart away:
Altho' ſhe promis'd to be true,
She proven has, alake! unkind;
Which gars poor *Jocky* often rue,
That he e'er loo'd a fickle mind.
And *its o'er the hills and far away,*
Its o'er the hills and far away,
Its o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blown my plaid away.

Now *Jocky* was a bonny lad,
As e'er was born in *Scotland* fair;
But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,
Since *Jenny* has gart him deſpair.
Young *Jocky* was a piper's ſon,
And fell in love when he was young;
But a' the ſprings that he cou'd play,
Was *o'er the hills and far away,*
And *its o'er the hills,* &c.

He ſung — when firſt my *Jenny*'s face
I ſaw, ſhe ſeem'd ſae fu' of grace,
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with ſorrow kill'd.
Oh! was ſhe but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my deſpair,
Inſtead of that ſhe is unkind,
And wavers like the winter-wind.
And *its o'er the hills,* &c.

Ah! cou'd ſhe find the diſmal wae,
That for her ſake I undergae,
She cou'd nae chuſe but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief:

But

But oh! ſhe is as fauſe as fair,
Which cauſes a' my ſighs and care;
But ſhe triumphs in proud diſdain,
And takes a pleaſure in my pain.
And *its o'er the hills*, &c.

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love
With ane that does ſae faithleſs prove.
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my conſtant heart betray'd.
A thouſand times to me ſhe ſware,
She wad be true for evermair;
But, to my grief, alake, I ſay,
She ſtaw my heart and ran away.
And *its o'er the hills*, &c.

Since that ſhe will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her ſake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll ſighing ſing, Adieu to love;
Since ſhe is fauſe whom I adore,
I'll never truſt a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll ſweetly play,
O'er hills and dales and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away. Z.

JENNY NETTLES.

SAW ye *Jenny Nettles*,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Saw ye *Jenny Nettles*,
Coming frae the market;
Bag and baggage on her back,
Her fee and bountith in her lap;
Bag and baggage on her back,
And a babie in her oxter?

I met ayont the kairny,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Singing till her bairny,
Robin Rattle's baſtard;
To flee the dool upo' the ſtool,
And ilka ane that mocks her,
She round about ſeeks *Robin* out,
To ſtap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle,*
Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;
Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle,*
Uſe *Jenny Nettles* kindly:
Score out the blame, and ſhun the ſhame,
And without mair debate o't,
Tak hame your wean, make *Jenny* fain
The leel and leeſome gate o't.

JOCKY's fou, and JENNY's fain.

Jocky fou, *Jenny* fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain,
She was couthy, he was kind,
And thus the wooer tell'd his mind.

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice,
Gi'e me love at ony price;
I winna prig for red or whyt,
Love alane can gi'e delyt.

Others ſeek they kenna what,
In looks, in carriage, and a' that;
Give me love, for her I court:
Love in love makes a' the ſport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
Common motives lang ſinſyne,
Never can engage my love,
Until my fancy firſt approve.

It is na meat, but appetite
That makes our eating a delyt;
Beauty is at beſt deceit;
Fancy only kens nae cheat. Q.

LEADER-HAUGHS and YARROW.

WHen *Phœbus* bright the azure ſkies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all nature's beauties riſe,
Herbs, trees, and flowers he quick'neth:
Amongſt all thoſe he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorow,
With radiant beams and ſilver ſtreams,
Are *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

When *Aries* the day and night
In equal length divideth,
Auld froſty *Saturn* takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth:
Then *Flora* queen, with mantle green,
Caſts aff her former ſorrow,
And vows to dwell with *Ceres* ſell
In *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
And ſhepherds him attending,
Do here reſort their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending;
With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the ſun, Good-morrow.
And ſwear nae fields mair pleaſures yield,
Than *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

An *houſe* there ſtands on *Leader* ſide,
Surmounting my deſcriving,
With rooms ſae rare, and windows fair,
Like *Dedalus*' contriving:

Men

Men paſſing by, do aften cry,
  In ſooth it hath nae marrow;
It ſtands as ſweet on *Leader* ſide,
  As *Newark* does on *Yarrow*.

A mile below, wha liſts to ride,
  They'll hear the mavis ſinging;
Into St *Leonard*'s banks ſhe'll bide,
  Sweet birks her head o'er-hinging:
The lintwhite loud, and progne proud,
  With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St *Leonard*'s banks they ſing,
  As ſweetly as in *Yarrow*.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
  With nimble wing ſhe ſporteth.
By vows ſhe'll flee far frae the tree
  Where *Philomel* reſorteth:
By break of day, the lark can ſay,
  I'll bid you a good-morrow,
I'll ſtreek my wing, and mounting ſing,
  O'er *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

Park, *Wanton-wawes*, and *Wooden-cleugh*,
  The eaſt and weſtern *Mainſes*,
The wood of *Lauder*'s fair enough,
  The corns are good in *Blainſhes*,
Where aits are fine, and ſald be kind,
  That if ye ſearch all thorow
Mearns, *Buchan*, *Mar*, nane better are
  Than *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

In *Burn Mill-bog* and *Whitſlade* ſhaws,
  The fearful hare ſhe haunteth,
Brig-haugh and *Braidwoodſheil* ſhe knaws,
  And *Chapel-wood* frequenteth.
Yet when ſhe irks, to *Kaidſly* birks
  She rins, and ſighs for ſorrow,
That ſhe ſhould leave ſweet *Leader-Haughs*,
  And cannot win to *Yarrow*.

What

What ſweeter muſic wad ye hear,
Than hounds and beigles crying?
The ſtarted hare rins hard with fear,
Upon her ſpeed relying.
But yet her ſtrength it fails at length,
Nae beilding can ſhe borrow
In *Sorrel*'s field, *Cleckman* or *Hag*'s,
And ſighs to be in *Yarrow*.

For *Rockwood*, *Ringwood*, *Spoty*, *Shag*,
With ſight and ſcent purſue her,
Till ah! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunning can reſcue her.
O'er dub and dyke, o'er ſeugh and ſyke,
She'll run the fields all thorow,
Till fail'd ſhe fa's in *Leader-Haughs*,
And bids farewell to *Yarrow*.

Sing *Erſlington* and *Cowdenknows*,
Where *Homes* had anes commanding:
And *Drygrange* with thy milk-white ews,
'Twixt *Tweed* and *Leader* ſtanding:
The bird that flies through *Reedpath* trees,
And *Gledſwood* banks ilk morrow,
May chant and ſing, Sweet *Leader-Haughs*,
And bonny howms of *Yarrow*.

But minſtrel *Burn* cannot aſſwage
His grief, while life endureth,
To ſee the changes of this age,
That fleeting time procureth;
For mony a place ſtands in hard caſe,
Where blyth fowk kend nae ſorrow,
With *Homes* that dwelt on *Leader* ſide,
And *Scots* that dwelt on *Yarrow*.

For the ſake of Somebody.

FOR the ſake of ſomebody,
For the ſake of ſomebody,
I cou'd wake a winter-night,
For the ſake of ſomebody:

I am gawn to ſeek a wife,
  I am gawn to buy a plaidy;
I have three ſtane of woo,
  Carling, is thy daughter ready?
For the ſake of ſomebody, &c.

Betty, laſſie, ſay't thy ſell,
  Tho' thy dame be ill to ſhoo,
Firſt we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
  Let her flyte and ſyne come too:
What ſignifies a mither's gloom,
  When love in kiſſes come in play?
Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
  And in ſimmer mak nae hay?
For the ſake, &c.

SHE.

Bonny lad, I carena by,
  Tho' I try my luck with thee,
Since ye are content to tye
  The ha'f-mark bridal band wi' me;
I'll ſlip hame, and waſh my feet,
  And ſteal on linens fair and clean,
Syne at the tryſting-place we'll meet,
  To do but what my dame has done.
For the ſake, &c.

HE.

Now my lovely *Betty* gives
  Conſent in ſic a heartſome gate,
It me frae a' my care relieves,
  And doubts that gart me aft look blate;
Then let us gang and get the grace,
  For they that have an appetite
Shou'd eat; — and lovers ſhou'd embrace;
  If theſe be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.
For the ſake, &c.

Norland Jocky and Southland Jenny.

A Southland *Jenny*, that was right bonny,
  Had for a ſuitor a norland *Johny*;

Bu

But he was ſican a baſhfu' wooer,
That he cou'd ſcarcely ſpeak unto her,
Till blinks of her beauty, and hopes o' her ſiller,
Forc'd him at laſt to tell his mind till her.
My dear, quoth he; we'll nae langer tarry,
Gin ye can lob me, let's o'er the moor and marry.

SHE.

Come, come away then, my norland laddie,
Tho' we gang neatly, ſome are mair gaudy;
And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,
Come and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

HE.

Ye laſſes of the ſouth, ye're a' for dreſſing;
Laſſes of the north mind milking and threſhing:
My minny wad be angry, and ſae wad my daddy,
Shou'd I marry ane as dink as a lady.
For I maun hae a wife that will riſe in the morning,
Crudle a' the milk, and keep the houſe a-ſcaulding,
Toolie with her nibours, and learn at my minny,
A norland *Jocky* maun hae a norland *Jenny*.

SHE.

My father's only daughter and twenty thouſand pound,
Shall never be beſtow'd on ſic a ſilly clown;
For a' that I ſaid was to try what was in ye,
Goe hame, ye norland *Jock*, and court your norland *Jenny*. Z.

The auld yellow-hair'd Laddie.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie ſat down on yon brae,
Cries, Milk the ews, laſſie, let nane of them gae;
And ay ſhe milked, and ay ſhe ſang,
The yellow-hair'd laddie ſhall be my goodman.
And ay ſhe milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin;
The ews are new clipped, they winna bught in:
They winna bught in tho' I ſhou'd die,
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me:
They winna bught in, &c.

The goodwife cries butt the houſe, *Jenny*, come ben,
The cheeſe is to mak; and the butter's to kirn.
Tho' butter, and cheeſe, and a' ſhou'd ſour,
I'll crack and kiſs wi' my love ae ha'f-hour;
It's ae ha'f-hour, and we's e'en make it three,
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my huſband ſhall be.

SONG.

To the tune of, BOOTH's *Minuet*.

FAir, ſweet, and young, receive a prize,
Reſerv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crouds whom at your feet you ſee,
Oh! pity, and diſtinguiſh me.

No graces can your form improve;
But all are loſt unleſs you love:
If that dear paſſion you diſdain,
Your charms and beauty are in vain. X.

Part of an EPILOGUE, *ſung after the acting of the* ORPHAN *and* GENTLE SHEPHERD *in* Taylors-hall, *by a ſet of young gentlemen*, January 22. 1729.

Tune, *Beſſy Bell*.

THus let's ſtudy night and day,
To fit us for our ſtation,
That when we're men, we parts may play
Are uſeful to our nation.
For now's the time, when we are young,
To fix our views on merit,
Water its buds, and make the tongue
And actions ſuit the ſpirit.

This all the fair and wiſe approve,
We know it by your ſmiling,
And while we gain reſpect and love,
Our ſtudies are not toiling.

Such

Such application gives delight,
And in the end proves gainful,
Tho' mony a dark and lifeleſs wight
May think it hard and painful.

Then never let us think our time
And care, when thus employ'd,
Are thrown away, but deem't a crime,
When youth's by ſloth deſtroy'd;
'Tis only active ſouls can riſe
To fame and all that's ſplendid,
And favour in theſe conquering eyes,
'Gainſt whom no heart's defended.

The generous Gentleman. A SANG.

To the tune of, *The bonny laſs of Brankſome.*

AS I came in by *Teviot-ſide*,
And by the braes of *Brankſome*,
There firſt I ſaw my bonny bride,
Young ſmiling, ſweet, and handſome;
Her ſkin was ſafter than the down,
And white as alabaſter;
Her hair a ſhining wavy brown;
In ſtraightneſs nane ſurpaſs'd her;

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were ſurpriſing,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breaſts juſt riſing:
Nae ſilken hoſe, with gooſhets fine,
Or ſhoon with glancing laces,
On her fair leg, forbade to ſhine,
Well ſhapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was ſum of a' her claithing;
Even thae's o'er meikle; mair delyte
She'd given cled wi' naithing:

She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
By which a burnie trotted ;
On her I glowr'd my ſaul away,
While on her ſweets I doted.

A thouſand beauties of deſert
Before had ſcarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artleſs ſtruck my heart,
And, bot deſigning, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by love, cloſe to my breaſt
I graſp'd this fund of bliſſes :
Wha ſmil'd, and ſaid, without a prieſt,
Sir, hope for nought but kiſſes.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I cou'dna want her ;
What ſhe demanded, ilka charm
Of hers pled, I ſhou'd grant her.
Since heaven had dealt to me a rowth,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighting her my faith and trowth,
And a young lady made her.

The happy Clown.

HOW happy is the rural clown,
Who, far remov'd from noiſe of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown,
And in his ſafe retreat,
Is pleaſed with his low degree,
Is rich in decent poverty,
From ſtrife, from care and bus'neſs free,
At once baith good and great ?

No drums diſturb his morning-ſleep,
He fears no danger of the deep,
Nor noiſy law, nor courts ne'er heap
Vexation on his mind ;

No

No trumpets rouſe him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare ;
From ſtate-intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like thoſe in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His ſmall paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds :
Each ſeaſon of the wheeling year,
Induſtrious he improves with care ;
And ſtill ſome ripen'd fruits appear,
So well his toil ſucceeds.

Now by a ſilver ſtream he lies,
And angles with his baits and flies,
And next the ſylvan ſcene he tries,
His ſpirit to regale :
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,
Then tunes his reed, or tries his muſe,
That waits his honeſt call.

Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys,
No care his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor does he paſs his time in toys
Beneath his juſt regard :
He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
To plant and ſned his tender trees :
And for attending well his bees,
Enjoys the ſweet reward.

The flow'ry meads, and ſilent coves,
The ſcenes of faithful rural loves,
And warbling birds on blooming groves,
Afford a wiſh'd delight :
But O ! how pleaſant is this life ?
Bleſs'd with a chaſte and virtuous wife,
And children pratling, void of ſtrife,
Around his fire at night.

WILLY was a wanton Wag.

WIlly was a wanton wag,
The blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw,
At bridals ſtill he bore the brag,
And carry'd ay the gree awa :
His doublet was of *Zetland* ſhag,
And wow ! but *Willy* he was braw,
And at his ſhouder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the laſſes beſt of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw ;
And ay whatever *Willy* ſaid,
It was ſtill hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-ſhaw,
Upon the green nane durſt him brag,
The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not *Willy* well worth gow'd ?
He wan the love of great and ſma' ;
For after he the bride had kiſs'd,
He kiſs'd the laſſes hale-ſale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When be the hand he led them a',
And ſmack on ſmack on them beſtow'd,
By virtue of a ſtanding law.

And was na *Willy* a great lown,
As ſhyre a lick as e'er was ſeen ?
When he danc'd with the laſſes round,
The bridegroom ſpeer'd where he had been.
Quoth *Willy*, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my ſhanks are fair ;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For *Willy* he dow do nae mair.

Then reſt ye, *Willy*, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring.
But, ſhame light on his ſouple ſnout,
He wanted *Willy*'s wanton fling.

Then

Then ſtraight he to the bride did fare,
  Says, Well's me on your bonny face,
With bobbing *Willy*'s ſhanks are ſair,
  And I am come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, ſhe ſays, you'll ſpoil the dance,
  And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unleſs, like *Willy*, ye advance;
  (O! *Willy* has a wanton leg);
For wi't he learns us a' to ſteer,
  And foremoſt ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae ſic dancing here,
  If we want *Willy*'s wanton fling. W. W.

CELIA'S Reflections on herſelf for ſlighting PHILANDER'S Love.

To the tune of, *The gallant ſhoemaker.*

YOung *Philander* woo'd me lang,
  But I was peeviſh and forbad him,
I wadna tent his loving ſang;
  But now I wiſh, I wiſh I had him:
Ilk morning when I view my glaſs,
  Then I perceive my beauty going;
And when the wrinkles ſeize the face,
  Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes ſo much admir'd,
  I find it fading faſt, and flying,
My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,
  Grow pale, the broken blood decaying.
Ah! we may ſee ourſelves to be,
  Like ſummer-fruit that is unſhaken;
When ripe, they ſoon fall down and die,
  And by corruption quickly taken.

Uſe then your time, ye virgins fair,
  Employ your day before 'tis evil;
Fifteen is a ſeaſon rare,
  But five and twenty is the devil.

Juſt

Juſt when ripe, conſent unto't,
  Hug nae mair your lanely pillow ;
Women are like other fruit,
  They loſe their reliſh when too mellow.

If opportunity be loſt,
  You'll find it hard to be regained ;
Which now I may tell to my coſt,
  Tho' but myſell nane can be blamed :
If then your fortune you reſpect,
  Take the occaſion when it offers ;
Nor a true lover's ſuit neglect,
  Leſt you be ſcoff'd for being ſcoffers.

I, by his fond expreſſions, thought,
  That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing ;
Bnt now, alas ! 'tis turn'd to nought,
  And, paſt my hope, he's gane a-ranging.
Dear maidens, then take my advice,
  And let na coyneſs prove your ruin ;
For if ye be o'er fooliſh nice,
  Your ſuitors will give over wooing.

Then *maidens auld* you nam'd will be,
  And in that fretfu' rank be number'd,
As lang as life ; and when ye die,
  With leading apes be ever cumber'd :
A puniſhment, and hated brand,
  With which nane of us are contented ;
Then be not wiſe behind the hand,
  That the miſtake may be prevented.

The young Ladies Thanks to the repenting Virgin, for her ſeaſonable Advice.

O Virgin kind ! we canna tell
  How many many thanks we owe you,
For pointing out to us ſae well
  Thoſe very rocks that did o'erthrow you ;

And

And we your lesson sae shall mind,
  That e'en tho' a' our kin had swore it,
Ere we shall be an hour behind,
  We'll take a year or twa before it.

We'll catch all winds blaw in our sails,
  And still keep out our flag and pinnet;
If young *Philander* anes assails
  To storm love's fort, then he shall win it:
We may indeed, for modesty,
  Present our forces for resistance;
But we shall quickly lay them by,
  And contribute to his assistance.

The Stepdaughter's Relief.

To the tune of, *The kirk wad let me be.*

I Was anes a well-tocher'd lass,
  My mither left dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
  My stepdame has gart them flee.
My father he's aften frae hame,
  And she plays the deel with his gear;
She neither has lawtith nor shame,
  And keeps the hale house in a steer.

She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless, and bauld,
  And gars me aft fret and repine;
While hungry, ha'f naked, and cauld,
  I see her destroy what's mine:
But soon I might hope a revenge,
  And soon of my sorrows be free,
My poortith to plenty wad change,
  If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth *Ringan*, wha lang time had loo'd
  This bonny lass tenderly,
I'll take thee, sweet *May*, in thy snood,
  Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

'Tis

'Tis only yourſell that I want,
  Your kindneſs is better to me
Than a' that your ſtepmother, ſcant
  Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, 'tis true,
  And ye are the ſprout of a laird;
But I have milk-cattle enow,
  And rowth of good rucks in my yard;
Ye ſhall have naithing to faſh ye,
  Sax ſervants ſhal jouk to thee:
Then kilt up thy coats, my laſſie,
  And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reaſon employ'd,
  Not thinking the offer amiſs,
Conſented; — while *Ringan* o'erjoy'd,
  Receiv'd her with mony a kiſs.
And now ſhe ſits blythly ſingan,
  And joking her drunken ſtepdame,
Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,
  That makes her goodwife at hame.

JEANY, where has thou been?

O *Jeany*, *Jeany*, where has thou been?
  Father and mother are ſeeking of thee;
Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
  Keeping of *Jocky* company.
O Betty, *I've been to hear the mill clack,*
  Getting meal ground for the family;
As ſow as it gade I brang hame the ſack,
  For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha! *Jeany*, *Jeany*, there's meal on your back,
  The miller's a wanton billy, and ſlee;
Tho' victual's come hame again hale, what-reck,
  I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.

And

And, Betty, *ye ſpread your linen to bleach,*
When that was done, where cou'd you be?
Ha! laſs, I ſaw ye ſlip down the hedge,
And wanton Willy *was following thee.*

Ay, *Jeany, Jeany,* ye gade to the kirk;
But when it ſkail'd, where cou'd thou be?
Ye came na hame till it was mirk,
They ſay the kiſſing clerk came wi' ye.
O ſilly laſſie, what wilt thou do?
If thou grow great, they'll heez thee hie.
Look to yourſell, if Jock *prove true:*
The clerk frae creepies will keep me free. Q.

SONG.

To the tune of, *Laſt time I came o'er the moor.*

YE blytheſt lads, and laſſes gay,
Hear what my ſang diſcloſes.
As I ae morning ſleeping lay
Upon a bank of roſes,
Young *Jamie* whiſking o'er the mead,
By good luck chanc'd to ſpy me:
He took his bonnet aff his head,
And ſaftly ſat down by me.

Jamie tho' I right meikle priz'd,
Yet now I wadna ken him;
But with a frown my face diſguis'd,
And ſtrave away to ſend him:
But fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
And by my ſide down lying,
His beating heart thumped ſae faſt,
I thought the lad was dying.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
And angry paſſion feigning,
I aſten roughly ſhot him by,
With words full of diſdaining.

Poor *Jamie* bawk'd, nae favour wins,
Went aff much diſcontented;
But I in truth for a' my ſins
Ne'er haff ſae ſair repented. X.

The Cock Laird.

A Cock laird fou cadgie,
With *Jenny* did meet,
He haws'd her, he kiſs'd her,
And ca'd her his ſweet.
Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, *Jenny*, *Jenny*?
Thouſe be my ain lemman,
Jo *Jenny*, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi' ye,
Ye maunna fail
To feaſt me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.
The deel's in your nicety,
Jenny, quoth he,
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be as good for thee?

And I maun hae pinners,
With pearling ſet round,
A ſkirt of puddy,
And a waſtecoat of brown,
Awa with ſic vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
For kurchis and kirtles
Are ſitter for thee.

My lairdſhip can yield me
As meikle a-year,
As had us in pottage
And good knockit bear:

But

But having nae tenants,
O *Jenny, Jenny,*
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

The borrowſtoun merchants
Will ſell ye on tick,
For we maun hae braw things,
Abeit they ſoud break.
When broken, frae care
The fools are ſet free,
When we make them lairds
In the Abbey, quoth ſhe.

The Soger Laddie.

MY ſoger laddie is over the ſea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady,
My bleſſing gang with my ſoger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handſome and brave,
And can as a ſoger and lover behave;
True to his country, to love he is ſteady,
There's few to compare with my ſoger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my langing arms;
Syne frae all my care he'll pleaſantly free me,
When back to my wiſhes my ſoger ye gie me.

O ſoon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they muſt, if he get his due:
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my ſoger laddie.

The ARCEHRS March.

SOund, ſound the muſic, ſound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it:
Let hills and dales rebound it,
In praiſe of archery:
Its origin divine is,
The practice brave and fine is,
Which generouſly inclines us
To guard our liberty.

Art by the gods employed,
By which heroes enjoyed,
By which heroes enjoyed
The wreaths of victory.
The deity of *Parnaſſus*,
The god of ſoft careſſes,
Chaſte *Cynthia* and her laſſes,
Delight in archery.

See, ſee yon bow extended!
'Tis *Jove* himſelf that bends it,
'Tis *Jove* himſelf that bends it,
O'er clouds on high it glows.
All nations, *Turks* and *Parthians*,
The *Tartars* and the *Scythians*,
The *Arabs*, *Moors*, and *Indians*,
With bravery draw their bows.

Our own true records tell us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us
In martial archery:
With ſhafts our ſires engaging,
Oppos'd the *Romans* raging,
Defeat the fierce *Norwegian*,
And ſpared few *Danes* to flee.

Witneſs

Witness *Largs* and *Loncartie*,
Dunkel and *Aberlemny*,
Dunkel and *Aberlemny*,
Roslin and *Bannockburn*,
The *Cheviots* ——— all the border,
Were bowmen in brave order,
Told enemies, if furder
They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, sound the music, sound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
In praise of archery.
Us'd as a game it pleases,
The mind to joy it raises,
And throws off all diseases
Of lazy luxury.

Largs, where the *Norwegians*, headed by their valiant King HACO, were, *anno* 1263, totally defeated by ALEXANDER III. King of *Scots*; the heroic ALEXANDER, great steward of *Scotland*, commanded the right wing.

Loncartie, near *Perth*, where King KENNETH III. obtained the victory over the *Danes*, which was principally owing to the valour and resolution of the first brave HAY, and his two sons.

Dunkel, here, and in *Kyle*, and on the banks of *Tay*, our great King CORBREDUS GALDUS in three battles overthrew 30,000 *Romans* in the reign of the Emperor *Domitian*.

Aberlemny, four miles from *Brechin*, where King MALCOM II. obtained a glorious victory over the united armies of *Danes*, *Norwegians*, and *Cumbrians*, &c. commanded by SUENO King of *Denmark*, and his warlike son Prince CANUTE.

Roslin, about five miles south of *Edinburgh*, where 10,000 *Scots*, led by Sir John CUMIN and Sir SIMON FRASER, defeated in three battles in one day 30,000 of their enemies, *anno* 1303.

The battles of *Bannockburn* and *Cheviot*, &c. are so well known, that they require no notes.

Now, now our care beguiling,
When all the year looks ſmiling,
When all the year looks ſmiling,
With healthful harmony:
The ſun in glory glowing,
With morning-dew beſtowing,
Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
To flowers and every tree.

'Tis now the archers royal,
An hearty band and loyal,
An hearty band and loyal,
That in juſt thoughts agree.
Appear in ancient bravery,
Deſpiſing all baſe knavery,
Which tends to bring in ſlavery
Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, ſound the muſic, ſound it,
Fill up the glaſs and round wi't,
Fill up the glaſs and round wi't,
Health and proſperity
T' our great CHIEF and *Officers*,
T' our *Preſident* and *Counſellors*:
To all, who, like their brave forbears,
Delight in archery.

The following SONGS *ſung in their proper places, at acting of the* Gentle Shepherd.

[The pages referred to, are according to the edition printed for *A. Donaldſon*, 1761.]

SANG I. *The wawking of the faulds.*

Sung by Patie, *p.* 4.

MY *Peggy* is a young thing,
Juſt enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and ſweet as *May*,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My *Peggy* is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My *Peggy* ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae mair, to lay my care,
I wiſh nae mair of a' that's rare.
My *Peggy* ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

My *Peggy* ſmiles ſae kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My *Peggy* ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me ſic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.

My *Peggy* ſings ſae ſaftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt it is confeſs'd,
By a' the reſt, that ſhe ſings beſt.
My *Peggy* ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her ſangs are tald,
With innocence, the wale of ſenſe,
At wawking of the fauld.

SANG II. Fy gar rub her o'er with ſtrae.

Sung by Patie, *p.* 8.

DEar *Roger*, if your *Jenny* geck,
And anſwer kindneſs with a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight:
But them deſpiſe who're ſoon defeat,
And with a ſimple face give way
To a repulſe; — then be not blate,
Puſh bauldly on, and win the day.

When

When maidens, innocently young,
  Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
  But tent the language of their een.
If these agree, and she persist
  To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better bless'd,
  And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

SANG III. Polwart on the Green.

Sung by Peggy, *p.* 11.

THE dorty will repent,
  If lover's heart grow cauld,
And nane her smiles will tent,
  Soon as her face looks auld.
The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
  Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
  And's laugh'd at by the lave;
They jest it till the dinner's past:
  Thus by itsell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
  Or eat what they've refus'd.

SANG IV. O dear Mother, what shall I do?

Sung by Jenny, *p.* 12.

O Dear *Peggy*, love's beguiling,
  We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
  Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carry'd,
  Think of nought but to be marry'd;
Running to a life destroys
  Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

SANG.

SANG V. How can I be ſad on my wedding-day?

Sung by Peggy, *p.* 13.

HOW ſhall I be ſad when a huſband I hae,
That has better ſenſe than any of thae
Sour weak ſilly fellows, that ſtudy like fools
To ſink their ain joy, and make their wives ſnools?
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages ſtrife;
He praiſes her virtues, and ne'er will abuſe
Her for a ſmall failing, but find an excuſe.

SANG VI. Nancy's to the green wood gane.

Sung by Jenny, *p.* 15.

I Yield, dear laſſie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That ſure as light flows frae the ſun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or ſay
'Gainſt love, nae thinker heeds us;
They ken our boſoms lodge the fae
That by the heart-ſtrings leads us.

SANG VII. Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

Sung by Glaud *or* Symon, *p.* 17.

CAuld be the rebels caſt,
Oppreſſors baſe and bloody,
I hope we'll ſee them at the laſt
Strung a' up in a woody.
Bleſt be he of worth and ſenſe,
And ever high his ſtation,
That bravely ſtands in the defence
Of conſcience, king, and nation.

SANG

SANG VIII. Mucking of Geordy's Byre.

Sung by Symon, *p.* 18.

THE laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, ſhould be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour
To riſe aboon poverty:
Elſe, like the pack-horſe that's unfother'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardſhip is ſmother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

SANG IX. Carle and the King come.

Sung by Mauſe, *p.* 21.

PEggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may dance, and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, ſince the king's come.
Nae mair the hawkies thou ſhalt milk,
But change thy plaiding coat for ſilk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, *Peggy*, ſince the king's come.

SANG X. Winter was cauld, and my claithing was thin.

Sung by Peggy *and* Patie, *p.* 26.

PEGGY.

WHen firſt my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking firſt ſey'd my young ſkill,
To bear the milk-bowie, nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and ſweet-riſing fells;

Nae

Nae birns, brier, or breckens gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wreſtled, or putted the ſtane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka ſport manly gave pleaſure to me,
For nane can put, wreſtle, or run ſwift as thee.

PATIE.

Our *Jenny* ſings ſaftly the *Cowden broom-knows*,
And *Roſie* lilts ſweetly the *Milking the ews*;
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like *Nancy* can ſing,
At *Throw the wood laddie*, *Beſs* gars our lugs ring:
But when my dear *Peggy* ſings with better ſkill,
The *Boat-man*, *Tweedſide*, or the *Laſs of the mill*,
'Tis many times ſweeter and pleaſing to me:
For tho' they ſing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How eaſy can laſſes trow what they deſire?
And praiſes ſae kindly increaſes love's fire:
Give me ſtill this pleaſure, my ſtudy ſhall be
To make myſelf better and ſweeter for thee.

SANG XI. *By the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth.*

Sung by Patie *and* Peggy, *p.* 27.

Printed in the PASTORAL, *and in this* MISCELLANY, vol. 1. p. 75.

SANG XII. Happy Clown.

Sung by Sir William, *p.* 30.

HID from himſelf, now by the dawn
He ſtarts as freſh as roſes blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleating flocks;

Healthful,

Healthful, and innocently gay
He chants, and whiſtles out the day;
Untaught to ſmile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocriſie,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unſully'd with a crime:
Unmov'd with what diſturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and ſtate,
He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
Contented ſpends his time.

SANG XIII. Leith-wynd.

Sung by Jenny *and* Roger, *p.* 37.

WEre I aſſur'd you'll conſtant prove,
You ſhou'd nae mair complain,
The eaſy maid, beſet with love,
Few words will quickly gain;
For I muſt own, now ſince you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-ſole true to thee,
Wiſh'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breaſt recline;
The pleaſure ſtrikes me nearhand dead!
Is *Jenny* then ſae kind! ———
O let me briſs thee to my heart!
And round my arms entwine:
Delytful thought! we'll never part:
Come preſs thy mouth to mine.

SANG

SANG XIV. O'er Bogie.

Sung by Jenny, *p.* 38.

WEll, I agree, you're ſure of me;
Next to my father gae.
Make him content to give conſent,
He'll hardly ſay you nay:
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain.
Tho a' my kin had ſaid and ſworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, or learn to change,
Like thoſe in high degree:
And if you prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

SANG XV. Wat ye wha I met yeſtreen.

Sung by Sir William, *p.* 43.

NOW from ruſticity, and love,
Whoſe flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle ſhepherd muſt be drove,
His ſoul muſt take another turn:
As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breaking only ſhews its light,
Till poliſhing has made it ſhine;
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

SANG XVI. Kirk wad let me be.

Sung by Patie, *p.* 49.

DUty and part of reaſon
Plead ſtrong on the parent's ſide,
Which love ſuperior calls treaſon;
The ſtrongeſt muſt be obey'd:
For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My conſtancy falſehood repels;
For change on my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear *Peggy* excels.

SANG XVII. Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Sung by Peggy, *p.* 52.

SPeak on, — ſpeak thus, and ſtill my grief,
Hold up a heart that's ſinking under
Theſe fears, that ſoon will want relief,
When *Pate* muſt from his *Peggy* ſunder.
A gentler face, and ſilk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's bloſſom,
Alake poor me! will now conſpire
To ſteal thee from thy *Peggy*'s boſom.

No more the ſhepherd who excell'd
The reſt, whoſe wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his *Peggy*'s praiſes tell;
Ah! I can die, but never ſunder.
Ye meadows where we often ſtray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-ſcented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll loſe your ſweets when we're aſunder.

Again, ah! ſhall I never creep
Around the know with ſilent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while aſleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?

Hear,

Hear, heaven, while ſolemnly I vow,
  Tho' thou ſhouldſt prove a wand'ring lover,
Through life to thee I ſhall prove true,
  Nor be a wife to any other.

SANG XVIII. Tweed-ſide.

Sung by Peggy, *p.* 53.

WHen hope was quite ſunk in deſpair,
  My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthleſs my care,
  But now I will ſav't for thy ſake.
Where-e'er my love travels by day,
  Where-ever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image ſhall ſtay,
  And my ſoul keep him ever in ſight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
  And ſtudy the gentleſt charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
  To lock thee for ay in thoſe arms.
Whilſt thou waſt a ſhepherd, I priz'd
  No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to riſe
  To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only ſkin-deep,
  Muſt fade like the gowans of *May*;
But inwardly rooted, will keep
  For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
  Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
  And the huſband have ſenſe to approve.

SANG XIX. Bush aboon *Traquair*.

Sung by Peggy, *p.* 55.

AT setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst infold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer-day I'd share
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

SANG XX. Bonny grey-ey'd Morn.

Sung by Sir William, *p.* 58.

THE bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray,
The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day;
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.

Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
  Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
  Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

On our Ladies being dressed in SCOTS manufactory, at a public Assembly.

A SONG.

To the tune of, *O'er the hills and far away.*

LET meaner beauties use their art,
  And range both *Indies* for their dress,
Our fair can captivate the heart
  In native weeds, nor look the less.
More bright unborrow'd beauties shine,
  The artless sweetness of each face
Sparkles with lustres more divine,
  When freed of every foreign grace.

The tawny nymph on scorching plains,
  May use the aid of gems and paint,
Deck with brocade and *Tyrian* stains
  Features of ruder form and taint.
What *Caledonian* ladies wear,
  Or from the lint or woollen twine,
Adorn'd by all their sweets, appear
  Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the fair,
  The dirty dress may lovers cool;
But clean, our maids need have no care,
  If clad in linen, silk or wool.
T' adore *Myrtilla* who can cease?
  Her *active charms* our praise demand,
Clad in a mantua, from the fleece,
  Spun by her own delighted hand.

Who can behold *Calista*'s eyes,
  Her breast, her cheek, and snowy arms,

And mind what artists can devise,
  To rival more superior charms ?
Compar'd with those, the diamond's dull,
  Lawns, satins, and the velvets fade ;
The soul with her attractions full,
  Can never be by these betray'd.

Sapphira, all o'er native sweets,
  Not the false glare of dress regards,
Her wit, her character completes,
  Her smile her lovers sighs rewards.
When such first beauties lead the way,
  Th' inferior rank will follow soon ;
Then arts no longer shall decay,
  But trade encourag'd be in tune.

Millions of fleeces shall be wove,
  And flax that on the valleys blooms,
Shall make the naked nations love
  And bless the labours of our looms :
We have enough, nor want from them,
  But trifles hardly worth our care,
Yet for these trifles let them claim
  What food and cloth we have to spare.

How happy's *Scotland* in her fair !
  Her amiable daughters shall,
By acting thus with virtuous care,
  Again the golden age recall :
Enjoying them, *Edina* ne'er
  Shall miss a court ; but soon advance
In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
  Around the scenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity shall yield to sense,
  And lazy pride to useful arts,
When such dear angels in defence
  Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
Bless'd guardians of our joys and wealth,
  True fountains of delight and love,
Long bloom your charms, fix'd be your health,
  Till tir'd with earth ye mount above.

HARDY-

HARDYKNUTE.

A Fragment of an old heroic Ballad.

I.

STately ſtept he eaſt the wa,
And ſtately ſtept he weſt,
Full ſeventy years he now had ſeen,
With ſcarce ſeven years of reſt.
He liv'd when *Britons* breach of faith
Wrought *Scotland* meikle wae :
And ay his ſword tauld to their coſt,
He was their deadly fae.

II.

Hie on a hill his caſtle ſtude,
With halls and towers a hight,
And guidly chambers fair to ſee,
Where he lodg'd mony a knight.
His dame ſae pierleſs anes and fair,
For chaſte and beauty deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Save *Elenor* the Queen.

III.

Full thirteen ſons to him ſhe bare,
All men of valour ſtout :
In bluidy fight, with ſword in hand,
Nyne loſt their lives bot doubt ;
Four yet remain, lang may they live
To ſtand by liege and land :
Hie was their fame, hie was their might,
And hie was their command.

IV.

Great love they bare to *Fairly* fair,
Their ſiſter ſaft and deir,
Her girdle ſhawd her middle jimp,
And gowden gliſt her hair.
What waefou wae her bewtie bred ?
Waefou to young and auld.
Waefou I trou to kyth and kin,
As ſtory ever tauld.

The

V.

The king of *Norse* in summer-tide,
Puft up with power and might,
Landed in fair *Scotland* the isle,
With mony a hardy knight:
The tidings to our gude *Scots* King
Came as he sat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in brave array,
Drinking the blude-red wyne.

VI.

" To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
" Your faes stand on the strand,
" Full twenty thousand glittering spears
" The king of *Norse* commands."
Bring me my steed, Madge, *dapple gray*,
Our gude king raise and cry'd;
A trustier beast in all the land
A Scots *king never sey'd.*

VII.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill so hie,
To draw his sword the dreid of faes,
And haste and follow me.
The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm,
Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
And redd your king frae harm.

VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His looks grew keen as they were wont
In dangers great to do;
He has tane a horn as green as grass,
And gien five sounds sae shrill,
That trees in green wood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His sons in manly sport and glie,
Had past the summer's morn,

When

When lo! down in a graſſy dale,
They heard their father's horn.
That horn, quoth they, *ne'er ſounds in peace,*
We have other ſport to byde;
And ſoon they hey'd them up the hill,
And ſoon were at his ſyde.

X.

Late, late yeſtreen I weind in peace,
To end my lengthned life,
My age might weil excuſe my arm,
Frae manly feats of ſtrife;
But now that Norſe *does proudly boaſt*
Fair Scotland *to enthrall,*
Its ne'er be ſaid of Hardyknute,
He fear'd to fight or fall.

XI.

Robin *of* Rothſay, *bend thy bow,*
Thy arrow ſhoot ſo leil,
Mony a comely countenance
They have turn'd to deidly pale:
Brade Thomas, *tak ye but your lance,*
Ye neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ye fight weit as ye did anes
'Gainſt Weſtmorland's *fierce heir.*

XII.

Malcom, *light of foot as ſtag*
That runs in foreſt wyld,
Get me my thouſands three of men
Well bred to ſword and ſhield:
Bring me my horſe and harniſine,
My blade of metal cleir.
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They ſoon had fled for fear.

XIII.

Fareweil, my dame, ſae pierleſs good,
And took her by the hand,
Fairer to me in age you ſeem,
Than maids for beauty fam'd:

My youngeſt ſon ſall here remain
To guard theſe ſtately towirs,
And ſhut the ſilver bolt that keips
Sae faſt your painted bowirs.

XIV.

And firſt ſhe wet her comely cheiks,
And then her boddice green,
Hir ſilken cords of twirtle twiſt,
Weil plett with ſilver ſheen;
And apron ſet with mony a dyce
Of needle-wark ſae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may gueſs,
Save that of *Fairly* fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre muir and moſs,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight
Making a heavy mane;
Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacherous falſe Gyles;
Witleſs I was that e'er gave faith
To wicked woman's ſmyles.

XVI.

Sir Knight, gin ye were in my bowir,
To lean on ſilken ſeat,
My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
Wha neir kend deidly hate;
Hirſelf wald watch ye all the day,
Her maids a deid of nicht;
And Fairly *fair your heart wald cheir,*
As ſhe ſtands in your ſight.

XVII.

Ariſe, young knight, and mount your ſteid,
Full lowns the ſhynand day;
Chuſe frae my menzie whom ye pleaſe
To lead ye on the way.
With ſmyleſs look and viſage wan,
The wounded knight reply'd,

Kind

Kind chiftain, your intent purſue,
For heir I maun abyde.

XVIII.

To me nae after day nor night
Can eir be ſweit or fair,
But ſoon beneath ſome drapping trie,
Cauld death ſall end my care.
With him nae pleading might prevail,
Brave *Hardyknute* to gain,
With faireſt words and reaſon ſtrang,
Strave courteouſly in vain.

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord *Chattan*'s land ſae wyde,
That lord a worthy wight was ay,
When faes his courage ſey'd:
Of *Pictiſh* race by mother's ſyde,
When *Picts* rul'd *Caledon*,
Lord *Chattan* claim'd the princely maid,
When he ſav'd *Pictiſh* crown.

XX.

Now with his fierce and ſtalwart train,
He reach'd a riſing height,
Whair braid encampit on the dale,
Norſe army lay in ſight;
Yonder, my valiant ſons and feirs,
Our raging ravers wait
On the unconquer'd Scottiſh *ſwaird,*
To try with us their fate.

XXI.

Mak oriſons to him that ſav'd
Our ſauls upon the rude,
Syne bravely ſhaw your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian *blude.*
Then furth he drew his truſty glaive,
While thouſands all around,
Drawn frae their ſheaths glanc'd in the ſun,
And loud the bougils ſound.

To

XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill
  In haste his march he made,
Whyle, playand pibrochs minstralls meit,
  Afore him stately strade.
Thryse welcome valiant stoup of weir,
  Thy nation's shield and pryde;
Thy king nae reason has to feir
  When thou art by his syde.

XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
  For thrang scarce could they flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
  The arrows dart the trie.
Lang did they rage and fight full fierce,
  With little skaith to man,
But bluddy, bluddy was the field,
  Or that lang day was dane.

XXIV.

The king of *Scots* that sindle bruik'd
  The war that look'd like play,
Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
  Sen bows seimt but delay:
Quoth noble *Rothsay*, *Myne I'll keip,*
  I wate its bled a score.
Haste up, my merry men, cry'd the king,
  As he rade on before.

XXV.

The king of *Norse* he sought to find,
  With him to mense the fight,
But on his forehead there did light
  A sharp unsonsie shaft;
As he his hand put up to find
  The wound, an arrow keen,
O waefou chance! there pinn'd his hand
  In midst between his een.

XXVI.

Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothsay's *heir,*
  Your mail-coat sall nocht byde

The

The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of my dart;
Then ſent it through his ſyde:
Another arrow weil he mark'd,
It pierc'd his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the ſilver reis,
He laigh as eard did fa.

XXVII.

Sair blieds my liege, ſair, ſair he blieds.
Again with might he drew
And geſture dreid his ſturdy bow,
Faſt the braid arrow flew.
Wae to the knight he ettled at,
Lament now, Quene *Elgried*;
Hie dames too wail your darling's fall,
His youth and comely meid.

XXVIII.

Take aff, take aff his coſtly jupe;
(Of gold weil was it twin'd,
Knit lyke the fowlers net, through which
His ſteilly harneſs ſhyn'd);
Take, Norſe, *that gift frae me, and bid*
Him venge the blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He ſure nae weapon fears.

XXIX.

Proud *Norſe*, with giant body tall,
Braid ſhoulders and arms ſtrong,
Cry'd, *Where is* Hardyknute *ſae fam'd,*
And feir'd at Britain's *throne?*
The Britons *tremble at his name,*
I ſoon ſhall make him wail
That eir my ſword was made ſae ſharp,
Sae ſaft his coat of mail.

XXX.

That brag his ſtout heart could na byde,
It lent him youthful might:
I'm Hardyknute *this day*, he cry'd,
To Scotland's *king I height*,

To lay thee law as horſes hufe,
My word I mean to keip;
Syne with the firſt ſtrake eir he ſtrake,
He garr'd his body bleid.

XXXI.

Norſe ene lyke gray goſehawks ſtair'd wyld,
He ſight with ſhame and ſpyte;
Diſgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm
That left thee power to ſtrike:
Then gave his head a blaw ſae fell,
It made him doun to ſtoup,
As law as he to ladies us'd
In courtly gyſe to lout.

XXXII.

Full ſoon he rais'd his bent body,
His bow he marvell'd ſair,
Sen blaws till then on him but darr'd
As touch of *Faiely* fair:
Norſe ferliet too as ſair as he
To ſee his ſtately look,
Sae ſoon as eir he ſtrake a fae,
Sae ſoon his lyfe he took.

XXXIII.

Whair lyke a fyre to heather ſet,
Bauld *Thomas* did advance,
A ſturdy fae with look enrag'd
Up towards him did prance;
He ſpurr'd his ſteid throw thickeſt rank,
The hardy youth to quell,
Wha ſtood unmov'd at his approach
His fury to repell.

XXXIV.

That ſhort brown ſhaft ſae meanly trimm'd
Looks lyke poor Scotland'*s geir,*
But dreidful ſeims the ruſty poynt!
And loud he leugh in jeir.
Aſt Britons *blude has dimm'd its ſhyne,*
This poynt cut ſhort their vaunt;

Syne

Syne pierc'd the boaſter's bairded cheik,
Nae time he took to taunt.

XXXV.

Short while he in his ſaddle ſwang,
His ſtirrip was nae ſtay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey:
Swith on the hardned clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud,
But *Thomas* look'd not as he lay
All walt'ring in his blude.

XXXVI.

With cairles geſture, mynd unmov'd,
On raid he north the plain,
His ſeim in thrang of fierceſt ſtryfe,
When winner ay the ſame:
Nor yet his heart dames dipeik,
Coud meiſe ſaft love to bruik,
Till vengeful *Ann* return'd his ſcorn,
Then languid grew his look.

XXXVII.

In thrawis of death, with wailowit cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corpſe of warriors lay,
Neir to aryſe again;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythſome ſounds,
To boaſt the glories of the day,
And ſhaw their ſhyning wounds.

XXXVIII.

On *Norway*'s coaſt the widow'd dame
May waſh the rocks with teirs,
May lang look owre the ſhiples ſeis,
Before hir mate appeirs.
Ceiſe, *Emma*, ceiſe to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyis in the clay,
The valiant Scots nae *revers* thole
To carry life away.

XXXIX.

There on a lie whair ſtands a croſs,
Set up for monument,
Thouſands full fierce that ſummer's day
'Fill'd keen waris black intent.
Let *Scots*, while *Scots*, praiſe *Hardyknute*;
Let *Norſe* the name ay dreid;
Ay how he faught, aft how he ſpaird,
Sal lateſt ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew weſtlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy ſhowir,
Mirk grew the night eir *Hardyknute*
Wan neir his ſtately tower;
His tower that us'd with torches bleiſe,
To ſhyne ſae far at night,
Seim'd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae mervel ſair he ſeight.

XLI.

There's nae light in my lady's bowir,
There's nae light in my hall;
Nae blynk ſhynes round my Fairly *fair,*
Nor Warp *ſtands on my wall.*
What bodes it? Robert, Thomas *ſay.*
Nae anſwer fits their dreid.
Stand back, my ſons, I'll be your gyde,
But by they paſt with ſpeid.

XLII.

As faſt as I haef ſped owre Scotland's *faes,*
Their ceiſt his brag of weir,
Seir ſham'd to mynd ought but his dame,
And maiden *Fairly* fair,
Black fear he felt, but what to fear,
He wiſt not yet with dreid;
Sair ſhook his body, ſair his limbs,
And all the warrior fled.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The

The Braes of YARROW.

BUſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my winſome marrow,
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And let us leave the braes of *Yarrow*.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,
Where got ye that winſome marrow ?
I got her where I durſt not well be ſeen,
Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winſome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Why does ſhe weep, thy bonny bonny bride ?
Why does ſhe weep thy winſome marrow ?
And why dare ye nae mair well be ſeen
Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow* ?

Lang muſt ſhe weep, lang muſt ſhe, muſt ſhe weep,
Lang muſt ſhe weep with dole and ſorrow,
And lang muſt I nae mair well be ſeen,
Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

For ſhe has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cauſe of ſorrow ;
And I have ſlain the comelieſt ſwain,
That ever pu'd birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Why runs thy ſtream, O *Yarrow*, *Yarrow*, reid ?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of ſorrow,
And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hung on the bonny birks of *Yarrow* ?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood ?
What's yonder floats ? O dole and ſorrow !
O 'tis the comely ſwain I ſlew
Upon the doleful braes of *Yarrow*.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears of dole and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in woful wise,
His helpless fate on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm
Thou mett'st, and fell on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the [grass,
Yellow on *Yarrow's* braes the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of *Yarrow* flowan.

Flows *Yarrow* sweet, as sweet, as sweet flows *Tweed*,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, then busk, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and loe me on the banks of *Tweed*,
And think nae mair on the braes of *Yarrow*.

How

How can I buſk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I buſk a winſome marrrow,
How loe him on the banks of *Tweed*,
That ſlew my love on the braes of *Yarrow* ?

O *Yarrow* fields, may never, never rain,
No dew thy tender bloſſoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my love,
My love as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple veſt, 'twas my awn ſewing,
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
He was in theſe to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white ſteed,
Unheedful of my dole and ſorrow,
But ere the toofal of the night,
He lay a corpſe on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Much I rejoic'd that woful, woful day,
I ſung, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the ſpear was flown
That ſlew my love, and left me mourning

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage purſue me?
My lover's blood is on thy ſpear;
How canſt thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy ſiſters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle ſcoffing,
May bid me ſeek on *Yarrow*'s braes
My lover nail'd in his coffin.

My brother *Douglas* may upbraid,
And ſtrive with threat'ning words to move me;
My lover's blood is on thy ſpear,
How canſt thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes,

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal ſheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected huſband lover.

But who the expected huſband, huſband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in ſlaughter.
Ah me! what ghaſtly ſpectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale ſhroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff theſe bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with yellow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet beſt, yet beſt belov'd,
O could my warmth to life reſtore thee;
Yet lie all night between my breaſts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive ſo foul a ſlaughter,
And lie all night between my breaſts,
No youth ſhall ever lie thereafter.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy uſeleſs ſorrow,
Thy lover heeds nought of thy ſighs,
He lies a corpſe in the braes of *Yarrow*.

The End of the SECOND VOLUME.

A COLLECTION OF CHOICE SONGS.

When we behold her angel face,
Or when ſhe ſings with heavenly grace,
In what we hear and what we ſee,
How raviſhing's the harmony!
No charms like Celia's *voice ſurpriſe,*
Except the muſic of her eyes. LANSDOWN.

VOLUME III.

SONG I.

A Nymph of the plain,
By a jolly young ſwain,
By a jolly young ſwain,
Was addreſs'd to be kind:
But relentleſs I find
To his prayers ſhe appear'd,
Tho' himſelf he endear'd,
In a manner ſo ſoft, ſo engaging and ſweet,
As ſoon might perſuade her his paſſion to meet.

How much he ador'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
I cannot expreſs;
But he lov'd to exceſs,
And ſwore he would die,
If ſhe would not comply,
In a manner ſo ſoft, ſo engaging and ſweet,
As ſoon might perſuade her his paſſion to meet.

While

While blushes like roses,
Which nature composes,
Which nature composes,
Vermilion'd her face,
With an ardour and grace,
Which her lover improv'd,
When he found he had mov'd,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

When wak'd from the joy,
Which their souls did employ,
Which their souls did employ,
From her ruby warm lips,
Thousand odours he sips,
At the sight of her eyes
He faints and he dies,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

But how they shall part,
Now becomes all the smart,
Now becomes all the smart,
Till he vow'd to his fair,
That to ease his own care,
He would meet her again,
And till then be in pain,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

SONG II.

SEnd home my long stray'd eyes to me,
Which ah! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if from thee they've learn'd such ill,
To sweetly smile,
And then beguile,
Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;

But

But if it has been taught by thine,
To forfeit both
Its word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet ſend me home my heart and eyes,
That I may ſee and know thy lies,
And laugh one day perhaps when thou
Shalt grieve for one
Thy love will ſcorn,
And prove as falſe as thou art now.

SONG III.

WHilſt I fondly view the charmer,
Thus the god of love I ſue,
Gentle *Cupid*, pray diſarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do:
Of a thouſand ſweets bereave her,
Rob her neck, her lips, her eyes,
The remainder ſtill will leave her
Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape and feature, flame and paſſion
Still in every breaſt will move,
More is ſupererogation,
Mere idolatry of love:
You may dreſs a world of *Chloes*
In the beauties ſhe can ſpare;
Hear him, *Cupid*, who no foe is
To your altars, or the fair.

Fooliſh mortal, pray be eaſy,
Angry *Cupid* made reply,
Do *Florella*'s charms diſpleaſe you?
Die then, fooliſh mortal, die:
Fancy not that I'll deprive her
Of the captivating ſtore;
Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
Twenty thouſand beauties more.

Were

Were *Florella* proud and ſour,
Apt to mock a lover's care ;
Juſtly then you'd pray that power
Shou'd be taken from the fair :
But tho' I ſpread a blemiſh o'er her,
No relief in that you'll find ;
Still, fond ſhepherd, you'll adore her
For the beauties of her mind.

SONG IV.

TEN years, like *Troy*, my ſtubborn heart,
Withſtood th' aſſault of fond deſire :
But now, alas ! I feel a ſmart,
Poor I, like *Troy*, am ſet on fire.

With care we may a pile ſecure,
And from all common ſparks defend :
But oh ! who can a houſe ſecure,
When the celeſtial flames deſcend ?

Thus was I ſafe, till from your eyes
Deſtructive fires are brightly given ;
Ah ! who can ſhun the warm ſurpriſe,
When lo ! the lightning comes from heaven.

SONG V.

WHilſt I gaze on *Chloe* trembling,
Straight her eyes my fate declare ;
When ſhe ſmiles I fear diſſembling,
When ſhe frowns I then deſpair.
Jealous of ſome rival lover,
If a wand'ring look ſhe give ;
Fain I would reſolve to leave her,
But can ſooner ceaſe to live.

Why ſhould I conceal my paſſion,
Or the torments I endure ?
I will diſcloſe my inclination :
Awful diſtance yields no cure.

Sure

Sure it is not in her nature,
  To be cruel to her ſlave;
She is too divine a creature
  To deſtroy what ſhe can ſave.

Happy's he whoſe inclination
  Warms but with a gentle heat:
Never mounts to raging paſſion,
  Love's a torment if too great.
When the ſtorm is once blown over,
  Soon the ocean quiet grows;
But a conſtant faithful lover
  Seldom meets with true repoſe.

SONG VI.

MY days have been ſo wondrous free,
  The little birds that fly,
With careleſs eaſe, from tree to tree,
  Were but as bleſs'd as I.

Aſk gliding waters, if a tear
  Of mine increas'd their ſtream:
Or aſk the flying gales, if e'er
  I lent a ſigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
  And I'm by beauty caught:
The tender chains of ſweet deſire
  Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breaſt
  Does every doubt controul;
And lovely *Nancy* ſtands confeſs'd
  The fav'rite of my ſoul.

Ye nightingales, ye twiſting pines,
  Ye ſwains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
  Ye cloſe retreats of love;

With all of nature, all of art,
  Aſſiſt the dear deſign,
O teach a young unpractic'd heart,
  To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair,
And hardly covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

SONG VII.

ALL in the *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd *Susan* came on board;
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet *William* sails among the crew.

William, who, high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides gently thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear),
And drops at once into her nest:
The noblest captain in the *British* fleet
Might envy *William*'s lips those kisses sweet.

O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell, the sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find:

Yes,

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent wereſoe'er I go :

If to fair *India*'s coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is *Afric*'s ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white ;
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charms of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty *Suſan* mourn,
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms
William ſhall to his dear return.
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from *Suſan*'s eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread,
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard ;
They kiſs'd ; ſhe ſigh'd ; he hung his head :
Her leſſening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, ſhe cries ; and wav'd her lily hand.

SONG VIII.

SWeet are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damaſk roſe,
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
Gentle as winds when zephyr blows,
Refreſhing, as deſcending rains
To ſun-burnt climes and thirſty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the ſun,
Conſtant as gliding waters roll,
Whoſe ſwelling tides obey the moon ;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love ſhall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid purſues,
Sweet *Philomel*, in ſhady bowers
Of verdant ſpring, her note renews;
All follow what they moſt admire,
As I purſue my ſoul's deſire.

Nature muſt change her beauteous face,
And vary as the ſeaſons riſe;
As winter to the ſpring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
No change on love the ſeaſons bring,
Love only knows perpetual ſpring.

Devouring time, with ſtealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble towers and walls of braſs
In his rude march he levels low:
But time, deſtroying far and wide,
Love from the ſoul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove,
And drive him from the bleeding heart
To mingle with the bleſs'd above,
Where known to all his kindred train,
He finds a laſting reſt from pain.

Love and his ſiſter fair the ſoul,
Twin-born from heaven together came:
Love will the univerſe controul,
When dying ſeaſons loſe their name;
Divine abodes ſhall own his power,
When time and death ſhall be no more.

SONG IX.

FAir *Iris* and her ſwain
Were in a ſhady bower,
Where *Thirſis* long in vain
Had ſought the happy hour.

At

At length, his hand advancing
  Upon her ſnowy breaſt,
He ſaid, O! kiſs me longer,
  Longer yet and longer,
If you would make me bleſt.

IRIS.

An eaſy yielding maid
  By truſting is undone,
Our ſex is oft betray'd
  By granting love too ſoon;
If you deſire to gain me,
  Your ſufferings to redreſs,
Prepare to love me longer,
  Longer yet and longer,
Before you ſhall poſſeſs.

THIRSIS.

The little care you ſhow,
  Of all my ſorrows paſt,
Makes death appear too ſlow,
  And life too long to laſt;
Oh, *Iris!* kiſs me kindly,
  In pity of my fate,
Fair *Iris*, kiſs me kindly,
  Kindly ſtill and kindly,
Before it be too late.

IRIS.

You fondly court your bliſs,
  And no advances make;
'Tis not for maids to kiſs,
  But 'tis for men to take:
So you may kiſs me kindly,
  And I will not rebel,
Thirſis may kiſs me kindly,
  Kindly ſtill and kindly;
But never kiſs and tell.

ALTERNATIVE.

And may I kiſs you kindly?
  Yes you may kiſs me kindly.
And kindly ſtill and kindly?
  And kindly ſtill and kindly.

And will you not rebel?
And I will not rebel.
Then, love, I'll kiſs thee kindly,
Kindly ſtill and kindly,
But never kiſs and tell.

SONG X.

AH! bright *Belinda*, hither fly,
And ſuch a light diſcover,
As may the abſent ſun ſupply,
And chear the drooping lover.

Ariſe, my day, with ſpeed ariſe,
And all my ſorrows baniſh:
Before the ſun of thy bright eyes,
All gloomy terrors vaniſh.

No longer let me ſigh in vain,
And curſe the hoarded treaſure:
Why ſhould you love to give us pain,
When you were made for pleaſure?

The petty powers of hell deſtroy;
To ſave's the pride of heaven:
To you the firſt, if you prove coy;
If kind, the laſt is given.

The choice then ſure's not hard to make,
Betwixt a good and evil:
Which title had you rather take,
My goddeſs, or, *my devil?*

SONG XI.

FIE! *Liza*, ſcorn the little arts
Which meaner beauties uſe,
Who think they ne'er ſecure our hearts,
Unleſs they ſill refuſe;

Are coy and ſhy; will ſeem to frown,
To raiſe our paſſion higher;
But when the poor delight is known,
It quickly palls deſire.

Come let's not trifle time away,
Or ſtop you know not why;
Your bluſhes and your eyes betray
What death you mean to die!
Let all your maiden fears be gone,
And love no more be croſt:
Ah! *Liza*, when the joys are known,
You'll curſe the minutes paſt.

SONG XII.

BE wary, my *Celia*, when *Celadon* ſues,
Theſe *wits* are the bane of your charms:
Beauty, play'd againſt reaſon, will certainly loſe,
Warring naked with robbers in arms.

Young *Damon* deſpis'd for his plainneſs of parts,
Has worth that a woman would prize;
He'll run the race *out*, tho' he heavily ſtarts,
And *diſtance* the ſhort-winded *wiſe*.

Your *fool* is a ſaint in the temple of love,
And kneels all his life there to pray;
Your *wit* but looks in, and makes haſte to remove,
'Tis a ſtage he but takes in his way.

SONG XIII.

S*Tella* and *Flavia*, every hour,
Do various hearts ſurpriſe;
In *Stella*'s ſoul lies all her power,
And *Flavia*'s in her eyes.

More boundleſs *Flavia*'s conqueſts are,
And *Stella*'s more confin'd:
All can diſcern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like *Britain*'s monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eaſtern tyrants, *Flavia* deigns
To rule o'er barren ſands.

Then boaſt, fair *Flavia*, boaſt thy face,
Thy beauty's only ſtore:
Thy charms will every day decreaſe,
Each day gives *Stella* more.

SONG XIV.

OF all the girls that are ſo ſmart,
There's none like pretty *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half ſo ſweet as *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the ſtreets does cry 'em;
Her mother ſhe ſells laces long,
To ſuch as pleaſe to buy 'em:
But ſure ſuch folks cou'd ne'er beget
So ſweet a girl as *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When ſhe is by, I leave my work,
I love her ſo ſincerely;
My maſter comes like any *Turk*,
And bangs me moſt ſeverely:
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day,

And that's the day that comes betwixt
The *Saturday* and *Monday*.
For then I'm dreſt in all my beſt,
To walk abroad with *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Becauſe I leave him in the lurch,
As ſoon as text is named:
I leave the church in ſermon-time,
And ſlink away with *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When *Chriſtmas* comes about again,
O! then I ſhall have money;
I'll hoard it up and box it all,
And give it to my honey:
And wou'd it were ten thouſand pound,
I'd give it all to *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter, and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and *Sally*;
And (but for her) I'd better be
A ſlave and row a galley;
But when my ſeven long years are out,
O! then I'll marry *Sally*,
O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But ay not in our alley.

SONG XV.

WOuld you have a young virgin of fifteen years?
You muſt tickle her fancy with ſweet and dears,
Ever toying and playing, and ſweetly ſweetly
Sing a love-ſonnet, and charm her ears;

Wittily,

Wittily, prettily talk her down,
Chase her, and praise her if fair or brown;
Sooth her and smooth her,
And tease her and please her,
And touch but her smicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in men?
With the front of assurance come boldly on:
Be at her each moment, and briskly, briskly
Put her in mind, how her time steals on;
Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,
Rouse her and touse her from morn till noon,
And shew her some hour
You are able to grapple,
And get but her writings, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a punk of a humour free,
That's kept by a fumbler of quality?
You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
That pleasure's best charm is variety;
Swear her much fairer than all the town,
Try her and ply her when *Cully*'s gone,
Dog her and jog her,
And meet her and treat her,
And kiss with a guinea, and all's your own.

SONG XVI.

SHE.

OH love! if a god thou wilt be,
Do justice in favour of me;
For yonder approaching I see,
A man with a beard,
Who, as I have heard,
Hath often undone
Poor maids that have none,
With sighing and toying,
And crying and lying,
And such kind of foolery.

HE.

HE.

Fair maid, by your leave,
My heart does receive
Strange pleaſure to meet you here:
Pray tremble not ſo,
Nor offer to go,
I'll do you no harm I ſwear,
I'll do you no harm I ſwear.

SHE.

My mother is ſpinning at home,
My father works hard at the loom,
And we are a-milking come;
Their dinner they want;
Then pray ye, Sir, don't
Make more ado on't,
Nor give us affront;
We're none of the town
Will lie down for a crown,
Then away, Sir, and give us room.

HE.

By *Phœbus* and *Jove*,
By honour and love,
I'll do thee, dear ſweet, no harm;
Ye're as freſh as a roſe,
I want one of thoſe;
Ah! how ſuch a wife wou'd charm,
Ah! how ſuch a wife wou'd charm!

SHE.

And can you then like the old rule,
Be conjugal, honeſt, and dull,
And marry, and look like a fool?
For I muſt be plain,
All tricks are in vain;
There's nothing can gain
What you wou'd obtain,
Like moving and proving,
By wedding, true loving,
My leſſon learn'd at ſchool.

HE.

HE.

I'll do't by this hand,
I've houſes and land,
Eſtate too in good freehold;
My dear, let us join,
It all ſhall be thine,
Beſides a good purſe of gold,
Beſides a good purſe of gold.

SHE.

You make me to bluſh now, I vow,
Ah me! ſhall I baulk my cow?
But ſince the late oath you have ſwore,
Your ſoul ſhall not be
In danger for me;
I'll rather agree
Of two to make three:
We'll wed, and we'll bed,
There's no more to be ſaid,
And I'll ne'er go a-milking more.

SONG XVII.

MAiden, freſh as a roſe,
Young, buxom, and full of jollity,
Take no ſpouſe among beaux,
Fond of their raking quality;
He who wears a long buſh,
All powder'd down from his pericrane,
And with noſe full of ſnuſh,
Snuffles out love in a merry vein.

Who, to dames of high place,
Does prattle like any parrot too;
Yet with doxies a brace
At night pigs in a garret too;
Patrimony out-run,
To make a fine ſhow to carry thee:
Plainly, friend, thour't undone,
If ſuch a creature marry thee.

Then,

Then, for fear of a bribe,
Of flattering noiſe and vanity,
Yoke a lad of our tribe,
He'll ſhew the beſt humanity:
Flaſhy thou wilt find love,
In civil as well as ſecular;
But when the ſpirit doth move,
We have a gift particular.

Tho' our graveneſs is pride,
That boobys the more may venerate,
He that gets a good bride,
Can jump when he's to generate;
Off then goes the diſguiſe,
To bed in his arms he'll carry thee;
Then to be happy and wiſe,
Take yea and nay to marry thee.

SONG XVIII.

LAST *Sunday* at St *James*'s pray'rs,
The prince and princeſs by;
I, dreſs'd all in my whalebone-airs,
Sat in a cloſet nigh.

I bow'd my knees, I held my book,
Read all the anſwers o'er;
But was perverted by a look,
Which pierc'd me from the door.
High thoughts of heaven I came to uſe,
With the devouteſt care;
Which gay young *Strephon* made me loſe,
And all the raptures there.

He wait to hand me to my chair,
And bow'd with courtly grace;
But whiſper'd love into mine ear,
Too warm for that grave place.

Love, love, ſaid he, by all ador'd,
My tender heart has won:
But I grew peeviſh at the word,
Deſir'd he might be gone.

He went quite out of ſight, while I
  A kinder anſwer meant;
Nor did I for my ſins that day,
  By half ſo much repent.

SONG XIX.

LOve, thou art the beſt of human joys,
  Our chiefeſt happineſs below;
All other pleaſures are but toys,
Muſic without thee is but noiſe,
  Beauty but an empty ſhow.

Heaven that knew beſt what men cou'd move,
  And raiſe his thoughts above the brute,
Said, Let him be, and let him love,
That only muſt his ſoul improve,
  Howe'er philoſophers diſpute.

SONG XX.

DEſpairing beſide a clear ſtream,
  A ſhepherd forſaken was laid;
And while a falſe nymph was his theme,
  A willow ſupported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
  To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
  Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly ſwain that I was;
  (Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd);
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
  'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd her dear tongue;
  When ſhe ſmil'd, it was pleaſure too great;
I liſten'd, and cry'd when ſhe ſung,
  Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet!

How fooliſh was I to believe,
  She could dote on ſo lowly a clown,

Or

Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
  To forſake the fine folk of the town ;
To think that a beauty ſo gay,
  So kind and ſo conſtant would prove ;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
  Or live in a cottage on love ?

What though I have ſkill to complain,
  Tho' the muſes my temples have crown'd,
What tho', when they hear my ſoft ſtrains,
  The virgins ſit weeping around ?
Ah, *Colin !* thy hopes are in vain,
  Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign,
Thy fair one inclines to a ſwain,
  Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

All you, my companions ſo dear,
  Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
  Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid.
Tho' thro' the wide world I ſhou'd range,
  'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;
'Twas hers to be falſe and to change,
  'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
  In her breaſt any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
  And ſee me laid low in the ground :
The laſt humble boon that I crave,
  Is to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew ;
And when ſhe looks down on my grave,
  Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
  And deck her in golden array ;
Be fineſt at every fine ſhow,
  And frolic it all the long day :
While *Colin*, forgotten and gone,
  No more ſhall be talk'd of or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon,
  His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

SONG XXI.

'TWas when the ſeas were roaring,
With hollow blaſts of wind,
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the roaring billows,
She caſt a wiſhful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didſt thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe then, cruel ocean,
And let my lover reſt:
Ah! what's that troubled motion,
To that within my breaſt?

The merchant robb'd of treaſure,
Views tempeſts in deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure,
To loſing of my dear!
Shou'd you ſome coaſt be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can you ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eye theſe rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear,
Repay'd each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear:

When

When o'er the white waves ſtooping,
His floating corpſe ſhe ſpy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

SONG XXII.

REmember, *Damon*, you did tell,
In chaſtity you lov'd me well;
But now, alas! I am undone,
And here am left to make my moan:
To doleful ſhades I will remove,
Since I'm deſpis'd by him I love,
Where poor forſaken nymphs are ſeen,
In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
Such ſoft perſuaſive language hung,
That when his words had ſilence broke,
You wou'd have thought an angel ſpoke.
Too happy nymph, who'er ſhe be,
That now enjoys my charming he;
For oh! I fear it to my coſt,
She's found the heart that I have loſt.

Beneath the faireſt flower on earth,
A ſnake may hide, or take its birth;
So his falſe breaſt, conceal it did
His heart, the ſnake that there lay hid.
'Tis falſe to ſay, we happy are,
Since men delight thus to enſnare;
In man no woman can be bleſs'd,
Their vows are wind, their love a jeſt.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
Send me my *Damon*, or relief;
Return the wild delicious boy,
Whom once I thought my ſpring of joy:
But whilſt I'm begging of this bliſs,
Methinks I hear you anſwer thus,
When Damon *has enjoy'd, he flies,*
Who ſees him, loves; who loves him, dies.

There's not a bird that haunts the grove,
But is a witness of my love:
Now all the bleaters on the plain
Seem sympathisers in my pain;
Echoes repeat my plaintive moans;
The waters imitate my groans;
The trees their bending boughs recline,
And droop their heads as I do mine.

SONG XXIII.

ON a bank, beside a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad *Amynta* sigh'd alone:
From the chearless dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,
Singing, thus she made her moan,
Hope is banish'd,
Joys are vanish'd,
Damon my belov'd is gone.

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth and such a lover:
Oh! so true, so kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me:
Melting kisses,
Murm'ring blisses,
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we?

Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore;
Never shall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love supplying
All the joys he drain'd before:
To befriend me,
Death, come, end me,
Love and *Damon* are no more.

SONG XXIV.

A *Lexis* ſhunn'd his fellow-ſwains,
Their rural ſports and jocund ſtrains,
(Heaven guard us all from *Cupid*'s bow);
He loſt his crook, he left his flocks,
And wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs wo.

The nymphs and ſhepherds round him came,
His grief ſome pity, others blame;
The fatal cauſe all kindly ſeek:
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He ſigh'd; but could not ſpeak.

Clarinda came among the reſt,
And ſhe tookind concern expreſt,
And aſk'd the reaſon of his wo;
She aſk'd; but with an air and mien,
As made it eaſily foreſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The ſhepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
While I the cruel truth reveal;
Which nothing from my breaſt ſhould tear,
Which never ſhould offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cauſe of all my care:
Your eyes ten thouſand dangers dart;
Ten thouſand torments vex my heart;
I love, and I deſpair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cry'd;
But you ſhall promiſe, ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or ſpeak your pain.
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

SONG

SONG XXV.

WHY ſo pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why ſo pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why ſo pale?

Why ſo dull and mute, young ſinner?
Prithee, why ſo mute?
Will, when ſpeaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why ſo mute?

Quit, quit for ſhame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herſelf ſhe will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her.

SONG XXVI.

MY friend and I,
We drank whole piſs-pots
Full of ſack up to the brim:
I drank to my friend,
And he drank his pot,
So we put about the wiſm:
Three bottles and a quart
We ſwallow'd down our throat,
(But hang ſuch puny ſips as theſe);
We laid us all along,
With our mouths unto the bung,
And tipt whole hogſheads off with eaſe.

I heard of a fop
That drank whole tankards,
Styl'd himſelf the prince of ſots:
But I ſay now, Hang
Such ſilly drunkards,
Melt their flagons, break their pots.

My

My friend and I did join
For a cellar full of wine,
And we drank the vintner out of door;
We drank it all up
In a morning, at a ſup,
And greedily rov'd about for more.

My friend to me
Did make this motion,
Let us to the vintage ſkip:
Then we imbark'd
Upon the ocean,
Where we found a *Spaniſh* ſhip
Deep laden with wine,
Which was ſuperfine,
The ſailors ſwore five hundred tun;
We drank it all at ſea,
Ere we came unto the key,
And the merchant ſwore he was quite undone.

My friend, not having
Quench'd his thirſt,
Said, Let's to the vineyards haſte:
Straight then we ſail'd
To the *Canaries*,
Which afforded juſt a taſte;
From thence unto the *Rhine*,
Where we drank up all the wine,
Till *Bacchus* cry'd, Hold ye ſots, or you die,
And ſwore he never found,
In his univerſal round,
Such thirſty ſouls as my friend and I.

Out fie! cries one,
What a beaſt he makes him!
He can neither ſtand nor go:
Out you beaſt, you,
You're much miſtaken,
When e'er knew you a beaſt drink ſo?
'Tis when we drink the leaſt,
That we drink moſt like a beaſt;
But when we carouſe it ſix in hand;

'Tis

'Tis then, and only then,
That we drink the moſt like men,
When we drink till we can neither go nor ſtand.

SONG XXVII.

LET ſoldiers fight for prey or praiſe,
And money be the miſer's wiſh,
Poor ſcholars ſtudy all their days,
And gluttons glory in their diſh:
'Tis wine, pure wine revives ſad ſouls;
Therefore fill us the chearing bowls.

Let minions marſhal every hair,
And in a lover's lock delight,
And artificial colours wear:
Pure wine is native red and white:
'Tis wine, &c.

The backward ſpirit it makes brave,
That lively which before was dull;
Opens the heart that loves to ſave,
And kindneſs flows from cups brim-full:
'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, aud others health,
Some want a wife, and ſome a punk,
Some men want wit, and others wealth;
But they want nothing that are drunk:
'Tis wine, pure wine revives ſad ſouls;
Therefore give us the chearing bowls.

SONG XXVIII.

FArewell, my bonny, bonny, witty, pretty *Maggy*,
And a' the roſy laſſes milking on the down:
Adieu the flowery meadows, aft ſae dear to *Jocky*,
The ſports and merry glee of *Edinborow* town;
Since *French* and *Spaniſh* lowns ſtand at bay,
And valiant lads of *Britain* hold 'em play,
My reap-hook I maun caſt quite away,
And fight too like a man,
Among 'em for our royal Queen *Anne*.

Each

Each carle of *Iriſh* mettle battles like a dragon:
The *Germans* waddle, and ſtraddle to the drum;
The *Italian* and the butter bowzy *Hogan Mogan*:
Good-faith then, *Scottiſh Jocky* mauna lie at hame:
For ſince they are ganging to hunt renown,
And ſwear they'll quickly ding auld *Monſieur* down,
I'll follow for a pluck at his crown,
To ſhew that *Scotland* can
Excel 'em for our royal Queen *Anne*.

Then welcome from *Vigo*,
And cudgelling *Don Diego*,
With ſtrutting raſcallions,
And plundering the galleons:
Each briſk valiant fellow
Fought at *Rondondellow*,
And thoſe who did meet
With the *Newfoundland* fleet;
When for late ſucceſſes,
Which *Europe* confeſſes,
At land by our gallant commanders;
The *Dutch* in ſtrong beer,
Shou'd be drunk for a year,
With their general's health in *Flanders*.

SONG XXIX.

THE ordnance aboard,
Such joys does afford,
As no mortal, no mortal, no mortal,
No mortal e'er more can deſire:
Each member repairs
From the tower to the ſtairs,
And by water *whuſh*, and by water *whuſh*,
By water they all go to fire.

Of each piece that's aſhore,
They ſearch from the bore;
And to proving, to proving, to proving,
To proving they go in fair weather:

Their

Their glasses are large,
And whene'er they discharge,
There's a *boo* huzza, a *boo* huzza, a *boo* huzza,
Guns and bumpers go off together.

Old *Vulcan* for *Mars*,
Fitted tools for his wars,
To enable him, enable him, enable him,
Enable him to conquer the faster:
But *Mars*, had he been
Upon our *Woolwich* green,
To have heard *boo* huzza, *boo* huzza, *boo* huzza,
He'd have own'd great *Marlborough* his master.

SONG XXX.

LEave off your foolish prating,
Talk no more of *Whig* and *Tory*,
But drink your glass,
Round let it pass,
The bottle stands before ye,
Fill it up to the top,
Let the night with mirth be crown'd,
Drink about, see it out,
Love and friendship still go round.

If claret be a blessing,
This night devote to pleasure;
Let worldly cares,
And state-affairs,
Be thought on at more leisure;
Fill it up to the top,
Let the night with joy be crown'd,
Drink about, see it out,
Love and friendship still go round.

If any is so zealous,
To be a party-minion,
Let him drink like me,
We'll soon agree,
And be of one opinion:

Fill

Fill your glaſs, name your laſs,
See her health go ſweetly round,
Drink about, ſee it out,
Let the night with joy be crown'd.

SONG XXXI.

WE'll drink, and we'll never have done, boys,
Put the glaſs then around with the ſun, boys;
Let *Apollo*'s example invite us,
For he's drunk every night,
That makes him ſo bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a Chriſtian diverſion,
Unknown to *Turk* and the *Perſian*:
Let *Mahometan* fools
Live by heatheniſh rules,
And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee;
While the brave *Britons* ſing,
And drink healths to their *king*,
And a fig for their *ſultan* and *ſophy*.

SONG XXXII.

WHile the lover is thinking,
With my friend I'll be drinking,
And with vigour purſue my delight;
While the fool is deſigning,
His fatal confining,
With *Bacchus* I'll ſpend the whole night.

With the god I'll be jolly,
Without madneſs and folly,
Fickle woman to marry implore;
Leave my bottle and friend,
For ſo fooliſh an end!
When I do, may I never drink more.

SONG XXXIII.

CElia, let not pride undo you,
Love and life fly ſwiftly on;
Let not *Damon* ſtill purſue you,
Still in vain, till love is gone:
See how fair the blooming roſe is,
See by all how juſtly priz'd;
But when it its beauty loſes,
See the wither'd thing deſpis'd.

When thoſe charms that youth have lent you,
Like the roſes are decay'd,
Celia, you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a maid!
Die a maid! die a maid! die a maid!
Celia, you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a maid!

SONG XXXIV.

I'LL range around the ſhady bowers,
And gather all the ſweeteſt flowers;
I'll ſtrip the garden and the grove,
To make a garland for my love.

When in the ſultry heat of day,
My thirſty nymph does panting lie,
I'll haſten to the fountain's brink,
And drain the ſtream that ſhe may drink.

At night, when ſhe ſhall weary prove,
A graſſy bed I'll make my love,
And with green boughs I'll form a ſhade,
That nothing may her reſt invade.

And whilſt diſſolv'd in ſleep ſhe lies,
Myſelf ſhall never cloſe thoſe eyes;
But gazing ſtill with fond delight,
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And

And then, as ſoon as chearful day
Diſpels the gloomy ſhades away,
Forth to the foreſt I'll repair,
And find proviſion for my fair.

Thus will I ſpend the day and night,
Still mixing pleaſure with delight:
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can eaſe for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love,
Shou'd e'er unkind and faithleſs prove,
I'll ſeek ſome diſmal diſtant ſhore,
And never think of woman more.

SONG XXXV.

THO' cruel you ſeem to my pain,
And hate me becauſe I am true;
Yet, *Phillis*, you love a falſe ſwain,
Who has other nymphs in his view.
Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
To me what a heaven it would be!
To him but a woman you ſeem,
But ah! you're an angel to me:

Thoſe lips which he touches in haſte,
To them I for ever could grow,
Still clinging around that dear waiſt,
Which he ſpans as beſide him you go;
That arm, like a lily ſo white,
Which over his ſhoulders you lay,
My boſom could warm it all night,
My lips they would preſs it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were graces my ſubjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.
But if I muſt feel thy diſdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
O! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

SONG XXXVI.

FRom rosy bowers, where sleeps the god of love,
Hither, ye little waiting *Cupids*, fly;
Teach me, in soft melodious song, to move
With tender passion my heart's darling joy:
Ah! let the soul of music tune my voice,
To win dear *Strephon*, who my soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing
Is, to be brisk and airy,
With a step and a bound,
And a frisk from the ground,
I'll trip like any fairy:
As once on *Ida* dancing,
Were three celestial bodies,
With an air and a face,
And a shape and a grace,
Let me charm like beauty's goddess.

Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,
Death and despair must end the fatal pain;
Cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,
Falls on my breast; black winds in tempests blow:
My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow;
My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myself, or drown
Amongst the foaming billows,
Increasing all with tears I shed;
On beds of ooze and crystal pillows
Lay down my love-sick head?

No, no, I'll straight run mad,
That soon my heart will warm;
When once the sense is fled,
Love has no power to charm:
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,
My robes and locks shall thus be tore;
A thousand thousand deaths I'll die,
Ere thus in vain! ere thus in vain adore.

SONG

SONG XXXVII.

OH! lead me to ſome peaceful gloom,
Where none but ſighing lovers come,
Where the ſhrill trumpets never ſound,
But one eternal huſh goes round.

There let me ſooth my pleaſing pain,
And never think of war again;
What glory can a lover have
To conquer, yet be ſtill a ſlave?

SONG XXXVIII.

OH! lead me to ſome peaceful room,
Where none but honeſt fellows come,
Where wives loud clappers never ſound,
But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,
And never think of home again:
What comfort can a huſband have,
To rule the houſe where he's a ſlave?

SONG XXXIX.

PIous *Selinda* goes to prayers,
If I but aſk a favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this reſtraint,
Or elſe had hopes to win her;
Would ſhe cou'd make of me a ſaint,
Or I of her a ſinner.

SONG XL.

SEE, ſee, ſhe wakes, *Sabina* wakes,
And now the ſun begins to riſe;
Leſs glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give,
  But different fates ere night fulfil :
How many by his warmth will live !
  How many will her coldneſs kill !

SONG XLI.

YOung *Corydon* and *Phillis*
  Sat in a lovely grove,
Contriving crowns of lilies,
  Repeating tales of love,
And ſomething elſe, but what I dare not name.

But, as they were a-playing,
  She ogled ſo the ſwain,
It ſav'd her plainly ſaying,
  Let's kiſs to eaſe our pain, *&c.*

A thouſand times he kiſs'd her
  Upon the flow'ry green :
But as he further preſs'd her,
  A pretty leg was ſeen, *&c.*

So many beauties viewing,
  His ardour ſtill increas'd ;
And, greater joys purſuing,
  He wander'd o'er her breaſt, *&c.*

A laſt effort ſhe trying,
  His paſſion to withſtand,
Cry'd, (but 'twas faintly crying),
  Pray take away your hand, *&c.*

Young *Corydon* grown bolder,
  The minutes wou'd improve ;
This is the time, he told her,
  To ſhew how much I love, *&c.*

The nymph ſeem'd almoſt dying,
  Diſſolv'd in am'rous heat ;
She kiſs'd, and told him ſighing,
  My dear, your love is great, *&c.*

But *Phillis* did recover .
Much ſooner than the ſwain ;
She bluſhing, aſk'd her lover,
Shall we not kiſs again ? *&c.*

Thus love his revels keeping,
Till nature at a ſtand,
From talk they fell to ſleeping,
Holding each other's hand, *&c.*

SONG XLII.

SEE, ſee, my *Seraphina* comes,
Adorn'd with every grace ;
Look, gods, from your celeſtial dome,
And view her charming face.

Then ſearch, and ſee, if you can find,
In all your ſacred groves,
A nymph or goddeſs ſo divine,
As ſhe whom *Strephon* loves.

SONG XLIII.

SHE.

PRay now, *John*, let *Jug* prevail,
Doff thy ſword, and take a flail ;
Wounds and blows, and ſcorching heat,
Will abroad be all you'll get.

HE.

Zounds ! you are mad, ye ſimple jade,
Begone, and don't prate.

SHE.

How think ye I ſhall do,
With *Hob* and *Sue*,
Aud all our brats when wanting you ?

HE.

When I am rich with plunder,
Thou my gain ſhalt ſhare.

SHE.

SHE.

My ſhare will be but ſmall, I fear,
When bold dragoons have been pickering there,
And the flea-flints the *Germans* ſtrip 'em bare.

HE.

Mind your ſpinning,
Mend your linen,
Look to your cheeſe, you,
Your pigs and your geeſe too.

SHE.

No, no, I'll ramble out with you.

HE.

Blood and fire, if you tire
Thus my patience,
With vexations and narrations,
Thumping, thumping, thumping,
Is the fatal word, *Joan*.

SHE.

Do, do, I'm good at thumping too.

HE.

Morbleu! that huff ſhall never do.

SHE.

Come, come, *John*, let's buſs and be friends,
Thus ſtill, thus love's quarrel ends;
I my tongue ſometimes let run,
But, alas! I ſoon have done.

HE.

'Tis well you're quaſh'd,
You'd elſe been thraſh'd,
Sure as my name is *John*.

SHE.

Yet fain I'd know for what
You're all ſo hot,
To go to fight where nothing's got.

HE.

Fortune will prove kind,
And we ſhall then grow great.

SHE.

SHE.

Grow great!
And want both drink and meat,
And coin, unless the pamper'd *French* you beat:
Ah *John!* take care, *John!*
And learn more wit.

HE.

Dare you prate still,
At this rate still,
And, like vermin,
Grudge my preferment?

SHE.

You'll beg, or get a wooden leg.

HE.

Nay, if bawling, catterwawling,
Tittle tattle, prittle prattle,
Still must rattle;
I'll be gone, and straight aboard.

SHE.

Do, do, and so shall *Hob* and *Sue*,
Jug too, and all the ragged crew.

SONG XLIV.

HE.

SInce times are so bad, I must tell thee, sweet heart,
I'm thinking to leave off my plough and my cart,
And to the fair city a journey I'll go,
To better my fortune as other folks do,
Since some have from ditches,
And coarse leather breeches,
Been rais'd to be rulers,
And wallow'd in riches,
Pray thee, come, come, come, come from thy wheel
For if the gipsies don't lie,
I shall be a governor too ere I die.

SHE.

Ah, *Colin!* by all thy late doings I find,
With sorrow and trouble, the pride of thy mind;

Our

Our ſheep now at random diſorderly run,
And now *Sunday*'s jacket goes every day on ;
Ah ! what doſt thou, what doſt thou, what doſt
thou mean !

H E.

To make my ſhoes clean,
And foot it to court to the king and the queen,
Where, ſhewing my parts, I preferment ſhall win.

S H E.

Fie ! 'tis better for us to plough and to ſpin ;
For, as to the court, when thou happen'ſt to try,
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unleſs thou canſt buy ;
For money, the devil and all's to be found,
But no good parts minded without the good pound.

H E.

Why, then I'll take arms, and follow alarms,
Hunt honour, that now-a-days plaguily charms.

S H E.

And ſo loſe a limb by a ſhot or a blow,
And curſe thyſelf after for leaving the plow.

H E.

Suppoſe I turn gameſter ?

S H E.

So chat and be bang'd.

H E.

What think'ſt thou of the road then ?

S H E.

The high way to be hang'd.

H E.

Nice pimping howe'er yields profit for life ;
I'll help ſome fine lord to another's fine wife.

S H E.

That's dangerous too amongſt the town-crew :
For ſome of them will do the ſame thing by you ;
And then I to cuckold ye may be drawn in ;
Faith, *Colin*, 'tis better I ſit here and ſpin.

H E.

Will nothing prefer me, what think'ſt of the law ?

S H E.

Oh ! while you live, *Colin*, keep out of that paw.

HE.

I'll cant and I'll pray.

SHE.

Ah! there's nought got that way:
There's no one minds now what these black cattle say,
Let all our whole care be our farming affa..

HE.

To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees bear.

BOTH.

Ambition's a trade no contentment can show.

SHE.

So I'll to my distaff.

HE.

And I'll to my plough.

BOTH AGAIN.

Let all our whole care, &c.

SONG XLV.

HE.

WHere oxen do low,
And apple-trees grow;
Where corn is sown,
And grass is mown;
Fate, give me for life a place.

SHE.

Where hay's well cock'd,
And udders are strok'd;
Where duck and drake
Cry, quack, quack, quack;
Where turkeys lay eggs,
And swine suckle pigs;
Oh! there would I pass my days.

HE.

On nought we will feed,
But what we can breed:

SHE.

S H E.

And wear on our backs.
The wool of our flocks ;
And though linen feel
Rough, ſpun from the wheel,
'Tis cleanly tho' coarſe it comes.

H E.

Town follys and cullys,
And Mollys and Dollys,
For ever adieu, and for ever.

S H E.

And beaux, that in boxes
Lie ſmuggling their doxies,
With wigs that hang down to their bums.

H E.

Goodb'ye to the mall,
The park and canal,
St *James*'s ſquare,
And flaunters there,
The gaming-houſe too,
Where high dice and low
Are manag'd by all degrees.

S H E.

Adieu to the knight
Was bubbled laſt night,
That keeps a blowze,
And beats his ſpouſe,
And then in great haſte,
To pay what he'as loſt,
Sends home to cut down his trees.

H E.

And well fare the lad
Improves ev'ry clod,
Who ne'er ſets his hand
To bill or to bond :

S H E.

Nor barters his flocks
For wine or the pox,
To chouſe him of half his days.

But

H E.

But fiſhing and fowling,
And hunting and bowling,
His paſtime is ever and ever.

S H E.

Whoſe lips when ye buſs 'em,
Smell like the bean-bloſſom;
Oh! he 'tis ſhall have my praiſe.

H E.

To taverns, where goes
Sour apples and ſloes,
A long adieu!
And farewell too
The houſe of the great,
Whoſe cook has no meat,
And butler can't quench my thirſt.

S H E.

Farewell to the change,
Where rantipoles range;
Farewell, cold tea,
And ratafie,
Hide-park, where pride
In coaches ride,
Altho' they be choak'd with duſt.

H E.

Farewell the law-gown,
The plague of the town,
And foes of the crown,
That ſhou'd be run down:

S H E.

With city-jackdaws,
That make ſtaple laws,
To meaſure by yards and ells.

H E.

Stockjobbers and ſwobbers,
And packers and tackers,
For ever adieu, and for ever:
We know what you're doing;
And home we are going;
And ſo you may ring your bells.

SONG XLVI.

H E.

OF all comforts I miſcarried,
When I play'd the ſot and married,
'Tis a trap there's none need doubt on't;
Thoſe that are in, wou'd fain get out on't.

S H E.

Fie! my dear, pray come to bed,
That napkin take, and bind your head,
Too much drink your brains have dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

H E.

'Oons! 'tis all one if I'm up or lie down,
For as ſoon as the cock crows, I'll be gone.

S H E.

'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me;
Was I, was I made a wife to lie alone?

H E.

From your arms myſelf divorcing,
I this morn muſt ride a-courſing,
A ſport that far excels a madam,
Or all the wives have been ſince *Adam*.

S H E.

I, when thus I've loſt my due,
Muſt hug my pillow wanting you;
And whilſt you tope it all the day,
Regale in cups of harmleſs tea.

H E.

Pox, what care I! drink your ſlops till you die;
Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

S H E.

If thus parted, I'm broken-hearted;
When I, when I ſend for you, my dear, pray come.

H E.

Ere I be from rambling hind'red,
I'll renounce my ſpouſe and kindred;
To be ſober I've no leiſure,
What's a man without his pleaſure?

S H E.

SHE.

To my grief then I muſt ſee,
Strong wine and *Nantz* my rivals be;
Whilſt you carouſe it with your blades,
Poor I ſit ſtitching with my maids.

HE.

'Zounds! you may go to your goſſips, you know,
And there, if you meet with a friend, pray do.

SHE.

Go, ye joker, go, provoker,
Never, never ſhall I meet a man like you.

SONG XLVII.

PRetty parrot, ſay, when I was away,
And in dull abſence paſs'd the day,
What at home was doing?
With chat and play,
We were gay,
Night and day,
Good chear and mirth renewing;
Singing, laughing all, like pretty pretty poll.

Was no fop ſo rude, boldly to intrude,
And like a ſaucy lover wou'd
Court and teaſe my lady?
A thing you know,
Made for ſhow,
Call'd a beau,
Near her was always ready,
Ever at her call, like pretty pretty poll.

Tell me with what air he approach'd the fair,
And how ſhe cou'd with patience bear
All he did and utter'd?
He ſtill addreſs'd,
Still careſs'd,
Kiſs'd and preſs'd,
Sung, prattl'd, laugh'd, and flutter'd:
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty pretty poll.

Did he go away, at the close of day,
Or did he ever use to stay,
In a corner dodging?
The want of light,
When 'twas night,
Spoil'd my sight;
But I believe his lodging
Was within her call, like pretty pretty poll.

SONG XLVIII.

Sung by Pinkanello, *merry Andrew to* Leverigo *the Mountebank Doctor.*

HEre are people and sports,
Of all sizes and sorts,
Coach'd *damsel* and *squire*,
And *mob* in the mire,
Tarpaulins, Trugmallions,
Lords, ladies, sows babies,
And *loobies* in scores;
Some hawling, some bawling,
Some leering, some fleering,
Some loving, some shoving,
With legions of furbelow'd *whores*;
To the tavern some go,
And some to a show,
See popets for mopets,
Jack puddens for cuddens,
Rope-dancing, mares prancing,
Boats flying, *Quacks* lying,
Pick-pockets, pick-plackets,
Beasts, *Butchers* and *Beaux*,
Fops prattling, dice rattling,
Rooks shaming, *Putts* damning,
Whores painted, *Masks* tainted,
In tally-man's furbelow'd cloaths.
The mob's joys wou'd ye know,
To yon music-house go,

See

See *tailors* and *ſailors*,
Whores oily and doily,
Hear muſic makes you ſick;
Some ſkipping, ſome tripping,
Some ſmoking, ſome joking,
Like ſpiggit and tap;
Short meaſure, ſtrange pleaſure,
Thus billing and ſwilling,
Some yearly get fairly
For fairings, pig pork and a clap.

The Second Part.

SEE, Sirs, ſee here! a *doctor* rare,
Who travels much at home!
Here take my bills, they cure all ills,
Paſt, preſent, and to come;
The cramp, the ſtitch, the ſquirt, the itch,
The gout, the ſtone, the pox,
The mulligrubs, the wanton ſcrubs,
And all *Pandora*'s box:
Thouſands I've diſſected,
Thouſands new erected,
And ſuch cures effected,
As none e'er can tell:
Let the palſie ſhake ye,
Let the colic rack ye,
Let the crinkrums break ye,
Let the murrain take ye,
Take this, take this, and you are well:
Thouſands, &c.

Come, *wits* ſo keen, devour'd with ſpleen,
And beaux who've ſprain'd your backs,
Great-belly'd maids, old founder'd jades,
And pepper'd vizard cracks;
I ſoon remove the pains of love,
And cure the amorous maid,
The hot, the cold, the young, the old,
The living and the dead;

I clear the lafs with wainfcot-face,
  And from pim-ginets free
Plump ladies red like *Saracen*'s head
  With toping ratafee.
This, with a jirk, will do your work,
  And fcour you o'er and o'er;
Read, judge, and try; and if you die,
  Never believe me more.

SONG XLIX.

OH! the charming month of *May*,
  When the breezes
  Fan the trees, is
Full of bloffoms frefh and gay:
Oh! the charming month of May,
Charming, charming month of May.

Oh! what joys our profpects yield,
  When in new livery
  We fee every
Bufh and meadow, tree and field:
Oh! what joy, &c. *Charming joys*, &c.

Oh! how frefh the morning-air,
  When the *zephyrs*
  And the heifers
Their odorif'rous breath compare:
Oh! how frefh, &c. *Charming frefh*, &c.

Oh! how fweet at night to dream,
  On moffy pillows,
  By the trillows
Of a gentle purling ftream.
Oh! how fweet, &c. *Charming fweet*, &c.

Oh! how kind the country lafs,
  Who; her cow bilking,
  Leaves her milking
For a green-gown on the grafs:
Oh! how kind, &c. *Charming kind*, &c.

Oh!

Oh! how ſweet it is to ſpy,
At the concluſion,
Her deep confuſion,
Bluſhing cheeks and down-caſt eye:
Oh! how ſweet, &c. *Charming ſweet*, &c.

Oh! the charming curds and cream,
When all is over,
She gives her lover,
Who on the ſkimming-diſh carves her name.
Oh! the charming curds and cream,
Charming, charming, &c.

SONG L.

C*Upid*, god of pleaſing anguiſh,
Teach th' enamour'd ſwain to languiſh,
Teach him fierce deſires to know.
Heroes would be loſt in ſtory,
Did not love inſpire their glory,
Love does all that's great below.

SONG LI.

MY *Chloe*, why do ye ſlight me,
Since all you aſk you have?
No more with frowns affright me,
Nor uſe me like a ſlave:
Good-nature to diſcover,
Uſe well your faithful lover,
I'll be no more a rover,
But conſtant to my grave.

Could we but change conditions,
My grief would all be flown;
Were I the kind phyſician,
And you the patient grown:
All own you're wondrous pretty,
Well ſhap'd, and alſo witty,
Enforc'd with generous pity,
Then make my caſe your own.

The

The ſilver ſwan, when dying,
  Has moſt melodious lays,
Like him, when life is flying,
  In ſongs I'll end my days:
But know, thou cruel creature,
My ſoul ſhall mount the fleeter,
And I ſhall ſing the ſweeter,
  By warbling forth thy praiſe.

SONG LII.

IN this grove my *Strephon* walk'd,
  Here he lov'd, and there he talk'd;
Here he lov'd, &c.
In this place his loſs I prove,
A ſad remembrance of our love,
Oh! ſad remembrance of our love.

In this grove my *Strephon* ſtray'd,
Here he ſmil'd, and there betray'd;
Here he ſmil'd, &c.
Every whiſpering breeze can tell,
How I, poor I believing, fell;
Ah! by too ſoon believing, fell.

By this ſtream my *Strephon* mov'd,
Here he ſung, and there he lov'd;
Here he ſung, &c.
Every ſtream and every tree,
Cries out, perfidious cruel he,
And helpleſs poor forſaken ſhe.

On this bank my *Strephon* lean'd,
A lovely foe, but faithleſs friend;
A lovely foe, &c.
Ye verdant banks, each ſtream and grove,
Once joyous ſcenes, now diſmal prove,
Since *Strephon*'s falſe to me and love.

SONG LIII.

TRanſported with pleaſure,
I gaze on my treaſure,
And raviſh my ſight;
While ſhe gaily ſmiling,
My anguiſh beguiling,
Augments my delight.

How bleſs'd is a lover,
Whoſe torments are over,
His fears and his pain;
When beauty relenting,
Repays with conſenting,
Her ſcorn and diſdain.

SONG LIV.

AQuire of bright beauties
In ſpring did appear,
To chuſe a *May*-lady
To govern theyear;
All the nymphs were in white,
And the ſhepherds in green,
The garland was given,
And *Phillis* was queen.
But *Phillis* refuſed it,
And ſighing did ſay,
I'll not wear a garland,
While *Pan* is away.

While *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
Are fled from the ſhore,
The graces are baniſh'd,
And love is no more:
The ſoft god of pleaſure
That warm'd our deſires,
Has broken his bow,
And extinguiſh'd his fires;
And vows that himſelf
And his mother will mourn,
Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
In triumph return.

Forbear

Forbear your addreſſes,
  And court us no more;
For we will perform
  What the deity ſwore:
But if you dare think
  Of deſerving our charms,
Away with your ſheep-hooks,
  And take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles
  Your brows ſhall adorn,
When *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
  In triumph return.

SONG LV.

AS charming *Clara* walk'd alone,
  The feather'd ſnow came ſoftly down,
Like Jove deſcending from his tower,
To court her in a ſilver ſhower:
The ſhining flakes flew to her breaſts,
As little birds into their neſts;
But being outdone with whiteneſs there,
For grief diſſolv'd into a tear;
Thence flowing down her garment's hem,
To deck her froze into a gem.

SONG LVI.

YE beaux of pleaſure,
  Whoſe wit at leiſure,
Can count love's treaſure,
  Its joy and ſmart;
At my deſire,
With me retire,
To know what fire
  Conſumes my heart.

Three moons that haſted,
Are hardly waſted,
Since I was blaſted
  With beauty's ray:

Aurora

Aurora ſhews ye
No face ſo roſie,
No *July* poſie
So freſh and gay.

Her ſkin by nature,
No *ermin* better,
Though that fine creature
Is white as ſnow;
With blooming graces
Adorn'd her face is,
Her flowing traces
As black as ſloe.

She's tall and ſlender,
She's ſoft and tender;
Some god commend her;
My wit's too low:
'Twere joyful plunder,
To bring her under,
She's all a wonder
From top to toe.

Then ceaſe, ye ſages,
To quote dull pages,
That in all ages
Our minds are free:
Though great your ſkill is,
So ſtrong the will is,
My love for *Phillis*
Muſt ever be.

SONG LVII.

ONE evening as I lay
A-muſing in a grove,
A nymph exceeding gay
Came there to ſeek her love;
But finding not her ſwain,
She ſat her down to grieve,
And thus ſhe did complain,
How men her ſex deceive.

Believing

Believing maids, take care
  Of falſe deluding men,
Whoſe pride is to enſnare
  Each female that they can:
My perjur'd ſwain he ſwore
  A thouſand oaths, to prove
(As many have done before)
  How true he'd be to love.

Then, virgins, for my ſake,
  Ne'er truſt falſe man again;
The pleaſure we partake,
  Ne'er anſwers half the pain;
Uncertain as the ſeas,
  Is their unconſtant mind,
At once they burn or freeze,
  Still changing like the wind.

When ſhe had told her tale,
  Compaſſion ſeiz'd my heart,
And *Cupid* did prevail
  With me to take her part:
Then bowing to the fair,
  I made my kind addreſs,
And vow'd to bear a ſhare
  In her unhappineſs.

Surpris'd at firſt ſhe roſe,
  And ſtrove from me to fly:
I told her I'd diſcloſe
  For grief a remedy.
Then, with a ſmiling look,
  Said ſhe to aſſwage the ſtorm,
I doubt you've undertook
  A taſk you can't perform.

Since proof convinces beſt,
  Fair maid, believe it true,
That rage is but a jeſt,
  To what revenge can do:
Then ſerve him in his kind,
  And fit the fool again,
Such charms were ne'er deſign'd
  For ſuch a faithleſs ſwain.

I courted her with care,
  Till her ſoft ſoul gave way,
And from her breaſt ſo fair,
  Stole the ſweet heart away:
Then ſhe with ſmiles confeſs'd,
  Her mind felt no more pain,
While ſhe was thus careſs'd,
  By ſuch a lovely ſwain.

SONG LVIII.

DO not aſk me, charming *Phillis*,
  Why I lead you here alone,
By this bank of pinks and lilies,
  And of roſes newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the beauty
  Of theſe flowers that crown the ſpring;
'Tis to —— but I know my duty,
  And dare never name the thing.

'Tis at worſt but her denying,
  Why ſhou'd I thus fearful be?
Every minute, gently flying,
  Smiles and ſays, Make uſe of me.

What the ſun does to the roſes,
  While the beams play ſweetly in,
I would —— but my fear oppoſes,
  And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it;
  Aſk my eyes, or aſk your own,
And if neither can reveal it,
  Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lilies,
  Might I ſpeak what I would do,
I wou'd — with my lovely *Phillis*,
  I wou'd; I wou'd —— Ah! wou'd you.

SONG LIX.

PHillis the fairest of love's foes,
Tho' fiercer than a dragon,
Phillis that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,
What has she now to brag on ?
What has she now to brag on ?
What has she, &c.
So long she kept her limbs so close,
Till they have scarce a rag on.

Compell'd thro' want, the wretched maid
Did sad complaints begin,
Which surly *Strephon* hearing, said,
It was both shame and sin,
It was both shame and sin,
It was both, &c.
To pity such a lazy jade,
Wou'd neither kiss nor spin.

SONG LX.

WHen *Chloe* we ply,
We swear we shall die,
Her eyes do our heart so enthrall ;
But 'tis for her pelf,
And not for herself ;
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The maidens are coy,
They'll pish ! and they'll fie !
And swear, if you're rude, they will call ;
But whisper so low,
By which you may know,
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

My dear, the wives cry,
If ever you die,
To marry again I ne'er shall ;
But less than a year,
Will make it appear,
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

In

In matters of ſtate,
And party-debate,
For church and for juſtice we bawl;
But if you'll attend,
You'll find in the end,
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

SONG LXI.

The Parſon among the Peaſe.

ONE long *Whitſun* holyday,
Holyday, holyday, it was a jolly day,
Young *Ralph*, buxom *Phillida*,
Phillida, a welladay!
Met in the peaſe;

They long had community,
He lov'd her, ſhe lov'd him,
Joyful unity, nought but opportunity
Scanting was wanting,
Their boſoms to eaſe.

But now fortune's cruelty, cruelty,
You will ſee; for as they lie,
In cloſe hug, Sir *Domine*
Gemini Gomini
Chanc'd to come by,

He read prayers i' the family,
No way now to frame a lie,
They ſcar'd at old *Homily*,
Homily, *Homily*,
Both away fly.

Home, ſoon as he ſaw the ſight,
Full of ſpite, as a kite runs the recubite,
Like a noiſy *Hypocrite*,
Hypocrite, *Hypocrite*,
Miſchief to ſay;

Save he wou'd fair *Phillida*,
Phillida, *Phillida* dreſs'd that holyday;
But poor *Ralph*, ah welladay!
Welladay! welladay!
Turn'd was away.

'Ads nigs, cries Sir *Domine*
Gemini Gomini, ſhall a rogue ſtay,
To baulk me, as commonly,
Commonly, commonly,
Has been this way?

No, I ſerve the family,
They know nought to blame me by,
I read prayers and homily,
Homily, homily,
Three times a-day.

SONG LXII.

HOW happy are we,
Who from thinking are free,
That curbing diſeaſe of the mind,
Can indulge every taſte,
Love where we like beſt,
Not by dull reputation confin'd!
When we're young, fit to toy,
Gay delights we enjoy,
And have crouds of new lovers ſtill wooing;
When we're old and decay'd,
We procure for the trade,
Still in every age we are doing.

If a cully we meet,
We ſpend what we get
Every day, for the next never think;
When we die, where we go
We have no ſenſe to know,
For a bawd always dies in her drink.

SONG LXIII.

ONE *April* morn, when from the ſea
Phœbus was juſt appearing,
Damon and *Celia* young and gay,
Long ſettled love endearing,

Met

Met in a grove, to vent their ſpleen
On parents unrelenting;
He bred of *Tory*-race had been,
She of the tribe diſſenting.

Celia, whoſe eyes outſhone the god,
Newly the hills adorning,
Told him, *mamma* would be ſtark mad,
She miſſing prayers that morning;
Damon, his arm about her waiſt,
Swore, that nought ſhould them ſunder.
Shou'd my rough *dad* know how I'm bleſs'd,
'Twou'd make him roar like thunder.

Great ones made by ambition blind,
By faction ſtill ſupport it,
Or where vile money taints the mind,
They for convenience court it:
But mighty Love, that ſcorns to ſhew
Party ſhou'd raiſe his glory,
Swears he'll exalt a vaſſal true,
Let it be *Whig* or *Tory*.

SONG LXIV.

AMongſt the willows on the graſs
Where nymphs and ſhepherds lie,
Young *Willy* courted bonny *Beſs*;
And *Nell* ſtood liſt'ning by;
Says *Will*, we will not tarry
Two months before we marry.
No, no, fie no, never, never tell me ſo,
For a maid I'll live and die:
Says Nell, *ſo ſhall not I.*
Says Nell, &c.

Long time betwixt hope and deſpair,
And kiſſes mix'd between,
He with a ſong did charm her ear,
Thinking ſhe chang'd had been;
Says *Will*, I want a bleſſing,
Subſtantialer than kiſſing.

No, no, fie no, never, never tell me ſo,
For I will never change my mind.
Says Nell, *ſhe'll prove more kind.*
Says Nell, &c.

Smarting pain the virgin finds,
Altho' by nature taught,
When ſhe firſt to man inclines:
Quoth Nell, *I'll venture that.*
Oh! who wou'd loſe a treaſure,
For ſuch a puny pleaſure!
Not I, not I, no, a maid I'll live and die,
And to my vow be true.
Quoth Nell, *the more fool you.*
Quoth Nell, &c.

To my cloſet I'll repair,
And read on godly books,
Forget vain love and worldly care.
Quoth Nell, *that likely looks.*
You men are all perfidious,
But I will be religious,
Try all, fly all, and while I breathe defy all,
Your ſex I now deſpiſe.
Says Nell, *by Jove ſhe lies.*
Says Nell, &c.

SONG LXV.

S*Elinda* ſure's the brighteſt thing
That decks the earth, or breathes our air;
Mild are her looks like opening ſpring,
And like the blooming ſummer fair.

But then her wit's ſo very ſmall,
That all her charms appear to lie,
Like glaring colours on a wall,
And ſtrike no further than the eye.

Our eyes luxurioufly ſhe treats,
Our ears are abſent from the feaſt,
One ſenſe is ſurfeited with ſweets,
Starv'd and diſguſted are the reſt.

So

So have I ſeen with aſpect bright,
  And taudry pride, a tulip ſwell,
Blooming and beauteous to the ſight,
  Dull and inſipid to the ſmell.

SONG LXVI.

A Trifling ſong ye ſhall hear,
  Begun with a trifle and ended;
All trifling people draw near,
  And I ſhall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
  That lately came into the play,
The men would want ſomething to do,
  The women want ſomething to ſay.

What makes men trifle in dreſſing?
  Becauſe the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often careſſing
  That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
  The trifle of trifles to gain,
No ſooner the virgin is rifled,
  But a trifle ſhall part them again.

What mortal wou'd ever be able,
  At *Whyte*'s half a moment to ſit?
Or who is't cou'd bear a tea-table,
  Without talking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles ſecure,
  Gold keys are no trifles we ſee;
White rods are no trifles I'm ſure,
  Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
  Where trifles abundantly breed;
The levee will ſhew you, his Grace
  Makes promiſes trifles indeed!

A coach with ſix footmen behind,
  I count neither trifle nor ſin;
But, ye gods! how oft do we find
  A ſcandalous trifle within?

A flaſk of *Champaign* people think it
  A trifle, or ſomething as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
  You'll find it no trifle by Gad.

A parſon's a trifle at ſea,
  A widow's a trifle in ſorrow,
A peace is a trifle to-day,
  To break it a trifle to-morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
  Or to hide it the red may endeavour;
But if once the army is broke,
  We ſhall have more trifles than ever.

The ſtage is a trifle, they ſay,
  The reaſon pray carry along;
Becauſe that at every new play,
  The houſe they with trifles ſo throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
  And to ſet us all on a foot;
The author of this is a trifle,
  And his ſong is a trifle to boot.

SONG LXVII.

FRom grave leſſons and reſtraint,
  I'm ſtole out to revel here;
Yet I tremble and I faint,
  In the middle of the fair.

Oh! would fortune in my way
  Throw a lover kind and gay;
Now's the time he ſoon might move
  A young heart unus'd to love.

Shall

Shall I venture? No, no, no,
Shall I from the danger go?
Oh! no, no, no, no, no,
I muſt not try, I cannot fly,
I muſt not, durſt not, cannot fly.

Help me, nature, help me, art;
Why ſhould I deny my part?
If a lover will purſue;
Like the wiſeſt let me do;
I will fit him, if he's true,
If he's falſe, I'll fit him too.

SONG LXVIII.

Women and Wine.

SOme ſay women are like ſea,
Some the waves, and ſome the rocks,
Some the roſe that ſoon decays,
Some the weather, ſome the cocks;
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compar'd ſo well,
As wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
So is wine, ſo is wine,
They make the ſtateſman loſe his ſkill,
The ſoldier, lawyer, and divine;
They put a gigg in the graveſt ſcull,
And ſend their wits to gather wool;
'Tis wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your face ſo pale,
What is't that makes your looks divine,
What makes your courage riſe and fall?
Is it not women, is it not wine?
Whence proceed th' inflaming doſes,
That ſet fire to your noſes?
From wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

SONG

SONG LXIX.

WOu'd you chuſe a wife,
For a happy life?
Leave the court, and the country take,
Where *Dolly* and *Sue*,
Young *Molly* and *Prue*,
Follow *Roger* and *John*,
Whilſt harveſt goes on,
And merrily merrily rake.

Leave the *London* dames
(Be it ſpoke to their ſhames)
To lie in their beds till noon,
Then get up and ſtretch,
And paint too and patch,
Some widgeon to catch,
Then look at their watch,
And wonder they roſe up ſo ſoon.

Then coffee and tea,
Both green and bohea,
Are ſerv'd to their tables in plate,
Where tattles do run,
As ſwift as the ſun,
Of what they have won,
And who is undone,
By their gaming and ſitting up late.

The laſs give me here,
Tho' brown as my beer,
That knows how to govern her houſe,
That can milk her cow,
Or farrow her ſow,
Make butter and cheeſe,
Or gather green peaſe,
And values fine cloaths not a ſouſe.

This is the girl
Worth rubies and pearl;
A wife that will make a man rich;
We gentlemen need
No quality breed

To

To ſquander away
What taxes wou'd pay;
We care not in faith for ſuch.

SONG LXX.

YES I could love, if I could find
A miſtreſs fitted to my mind,
Whom neither gold nor pride could move,
To change her virtue or her love:

Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
Loves for myſelf, and not for mine;
Not city-proud, nor nice and coy,
But full of love, and full of joy:

Not childiſh young, nor beldame old,
Nor fiery hot, nor icy cold,
Not gravely wiſe to rule the ſtate,
Not fooliſh to be pointed at:

Not worldly rich, nor baſely poor,
Nor chaſte, nor a reputed whore:
If ſuch an one you can diſcover,
Pray, Sir, intitle me her lover.

SONG LXXI.

BLeſs'd as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while,
Softly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile.

'Twas this bereav'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd in tranſport toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt.

My boſom glow'd; the ſubtile flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

SONG LXXII.

YOU may cease to complain,
For your suit is in vain;
All attempts you can make
But augments her disdain;
She bids you give over
While 'tis in your power,
For except her esteem
She can grant you no more:
Her heart has been long since
Assaulted and won,
Her truth is as lasting
And firm as the sun;
You'll find it more easy
Your passion to cure,
Than for ever those fruitless
Endeavours endure.

You may give this advice
To the wretched and wise,
But a lover like me
Will those precepts despise;
I scorn to give over
Were it in my power;
Tho' esteem were deny'd me,
Yet her I'll adore.
A heart that's been touch'd
Will some sympathy bear,
'Twill lessen my sorrows
If she takes a share;
I'll count it more honour
In dying her slave,
Than did her affections
The steddiness crave.

You

You may tell her I'll be
  Her true lover, tho' ſhe
Should mankind deſpiſe
  Out of hatred to me;
'Tis mean to give o'er,
  'Cauſe we get no reward,
She loſt not her worth
  When I loſt her regard;
My love on an altar
  More noble ſhall burn,
I ſtill will love on
  Without hopes of return;
I'll tell her ſome other
  Has kindled the flame,
And I'll ſigh for herſelf
  In another one's name.

SONG LXXIII.

The tippling Philoſophers.

D*iogenes* furly and proud,
  Who ſnarl'd at the *Macedon* youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
  Becauſe in good wine there was truth;
But growing as poor as a *Job*,
  Unable to purchaſe a flaſk,
He choſe for his manſion a tub,
  And liv'd by the ſcent of the caſk.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny
  A bumper, to cheriſh his heart;
And when he was maudlin wou'd cry,
  Becauſe he had empty'd his quart:
Tho' ſome are ſo fooliſh to think,
  He wept at mens follies and vice,
'Twas only his cuſtom to drink,
  Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
  To tipple and cherish his soul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
  When over a good flowing bowl;
As long as his cellar was stor'd,
  The liquor he'd merrily quaff:
And when he was drunk as a lord,
  At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise *Solon*, who carefully gave
  Good laws unto *Athens* of old,
And thought the rich *Cræsus* a slave
  (Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold;
He delighted in plentiful bowls;
  But drinking much talk would decline,
Because 'twas the custom of fools,
  To prattle much over their wine.

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content,
  Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
  Or he ne'er had been counted so wise:
Late hours he most certainly lov'd,
  Made wine the delight of his life,
Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd
  Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave *Seneca*, fam'd for his parts,
  Who tutor'd the bully of *Rome*,
Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
  Which he drank like a miser at home;
And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good,
  To the last, (we may truly aver it),
He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
  So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence injoin,
  On his pupils who wisdom would seek;
Because he tippled good wine,
  Till himself was unable to speak;

And

And when he was whimſical grown,
With ſipping his plentiful bowls,
By the ſtrength of the juice in his crown,
He conceiv'd tranſmigration of ſouls.

Copernicus too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was wiſdom in wine,
And thought that a cup of the beſt
Made reaſon the brighter to ſhine;
With wine he repleniſh'd his veins,
And made his philoſophy reel;
Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Ariſtotle, that maſter of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine;
And what we aſcribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine:
His belly, moſt writers agree,
Was big as a watering-trough;
He therefore leap'd into the ſea,
Becauſe he'd have liquor enough.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd divine,
He fondly to wiſdom was prone;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits had never been known.
By wine we are generous made,
It furniſhes fancy with wings,
Without it we ne'er ſhou'd have had
Philoſophers, poets, or kings.

SONG LXXIV.

Down among the dead men.

HEre's a health to the king and a laſting peace;
May faction be damn'd, and diſcord ceaſe:
Come, let us drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death;

And he that won't with this comply,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men, let him lie.

Now a health to the queen, and may ſhe long
B' our firſt fair toaſt to grace our ſong ;
Off wi' your hats, wi' your knee on the ground,
Take off your bumpers all around ;
And he that will not drink his dry,
Down among, &c. *let him lie.*

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celeſtial joys are found ;
And may confuſion ſtill purſue
The ſenſeleſs woman-hating crew ;
And he that will this health deny,
Down among, &c. *let him lie.*

Here's thriving to trade, and the commonweal,
And patriots to their country leal ;
But who for bribes gives *Satan* his ſoul,
May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing bowl ;
And all that with ſuch rogues comply,
Down among, &c. *let them lie.*

In ſmiling *Bacchus'* joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleaſure to my ſoul ;
Let *Bacchus'* health round ſwiftly move,
For *Bacchus* is a friend to love ;
And he that does this health deny,
Down among, &c. *let him lie.*

SONG LXXV.

HE that will not merry merry be,
With a generous bowl and a toaſt,
May he in *Bridewell* be ſhut up,
And faſt bound to a poſt ;
Let him be merry merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here ;
For who can know where we ſhall go,
To be merry another year ?

He

He that will not merry merry be,
And take his glaſs in courſe,
May he b' oblig'd to drink ſmall beer,
Ne'er a penny into his purſe :
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a ſcolding wife,
To confound him with her noiſe :
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With his miſtreſs in his bed,
Let him be bury'd in the church-yard,
And me put in his ſtead :
Let him be merry, &c.

SONG LXXVI.

JOlly mortals, fill your glaſſes ;
Noble deeds are done by wine ;
Scorn the nymph and all her graces :
Who'd for love or beauty pine ?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
And a thouſand charms you'll find,
More than in *Chloe* when juſt going,
In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking.
Drank about at council-board ;
Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering ſword.

SONG LXXVII.

SInce we die by the help of good wine,
I will that a tun be my ſhrine ;
And engrave it on my tomb,

Here lies a body once ſo brave,
Who with drinking made his grave,
Who with, &c,
Since thus to die will purchaſe fame,
And leave an everlaſting name,
Since thus to die, &c.
Drink, drink away, drink, drink away,
And let us be nobly interr'd.
Drink, drink, &c.
Let miſers and ſlaves
Pop into their graves,
And rot in a dirty church-yard,
And rot in a dirty church-yard.
Let miſers, &c.

SONG LXXVIII.

B*Acchus* is a power divine;
For he no ſooner fills my head
With mighty wine,
But all my cares reſign,
And droop, and droop, and ſink down dead:
Then, then the pleaſing thoughts begin,
And I in riches flow,
At leaſt I fancy ſo;
And without thought of want I ſing,
Stretch'd on the earth, my head all around,
With flowers, weav'd into a garland, crown'd:
Then, then I begin to live,
And ſcorn what all the world can ſhow or give,
Let the brave fools that fondly think
Of honour and delight
To make a noiſe, a noiſe and fight,
Go ſeek out war whilſt I ſeek peace,
Whilſt I ſeek peace, ſeek peace and drink,
Whilſt I ſeek peace, ſeek peace and drink.
Then fill my glaſs, fill fill it high;
Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die;

But

But when bottles are rang'd,
  Make war with me,
The fighting fool ſhall ſee,
  When I am ſunk,
The difference to lie dead,
  And lie dead drunk.
The fighting fool, &c.

SONG LXXIX.

YE virgin powers, defend my heart
  From amorous looks and ſmiles;
From ſaucy love, or nicer art,
  Which moſt our ſex beguiles.

From ſighs and vows, and awful fears,
  That do to pity move;
From ſpeaking ſilence, and from tears,
  Thoſe ſprings that water love.

But if thro' paſſion I grow blind,
  Let honour be my guide;
And when frail nature ſeems inclin'd,
  There place a guard of pride.

An heart, whoſe flames are ſeen, tho' pure,
  Needs every virtue's aid;
And ſhe who thinks herſelf ſecure,
  The ſooneſt is betray'd.

SONG LXXX.

WHY ſhou'd a fooliſh marriage-vow,
  Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now,
  When paſſion is decay'd?
    We lov'd, and we lov'd
    As long as we cou'd,
  Till love was lov'd out of us both;

But

But our marriage is dead
When the pleasure is fled;
'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

If I have pleasures for a friend,
And further love in store,
What wrong has he whose joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?
'Tis a madness that he
Shou'd be jealous of me,
Or that I shou'd bar him of another;
For all we can gain,
Is to give ourselves pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

SONG LXXXI.

MY dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as these kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes she did enslave me;
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Shou'd we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding bliss;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kisses:
Angels listen when she speaks;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

SONG LXXII.

I'LL sail upon the *dog-star*,
And then pursue the morning;
I'll chase the moon till it be noon,
I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll

I'll climb the frosty mountain,
And there I'll coin the weather;
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,
And tie both ends together.

The stars pluck from their orbs too,
And croud them in my budget;
And whether I'm a roaring boy,
Let *Gresham* college judge it:

While I mount yon blue celum,
To shun the tempting gipsies;
Play at foot-ball with sun and moon,
And fright ye with eclipses.

SONG LXXXIII.

JAMES.

PRithee, *Susan*, what dost muse on,
By this doleful spring?
You are, I fear, in love, my dear;
Alas, poor thing!

SUSAN.

Truly, *Jamie*, I must blame ye,
You look so pale and wan;
I fear 'twill prove you are in love;
Alas, poor man!

JAMES.

Nay, my *Suey*; now I view ye;
Well I know your smart;
When you're alone, you sigh and groan;
Alas, poor heart!

SUSAN.

Jamie, hold; I dare be bold
To say, thy heart is stole,
And know that she as well as thee;
Alas, poor soul!

JAMES.

JAMES.

Then, my *Sue*, tell me who;
I'll give thee beads of pearl,
And eaſe thy heart of all this ſmart;
Alas, poor girl!

SUSAN.

Jamie, no, if you ſhou'd know,
I fear 'twou'd make you ſad,
And pine away both night and day;
Alas, poor lad!

JAMES.

Why then, my *Sue*, it is for you,
That I burn in theſe flames.
And when I die, I know you'll cry,
Alas, poor *James!*

SUSAN.

Say you ſo, then, *Jamie*, know,
If you ſhou'd prove untrue,
Then muſt I likewiſe cry,
Alas, poor *Sue!*

Quoth he, then join thy hand with mine,
And we will wed to-day.
I do agree, here 'tis, quoth ſhe,
Come, let's away.

SONG LXXXIV.

WHen, lovely *Phillis*, thou art kind,
Nought but raptures fills my mind:
'Tis then I think thee ſo divine,
T' excel the mighty power of wine:
But when thou inſult'ſt, and laugh'ſt at my pain,
I waſh thee away with ſparkling *champaign*;
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the power of another.

When

When pity in thy looks I ſee,
I freely quit my friends for thee;
Perſuaſive love ſo charms me then,
My freedom I'd not wiſh again.
But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my care,
Then ſtraight with a bumper I baniſh deſpair;
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the power of another.

SONG LXXXV.

YOU that love mirth, attend to my ſong,
A moment you never can better employ;
Sawny and *Teague* were trudging along,
A bonny *Scots* lad, and an *Iriſh* dear-ſhoy;
They neither before had ſeen a wind-mill,
Nor had they heard ever of any ſuch name;
As they were a-walking,
And merrily talking,
At laſt, by mere chance, to a wind-mill they came.

Haha! cries *Sawny*, What do ye ca' that?
To tell the right name o't I am at a loſs,
Teague very readily anſwer'd the *Scot*,
Indeed I believe itſh Shaint *Patrick*'s croſs.
Says *Sawny*, ye'll find yourſell meikle miſtaken,
For it is Saint *Andrew*'s croſs, I can ſwear;
For there is his bonnet,
And tartans hang on it,
The plaid and the trews our apoſtle did wear.

Nay, o' my ſhoul joy, thou telleſht all lees,
For that I will ſhwear is Shaint *Patrick*'s coat;
I ſhee't him in *Ireland* buying the frieze,
And that I am ſhure iſh the ſhame that he bought;
And he iſh a ſhaint much better than ever
Made either the covenantſh ſholemn or league:
For o' my ſhalwaſhion,
He was my relaſhion,
And had a great kindneſh for honeſt poor *Teague*.

Wherefore,

Wherefore, ſays *Teague*, I will, by my ſhoul,
Lay down my napſhack, and take out my beads,
And under this holy croſs feet I will fall,
And ſhay *Pater Noſhter*, and ſome of our creeds.
So *Teague* began with humble devotion,
To kneel down before St *Patrick*'s croſs;
The wind fell a-blowing,
And ſet it a-going,
And gave our dear-ſhoy a terrible toſs.

Sawny tehee'd, to ſee how poor *Teague*
Lay ſcratching his ears, and roll on the graſs,
Swearing, it was ſurely the de'il's whirlygig,
And none (he roar'd out) of St *Patrick*'s croſs;
But iſh it indeed, cries he in a paſſion,
The croſs of our ſhaint that has croſht me ſo ſore?
Upo' my ſalwaſhion,
This ſhall be a cawſhion,
To truſt to St *Patrick*'s kindneſs no more.

Sawny to *Teague* then merrily cry'd,
This patron of yours is a very ſad loun,
To hit you ſic a fair thump on the hide,
For kneeling before him, and ſeeking a boon:
Let me adviſe you to ſerve our St *Andrew*,
He, by my ſaul, was a ſpecial gude man:
For ſince your St *Patrick*
Has ſerv'd you ſic a trick,
I'd ſee him hung up ere I ſerv'd him again.

SONG LXXXVI.

MAY the ambitious ever find
Succeſs in crouds and noiſe,
While gentle love does fill my mind
With ſilent real joys.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
And all the world think them wiſe,
While I lie at my *Nanny*'s feet,
And all the world deſpiſe.

Let

Let conquering kings new triumphs raiſe,
And melt in court-delights:
Her eyes can give much brighter days,
Her arms much ſofter nights.

SONG LXXXVII.

CÆlia, too late you wou'd repent;
The offering all your ſtore,
Is now but like a pardon ſent,
To one that's dead before.

While at the firſt you cruel prov'd,
And grant the bliſs too late,
You hind'red me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When firſt my court I made;
But when your falſehoods plain appear,
My love no longer ſtay'd.

Your bounty of theſe favours ſhown,
Whoſe worth you firſt deface,
Is melting valu'd medals down,
And giving us the braſs.

O! ſince the thing we beg's a toy,
That's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy,
Before the love is gone?

SONG LXXXVIII.

YES, all the world will ſure agree,
He who's ſecur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely bleſt;
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been ſo long
My *queen*, my *ſlave* at laſt.

Nor ought these things to be confin'd
That were for public good design'd:
  Cou'd we, in foolish pride,
Make the sun always with us stay,
'Twou'd burn our corn and grass away,
  To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting, fright
Two souls which passion does unite;
  For while our love does last,
Neither will strive to go away,
And why the devil should we stay,
  When once that love is past?

SONG LXXXIX.

MY goddess *Lydia*, heavenly fair,
  As lily sweet, as soft as air,
Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
And to my love give fresh alarms.

O! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
Tho' sacred lightning from them flies;
Shew me that soft, that modest grace,
Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me *ambrosia* in a kiss,
That I may rival *Jove* in bliss,
That I may mix my soul with thine,
And make the pleasure all divine.

O! hide thy bosom's killing white,
(The milky way is not so bright);
Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart the vital bood?
Thou art all over endless charms;
O! take me dying to thy arms.

SONG XC.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know;
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the ſhaft from *Cupid*'s bow.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,
'Tis madneſs all in me to grieve;
Since her will is not her own,
Why ſhould I uneaſy live?

If I for *Zelinda* die,
Deaf to poor *Miſella*'s cries,
Aſk not me the reaſon why,
Seek the riddle in the ſkies.

SONG XCI.

HArk how the trumpet ſounds to battle,
Hark how the thund'ring cannons rattle;
Cruel ambition now calls me away,
While I have ten thouſand ſoft things to ſay,
While honour alarms me,
Young *Cupid* diſarms me,
And *Celia* ſo charms me,
I cannot away.

Hark again, honour calls me to arms,
Hark how the trumpet ſweetly charms:
Celia no more then muſt be obey'd,
Cannons are roaring and enſigns diſplay'd:
The thoughts of promotion
Inſpire ſuch a notion
Of *Celia*'s devotion,
I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celeſtial powers,
Ye gods, bleſs the nymph with happy ſoft hours:
O may ſhe ever to love me incline,
Such lovely perfections I cannot reſign;

Firm conſtancy grant her,
My true love ſhall haunt her,
My ſoul cannot want her,
She's all ſo divine.

SONG XCII.

SHall I, waſting in deſpair,
Die becauſe a woman's fair?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
'Cauſe another's roſy are?
Be ſhe fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in *May*;
Yet if ſhe think not well of me,
What care I how fair ſhe be?

Shall a woman's goodneſs move
Me to periſh for her love;
Or, her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be ſhe with that goodneſs bleſt,
As may merit name the beſt;
Yet if ſhe be not ſuch to me,
What care I how good ſhe be?

Be ſhe good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more deſpair;
If ſhe love me, this believe,
I will die ere ſhe ſhall grieve;
If ſhe ſlight me when I woo,
I will ſcorn and let her go:
So if ſhe be not fit for me,
What care I for whom ſhe be?

SONG XCIII.

AS the ſnow in valleys lying,
Phœbus his warm beams applying,
Soon diſſolves and runs away;
So the beauties, ſo the graces,
Of the moſt bewitching faces,
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,
Is despis'd, and is upbraided,
By the slaves he once control'd;
So the nymph if none cou'd move her,
Is contemn'd by every lover,
When her charms are growing old.

Melancholic looks and whining,
Grieving, quarrelling, and pining,
Are th' effects your rigours move:
Soft caresses, am'rous glances,
Melting sighs, transporting trances,
Are the bless'd effects of love.

Fair ones! while your beauty's blooming,
Employ time, lest age resuming
What your youth profusely lends;
You are robb'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old stories
To your unbelieving friends.

SONG XCIV.

FAir *Amoret* is gone astray,
Pursue, and seek her, ev'ry lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wand'ring shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;
Careless she is, with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

SONG XCV.

D*Amon*, if you will believe me,
'Tis not ſighing round the plain,
Song nor ſonnet can relieve ye;
Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occaſion,
And be maſter of the field:
To a powerful kind invaſion,
'Twere a madneſs not to yield.

Tho' ſhe vows ſhe'll ne'er permit ye,
Cries you're rude and much to blame,
And with tears implores your pity;
Be not merciful for ſhame.

When the fierce aſſault is over,
Chloris time enough will find,
This her cruel furious lover,
Much more gentle, not ſo kind.

SONG XCVI.

IF ſhe be not kind as fair,
But peeviſh and unhandy,
Leave her, ſhe's only worth the care
Of ſome ſpruce jack a-dandy.

I would not have thee ſuch an aſs,
Hadſt thou ne'er ſo much leiſure,
To ſigh and whine for ſuch a laſs,
Whoſe pride's above her pleaſure.

SONG XCVII.

HE.

AWake, thou faireſt thing in nature,
How can you ſleep when day does break?
How can you ſleep, my charming creature,
When half a world for you are awake?

SHE.

SHE.

What ſwain is this that ſings ſo early,
Under my window by the dawn?

HE.

'Tis one, dear nymph, that loves you dearly,
Therefore in pity eaſe my pain.

SHE.

Softly, elſe you'll wake my mother,
No tales of love ſhe lets me hear;
Go tell your paſſion to ſome other,
Or whiſper't ſoftly in my ear.

HE.

How can you bid me love another,
Or rob me of your beauteous charms?
'Tis time you were wean'd from your mother,
You're fitter for a lover's arms,

SONG XCVIII.

IN ſpite of love at length I've found
A miſtreſs that can pleaſe me,
Her humour free and unconfin'd,
Both night and day ſhe'll eaſe me.
No jealous thoughts diſturb my mind,
Tho' ſhe's enjoy'd by all mankind;
Then drink and never ſpare it,
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

If you, thro' all her naked charms,
Her little mouth diſcover,
Then take her bluſhing to your arms,
And uſe her like a lover;
Such liquor ſhe'll diſtil from thence,
As will tranſport your raviſh'd ſenſe;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it.
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

But beſt of all! ſhe has no tongue,
Submiſſive ſhe obeys me,
She's fully better old than young,
And ſtill to ſmiling ſways me;

Her

Her ſkin is ſmooth, complexion black,
And has a moſt delicious ſmack;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*,

If you her excellence would taſte,
Be ſure you uſe her kind, Sir,
Clap your hands about her waiſt,
And raiſe her up behind, Sir;
As for her bottom, never doubt,
Puſh but home, and you'll find it out;
Then drink and never ſpare it,
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

SONG XCIX.

O Surpriſing lovely fair!
Who with *Chloe* can compare?
Sure ſhe's form'd for beauty's queen,
Her wit, her ſhape, her grace, her mien,
By far excels all nymphs I've ſeen;
No mortal eye
Can view her nigh,
Too exquiſite for human ſight to ſee:
Tho' ſhe ne'er may be kind,
Nor for me e'er deſign'd,
Yet I love, I love, I love,
The charming ſhe.

SONG C.

WHen bright *Aurelia* tript the plain,
How chearful then were ſeen,
The looks of every jolly ſwain,
That ſtrove *Aurelia*'s heart to gain,
With gambols on the green?

Their ſports were innocent and gay,
Mix'd with a manly air;
They'd ſing and dance, and pipe and play,
Each ſtrove to pleaſe, ſome different way,
This dear inchanting fair.

The

The ambitious ſtrife ſhe did admire,
And equally approve,
Till *Phaon*'s tuneful voice and lyre,
Which ſofteſt muſic did inſpire
Her ſoul to generous love.

Their wonted ſports the reſt declin'd,
Their arts prov'd all in vain;
Aurelia's conſtant now they find,
The more they languiſh and repin'd,
The more ſhe loves the *ſwain*.

SONG CI.

AWay, you rover,
For ſhame give over,
You play the lover
So like an aſs;
You are for ſtorming,
You think you're charming,
Your faint performing,
We read in your face.

SONG CII.

HE who for ever
Wou'd hope for favour,
He muſt endeavour
To charm the fair:
He dances, he dances,
He da -- a -- a -- a -- a -- ances,
He ſighs, and glances,
He makes advances,
He ſings, and dances,
And mends his air.

SONG

SONG CIII.

GO, go, go, go, falſeſt of thy ſex, be gone,
Leave, leave, ah leave me, leave me to myſelf alone!
Why would you ſtrive by fond pretence,
Thus to deſtroy my innocence?
Go, go, &c. —— *leave, leave,* &c.

Young *Celia*, you too late betray'd,
Then thus you did the nymph upbraid,
" Love, like a dream uſher'd by night,
" Flies the approach of morning-light."
Go, go, &c. —— *leave, leave,* &c.

She that believes man when he ſwears,
Or leaſt regards his oaths and prayers,
May ſhe, fond ſhe, be moſt accurſt;
Nay more, be ſubject to his luſt.
Go, go, &c. —— *leave, leave,* &c.

SONG CIV.

BElinda, with affected mien,
Tries all the power of art;
Yet finds her efforts all in vain,
To gain a ſingle heart:
Whilſt *Chloe*, in a different way,
Is but herſelf, to pleaſe,
And makes new conqueſts every day,
Without one borrow'd grace.

Belinda's haughty air deſtroys
What native charms inſpire;
While *Chloe*'s artleſs ſhining eyes
Set all the world on fire:
Belinda may our pity move;
But *Chloe* gives us pain,
And while ſhe ſmiles us into love,
Her ſiſter frowns in vain.

SONG

SONG CV.

ON a bank of flowers,
In a ſummer-day,
Inviting and undreſs'd,
In her bloom of youth,
Fair *Celia* lay,
With love and ſleep oppreſs'd;
When a youthful ſwain,
With admiring eyes,
Wiſh'd that he durſt
The ſweet maid ſurpriſe;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
But fear'd approaching ſpies.

As he gaz'd,
A gentle *zephyr* aroſe,
That fann'd her robes aſide:
And the ſleeping nymph
Did the charms diſcloſe,
Which waking ſhe would hide:
Then his breath grew ſhort,
And his pulſe beat high,
He long'd to touch
What he chanc'd to ſpy;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
But durſt not ſtill draw nigh.

All amaz'd he ſtood,
With her beauties fir'd,
And bleſs'd the courteous wind;
Then in whiſpers ſigh'd,
And the gods deſir'd,
That *Celia* might be kind:
When with hopes grown bold,
He advanc'd amain;
But ſhe laugh'd loud
In a dream, and again,
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
Repell'd the timorous ſwain.

Yet

Yet the amorous youth,
To relieve his ſoft pain,
The ſlumb'ring maid careſs'd;
And with trembling hand
(O ſimple poor ſwain!)
Her glowing boſom preſs'd:
When the virgin awak'd,
And affrighted flew,
Yet look'd as wiſhing
He wou'd purſue:
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
But *Damon* miſs'd his cue.

Now, now repenting,
That he had let her fly,
Himſelf he thus accus'd,
What a dull and a ſtupid
Blockhead was I,
That ſuch a chance abus'd?
To my ſhame 'twill now
On the plains be ſaid,
Damon a virgin
Aſleep betray'd,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
And let her go a maid.

SONG CVI.

WHile ſilently I lov'd, nor dar'd
To tell my crime aloud,
The influence of your ſmiles I ſhar'd,
In common with the croud.

But when I once my flames expreſt,
In hopes to eaſe my pain,
You ſingl'd me out from all the reſt,
The mark of your diſdain.

If thus, *Corinna*, you ſhall frown
On all that I adore,
Then all mankind muſt be undone,
Or you muſt ſmile no more.

SONG

SONG CVII.

OH! happy, happy grove,
Witness of our tender love;
Oh! happy, happy shade,
Where first our vows were made:
Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,
Looks would charm a *Jove*;
A thousand pretty things she said,
And all —— and all was love.
But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,
And forsakes the shady groves;
When I speak of mutual joys,
She knows not what I mean;
Wanton glances, fond caresses
Now no more are seen,
Since the false deluding fair
Has left the flow'ry green:
Mourn, ye nymphs, that sporting play'd,
Where poor *Strephon* was betray'd;
There the secret wound she gave,
When I was made her slave.

SONG CVIII.

THE sages of old,
In prophecy told
The cause of a nation's undoing;
But our new *English* breed
No prophecies need,
For each one here seeks his own ruin.

With grumbling and jars,
We promote civil wars,
And preach up false tenets to many;
We snarl and we bite,
We rail and we fight
For religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,
That's true to his friend,
And the church and the senate would settle;

Who delights not in blood,
But draws when he ſhou'd,
And bravely ſtands brunt to the battle.

Who rails not at kings,
Nor politic things,
Nor treaſon will ſpeak when he's mellow;
But takes a full glaſs,
To his country's ſucceſs:
This, this is an honeſt brave fellow.

SONG CIX.

WE all to conquering beauty bow,
Its pleaſing power admire;
But I ne'er knew a face till now
That cou'd like yours inſpire:
Now I may ſay I met with one
Amazes all mankind;
And, like men gazing on the ſun,
With too much light am blind.

Soft, as the tender moving ſighs,
When longing lovers meet,
Like the divining prophets, wiſe;
Like new-blown roſes, ſweet;
Modeſt, yet gay; reſerv'd, yet free;
Each happy night a bride;
A mien like awful majeſty,
And yet no ſpark of pride.

The patriarch, to win a wife,
Chaſte, beautiful, and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long:
Ah! were you to reward ſuch care,
And life ſo long would ſtay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
Would ſeem but as one day.

SONG

SONG CX.

PRithee, *Billy*, be'nt ſo ſilly,
Thus to waſte thy days in grief;
You ſay, *Betty* will not let ye;
But can ſorrow bring relief?

Leave repining, ceaſe your whining;
Pox on torment, tears, and wo:
If ſhe's tender, ſhe'll ſurrender;
If ſhe's tough, — e'en let her go.

SONG CXI.

KIndly, kindly, thus my treaſure,
Ever love me, ever charm;
Let the paſſion know no meaſure,
Yet no jealous fear alarm.

Why ſhou'd we, our bliſs beguiling,
By dull doubting fall at odds?
Meet my ſoft embraces ſmiling,
We'll be happy as the gods.

SONG CXII.

A Sour reformation
Crawls out thro' the nation,
While dunder head-ſages
Who hope for good wages,
Direct us the way.
Ye ſons of the muſes,
Then cloak your abuſes;
And leſt you ſhou'd trample
On pious example,
Obſerve and obey.
Time-frenzy curers,
And ſtubborn nonjurors,
For want of diverſion,
Now ſcourge the lewd times:

They've hinted, they've printed,
Our vein it profane is,
And worſt of all crimes;
The clod-pated railers,
Smiths, coblers, and *colliers*,
Have damn'd all our rhymes.

Under the notion
Of zeal for devotion,
The humour has fir'd 'em,
And malice inſpir'd 'em,
To tutor the age:
But if in ſeaſon,
You'd know the true reaſon;
The hopes of preferment,
Is what makes the vermin
Now rail at the ſtage.
Cuckolds and canters,
With ſcruples and banters,
Old *Oliver*'s peal,
Againſt poetry ring:
But let ſtate-revolvers,
And treaſon-abſolvers,
Excuſe, if I ſing,
The rebel that chuſes
To cry down the muſes,
Wou'd cry down the king.

The End of the THIRD VOLUME.

A

COLLECTION

OF

CHOICE SONGS.

Anna with an angel's air,
Sweet her notes, her face as fair,
Vassals and kings
Feel, when she sings,
Charms of warbling beauty near.

VOLUME IV.

Ettrick Banks.

I.

ON *Ettrick* banks, in a summer's night,
At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie braw and tight,
Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily-neck,
And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fou lang;
My words they were na mony, feck.

II.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
To the highland hills, the *Earse* to learn?
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,
When ye come to the brigg of *Earn*.

At *Leith* auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the *Broomy Law*;
Chear up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

III.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when you sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes and play a spring:
And thus the weary night will end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

IV.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my summer-shield.
Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

The Birks of Invermay.

I.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, *Amanda*, timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day.
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

II.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade:

Our

Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu, the birks of *Invermay*.

III.

The laverocks now and lintwhite sing,
The rocks around with echoes ring;
The mavis and the blackbird vie,
In tuneful strains to glad the day;
The woods now wear their summer-suits;
To mirth all nature now invites:
Let us be blythsome then and gay
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

IV.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of *Invermay*.

V.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

HERO and LEANDER.

An old BALLAD.

L*Eander* on the bay
Of *Hellespont* all naked stood,
Impatient of delay,
He leap'd into the fatal flood;

The

The raging ſeas,
Whom none can pleaſe,
'Gainſt him their malice ſhow;
The heavens lour'd,
The rain down pour'd,
And loud the winds did blow.

II.

Then caſting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain:
Ye cruel rocks, and ſkies!
Ye ſtormy winds, and angry main!
What 'tis to miſs
The lover's bliſs,
Alas! ye do not know;
Make me your wreck
As I come back,
But ſpare me as I go.

III.

Lo! yonder ſtands the tower
Where my beloved *Hero* lies,
And this is the appointed hour
Which ſets to watch her longing eyes.
To his fond ſuit
The gods were mute;
The billows anſwer, No:
Up to the ſkies
The ſurges riſe,
But ſunk the youth as low.

IV.

Mean while the wiſhing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,
Now does his ſtay upbraid;
Now dreads he ſhou'd the paſſage prove:
O fate! ſaid ſhe,
Nor heaven, nor thee,
Our vows ſhall e'er divide.
I'd leap this wall,
Cou'd I but fall
By my *Leander*'s ſide.

At

V.

At length the rising sun
Did to her sight reveal, too late,
That *Hero* was undone;
Not by *Leander*'s fault, but fate.
Said she, I'll shew,
Tho' we are two,
Our loves were ever one:
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor shall he die alone.

VI.

Down from the wall she leapt
Into the raging seas to him,
Courting each wave she met,
To teach her weary'd arms to swim;
The sea-gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's side.
When join'd at last,
She grasp'd him fast,
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

Rare WILLY drown'd in YARROW.

I.

Willy's rare, and *Willy*'s fair,
And *Willy*'s wondrous bonny;
And *Willy* height to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

II.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter-night
I lie twin'd of my marrow.

III.

O came you by yon water-side,
Pou'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw you my sweet *Willy*?

She ſought him eaſt, ſhe ſought him weſt,
  She ſought him braid and narrow;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig
  She found him drown'd in *Yarrow*.

The King and the Miller.

I.

HOW happy a ſtate does the miller poſſeſs!
  Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be leſs;
On his mill and himſelf he depends for ſupport,
  Which is better than ſervilely cringing at court.
What tho' he all duſty and whiten'd does go?
  The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau;
A *clown* in his *dreſs* may be honeſter far,
  Than a *courtier* who ſtruts in his *garter* and *ſtar*.

II.

Tho' his hands are ſo daub'd, they're not fit to be ſeen,
  The hands of his *betters* are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
  Gold in handling will ſtick to the fingers like meal.
What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
  He cribs without ſcruple from other mens ſacks;
In this of right noble example he brags,
  Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

III.

Or ſhou'd he endeavour to heap an eſtate,
  In this too he mimicks the *tools* of the ſtate,
Whoſe aim is alone their coffers to fill,
  And all his concern's to bring griſt to his mill;
He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
  And down when he's weary contented does lie,
Then riſes up chearful to work and to ſing:
  If ſo happy a *miller*, then who'd be a *king*?

Tamo

Tamo Tanto.

I.

SO much I love thee, O my treaſure!
That my flame no bound does know:
Oh! look upon your ſwain with pleaſure,
For his pain ſome pity ſhow.

II.

Oh! my charmer, tho' I leave you,
Yet my heart with you remains;
Let not then my abſence grieve you,
Since with pride I wear your chains.

The beautiful Singer.

I.

SInging charms the bleſs'd above,
Angels ſing, and ſaints approve;
All we below
Of heaven can ſhow,
Is that they both ſing and love.

II.

Anna with an angel's air,
Sweet her notes, her face as fair:
Vaſſals and kings
Feel, when ſhe ſings,
Charms of warbling beauty near.

III.

Savage nature conquer'd lies,
All is wonder and ſurpriſe;
Souls expiring,
Hearts a-firing,
By her charming notes and eyes.

IV.

Let the violin and harp
Hang and moulder till they warp;
Let the flute and lyre
In duſt expire,
Shatter'd by a vocal *ſharp*.

Sweet

Sweet WILLIAM's Ghost.

I.

THere came a ghost to *Marg'ret*'s door,
With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirled at the pin,
But answer made she none.

II.

Is that my father *Philip*,
Or is't my brother *John*?
Or is't my true love *Willy*
From *Scotland* new come home?

III.

'Tis not thy father *Philip*,
Nor yet thy brother *John*;
But 'tis thy true love *Willy*
From *Scotland* new come home.

IV.

O sweet *Marg'ret!* O dear *Marg'ret!*
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, *Marg'ret*,
As I gave it to thee.

V.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin.

VI.

If I shou'd come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And shou'd I kiss thy rosy lips,
Thy days will not be lang.

VII.

O sweet *Marg'ret!* &c. *as 4th stanza.*

VIII.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring.

My

IX.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
  Afar beyond the ſea;
And it is but my ſpirit, *Marg'ret*,
  That's now ſpeaking to thee.

X.

She ſtretch'd out her lily-white hand,
  And for to do her beſt,
Hae there's your faith and troth, *Willy*,
  God ſend your ſoul good reſt.

XI.

Now ſhe has kilted her robes of green
  A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter-night
  The dead corpſe follow'd ſhe.

XII.

Is there any room at your head, *Willy*?
  Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your ſide, *Willy*,
  Wherein that I may creep?

XIII.

There's no room at my head, *Marg'ret*;
  There's no room at my feet;
There's no room at my ſide, *Mar'gret*,
  My coffin's made ſo meet.

XIV.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
  And up then crew the gray,
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear *Marg'ret*,
  That you were going away.

XV.

No more the ghoſt to *Marg'ret* ſaid,
  But with a grievous groan,
Evaniſh'd in a cloud of miſt,
  And left her all alone.

XVI.

O ſtay, my only true love, ſtay,
  The conſtant *Marg'ret* cry'd;
Wan grew her cheeks, ſhe clos'd her een,
  Stretch'd her ſoft limbs, and dy'd.

Great Lamentation for the Loſs of ſweet SENISINO.

I.

AS muſing I rang'd in the meads all alone,
A beautiful creature was making her moan;
Oh! the tears they did trickle full faſt from her eyes:
She pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cries.
Oh! the tears, &c.

II.

I gently requeſted the cauſe of her moan,
She told me, her ſweet *Seniſino* was flown;
And in that ſad poſture ſhe'd ever remain,
Unleſs the dear charmer wou'd come back again.
And in, &c.

III.

Why, who is this mortal ſo cruel, ſaid I,
That draws ſuch a ſtream from ſo lovely an eye!
To beauty ſo blooming what man can be blind!
To paſſion ſo tender what monſter unkind!
To beauty, &c.

IV.

'Tis neither for man, nor for woman, ſaid ſhe,
That thus, in lamenting, I water the lee,
My warbler celeſtial, ſweet darling of fame,
Is a ſhadow of ſomething, a ſex without name.
My warbler celeſtial, &c.

V.

Perhaps, 'tis ſome linnet, ſome blackbird, ſaid I,
Perhaps 'tis your lark that has ſoar'd to the ſky;
Come dry up your tears, and abandon your grief,
I'll bring you another to give you relief.
Come dry, &c.

VI.

No linnet, no blackbird, no ſky-lark, ſaid ſhe,
But one much more tuneful by far than all three;
My ſweet *Seniſino*, for whom I now cry,
Is ſweeter than all the wing'd ſongſters that fly.
My ſweet, &c.

Adieu,

VII.

Adieu, *Farinelli*, *Cuzzoni* likewiſe,
Whom ſtars and whom garters extol to the ſkies;
Adieu to the opera, adieu to the ball,
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.
Adieu, &c.

The Virgin's Prayer.

I.

C*Upid*, eaſe a love-ſick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid:
With equal ardour wound the ſwain:
Beauty ſhould never ſigh in vain.

II.

Let him feel the pleaſing ſmart,
Drive thy arrows through his heart;
When one you wound, you then deſtroy;
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

Ungrateful Nanny.

I.

DID ever ſwain a nymph adore,
As I ungrateful *Nanny* do?
Was ever ſhepherd's heart ſo ſore,
Or ever broken heart ſo true?
My cheeks are ſwell'd with tears, but ſhe
Has never wet a cheek for me.

II.

If *Nanny* call'd, did e'er I ſtay,
Or linger when ſhe bid me run?
She only had the word to ſay,
And all ſhe wiſh'd was quickly done.
I always think of her, but ſhe
Does ne'er beſtow a thought on me.

III.

To let her cows my clover taſte,
Have I not roſe by break of day?
Did ever *Nanny*'s heifers faſt,
If *Robin* in his barn had hay?
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

IV.

If ever *Nanny* loſt a ſheep,
I chearfully did give her two;
And I her lambs did ſafely keep
Within my folds in froſt and ſnow:
Have they not there from cold been free?
But *Nanny* ſtill is cold to me.

V.

When *Nanny* to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home:
Her corn I carried to the mill;
My back did bear the ſack, but ſhe
Will never bear a ſight of me.

VI.

To *Nanny*'s poultry oats I gave,
I'm ſure they always had the beſt;
Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of peaſe at leaſt.
Her little pigeons kiſs, but ſhe
Will never take a kiſs from me.

VII.

Muſt *Robin* always *Nanny* woo,
And *Nanny* ſtill on *Robin* frown?
Alas! poor wretch! what ſhall I do,
If *Nanny* does not love me ſoon!
If no relief to me ſhe'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron-ſtring.

The

The Scullion's Complaint.

BY the ſide of a great kitchen-fire,
A ſcullion ſo hungry was laid,
A pudding was all his deſire;
A kettle ſupported his head.
The hogs that were fed by the houſe,
To his ſighs with a grunt did reply;
And the gutter that car'd not a louſe,
Ran mournfully muddily by.

II.

But when it was ſet in a diſh,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd,
My mouth it does water, and wiſh,
I think it had better been fry'd.
The butter around it was ſpread,
'Twas as great as a prince in his chair:
Oh! might I but eat it, he ſaid,
The proof of the pudding lies there.

III.

How fooliſh was I to believe,
It was made for ſo homely a clown;
Or that it would have a reprieve
From the dainty fine folks of the town?
Could I think that a pudding ſo fine
Would ever uneaten remove?
We labour that others may dine,
And live in a kitchen on love.

IV.

What tho' at the fire I have wrought
Where puddings we broil and we fry,
Tho' part of it hither be brought,
And none of it ever ſet by?
Ah *Colin!* thou muſt not be firſt,
Thy knife and thy trencher reſign;
There's *Marg'ret* will eat till ſhe burſt,
And her turn is ſooner than mine.

V.

And you, my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me ſo pale,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear at a pudding to rail,
Tho' I ſhou'd through all the rooms rove,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to go;
'Tis its fate to be oſten above,
'Tis mine ſtill to want it below.

VI.

If while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In your breaſts any pity be found,
Ye ſervants that earlieſt dine,
Come ſee how I lie on the ground:
Then hang up a pan and a pot,
And ſorrow to ſee how I dwell;
And ſay, when you grieve at my lot,
Poor *Colin* lov'd pudding too well.

VII.

Then back to your meat you may go,
Which you ſet in your diſhes ſo prim,
Where ſauce in the middle does flow,
And flowers are ſtrew'd round the brim:
Whilſt *Colin*, forgotten and gone,
By the hedges ſhall diſmally rove,
Unleſs when he ſees the round moon,
He thinks on a pudding above.*

The Hunter's Song.

WHen betimes on the morn to the fields we repair,
We range where the chace may be ſeated;
At the ſound of the horn all diſturbance and care
Flies away from the din as defeated.

* See the excellent original, above, *p.* 242. of which this is the burleſque.

Then

II.

Then *Jouler* did roar, hearing *Tolier* before,
Brave music makes *Sweet-lips* and *Mally*,
At the sound of the noise the hunters rejoice,
And the squat makes the ratches to rally.

III.

Then casting about, we find her anew,
And we raise then a haloo to chear them;
The echoes around from the mountains resound,
Rejoicing all hearts that do hear them.

IV.

And when she turns weak, and her life's at the stake,
We take care to make her a seizure;
And soon as we kill, we recover at will,
And home we return at our leisure.

V.

And when we come home, our kind loving dames
With the best of good chear can provide us;
Good liquors abound, and healths go round,
Till nothing that's bad can betide us.

VI.

Then we rise in a ring, we dance and we sing,
Having enough of our own, none to borrow:
Can the court of a king yield a pleasanter thing?
We're the same just to-day as to-morrow.

The jolly Bender.

I.

BAcchus must now his power resign,
I am the only god of wine;
It is not fit that wretch shou'd be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

II.

Make a new world, ye powers divine,
Stock it with nothing else but wine:
Let wine the only product be,
Let wine be earth, be air and sea,
And let that wine be all for me.

Let

III.

Let wretched mortals vainly wear
A tedious life in anxious care,
Let the ambitious toil and think,
Let ſtates and empires ſwim or ſink,
My ſoul's ambition is to drink.

The Hay-maker's Song.

COme, neighbours, now we've made our hay,
The ſun in haſte
Drives to the weſt,
With ſports, with ſports conclude the day;
Let every man chuſe out his laſs,
And then ſalute her on the graſs;
And when you find
She's coming kind,
Let not that moment paſs;
Then we'll toſs off our bowls,
To true love and honour,
To all kind loving girls,
And the lord of the manor.

II.

At night when round the hall we ſit,
With good brown bowls
To chear our ſouls,
And raiſe, and raiſe a merry chat:
When blood grows warm, and love runs high,
And jokes around the table fly,
Then we retreat,
And that repeat
Which all would gladly try;
Then we'll toſs off our bowls,
To true love and honour,
To all kind loving girls,
And the lord of the manor.

Let

III.

Let lazy great ones of the town
Drink night away,
And sleep all day,
Till gouty, gouty they are grown;
Our daily works such vigour give,
That nightly sports we oft revive,
And kiss our dames
With stronger flames
Than any prince alive:
Then we'll toss off our bowls,
To true love and honour,
To all kind loving girls,
And the lord of the manor.

WATTY and MADGE.

In imitation of WILLIAM *and* MARGARET.

I.

'TWas at the shining mid-day hour,
When all began to gaunt,
That hunger rugg'd at *Watty*'s breast,
And the poor lad grew faint.

II.

His face was like a bacon ham
That lang in reek had hung,
And horn-hard was his tawny hand
That held his hazel-rung.

III.

So wad the fastest face appear
Of the maist dressy spark,
And such the hands that lords wad hae,
Were they kept close at wark.

IV.

His head was like a heathery bush
Beneath his bonnet blew,
On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
His bairdy bristles grew.

But

V.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
  Gade rumbling thro' his kyte,
And nothing now but ſolid gear
  Cou'd give his heart delyte.

VI.

He to the kitchen ran with ſpeed,
  To his lov'd *Madge* he ran,
Sunk down into the chimney-nook
  With viſage ſour and wan.

VII.

Get up, he cries, my criſhy love,
  Support my ſinking ſaul
With ſomething that is fit to chew,
  Be't either het or caul.

VIII.

This is the how and hungry hour,
  When the beſt cures for grief
Are cogue-fous of the lythy kail,
  And a good junt of beef.

IX.

Oh *Watty*, *Watty*, *Madge* replies,
  I but o'er juſtly trow'd
Your love was thowleſs, and that ye
  For cake and pudding woo'd.

X.

Bethink thee, *Watty*, on that night,
  When all were faſt aſleep,
How ye kiſs'd me frae cheek to cheek,
  Now leave theſe cheeks to dreep.

XI.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,
  And comfort of your ſight?
How cou'd you rooſe my dimpled hand,
  Now all my dimples ſlight?

Why

XII.

Why did you promiſe me a ſnood,
To bind my locks ſae brown ?
Why did you me fine garters height,
Yet let my hoſe fa' down ?

XIII.

O faithleſs *Watty*, think how aft
I ment your ſarks and hoſe !
For you how mony bannocks ſtown,
How mony cogues of broſe !

XIV.

But hark ! — the kail-bell rings, and I
Maun gae link aff the pot ;
Come ſee, ye haſh, how ſair I ſweat,
To ſtegh your guts, ye ſot.

XV.

The grace was ſaid, the maſter ſerv'd,
Fat *Madge* return'd again,
Blyth *Watty* raiſe and rax'd himſell,
And fidg'd he was ſae fain.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the ſavoury bench,
Where a warm haggies ſtood,
And gart his gooly through the bag
Let out its fat heart's blood.

XVII.

And thrice he cry'd, Come eat, dear *Madge*,
Of this delicious fare ;
Syne claw'd it aff moſt cleverly,
Till he could eat nae mair.

Celia in a Jeſſamine Bower.

When the bright god of day
Drove weſtward his ray,
And the evening was charming and clear,
The ſwallows amain
Nimbly ſkim o'er the plain,
And our ſhadows like giants appear.

In

II.

In a jeſſamine bower,
When the bean was in flower,
And *zephyrs* breath'd odours around,
Lov'd *Celia* ſhe ſat
With her ſong and ſpinet,
And ſhe charm'd all the grove with her ſound.

III.

Roſy bowers ſhe ſung,
Whilſt the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive,
The induſtrious bees,
From the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with their ſweets to their hive.

IV.

The gay god of love,
As he flew o'er the grove,
By *zephyrs* conducted along ;
As he touch'd on the ſtrings,
He beat time with his wings,
And echo repeated the ſong.

V.

O ye mortals ! beware
How ye venture too near,
Love doubly is armed to wound ;
Your fate you can't ſhun,
For you're ſurely undone,
If you raſhly approach near the ſound.

Were not my Heart light, I wad die.

I.

THere was anes a *May*, and ſhe loo'd na men,
She biggit her bonny bower down in yon glen,
But now ſhe crys dool ! and a well-a-day !
Come down the green gate, and come here away.
But now ſhe crys dool ! &c.

When

II.

When bonny young *Johny* came o'er the ſea,
He ſaid he ſaw naething ſae lovely as me ;
He heght me baith rings and mony braw things ;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
He heght, &c.

III.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Becauſe I was twice as bonny as ſhe ;
She rais'd ſuch a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light, I wad die.
She rais'd, &c.

IV.

The day it was ſet, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die ;
She main'd and ſhe grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad ſee me again.
She main'd, &c.

V.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do with the like of me ?
Albeit I was bonny, I was na for *Johny* ;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
Albeit I was, &c.

VI.

They ſaid, I had neither cow nor ca'f,
Nor dribles of drink rins throw the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-eye ;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
Nor pickles of, &c.

VII.

His titty ſhe was baith wylie and ſlee,
She ſpy'd me as I came o'er the lee ;
And then ſhe ran in and made a loud din ;
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.
And then ſhe, &c.

VIII.

His bonnet ſtood ay fou round on his brow,
His auld ane looks ay as well as ſome's new :

But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And caſt himſell dowie upon the corn-bing.
But now he, &c.

IX.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang night he ne'er fleeks his eye,
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
The live-lang, &c.

X.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We ſhou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it on the lily-white lee;
And wow gin I were but young for thee.
And linking, &c.

Kind Robin lo'es me.

ROBIN.

WHilſt I alone your ſoul poſſeſs'd,
And none more lov'd your boſom preſs'd,
Ye gods, what king like me was bleſs'd,
When kind *Jeany* lo'ed me!
Hey ho *Jeany*, quoth he,
Kind *Robin* lo'es thee.

JEANY.

Whilſt you ador'd no other fair,
Nor *Kate* with me your heart did ſhare,
What queen with *Jeany* cou'd compare,
When kind *Robin* lo'ed me!
Hey ho Robin, *&c.*

ROBIN.

Katy now commands my heart,
Kate who ſings with ſo much art,
Whoſe life to ſave with mine I'd part;
For kind *Katy* loves me.
Hey ho Jeany, *&c.*

JEANY.

JEANY.

Paty now delights mine eyes,
He with equal ardour dies,
Whose life to save I'd perish twice;
For kind *Paty* lo'es me.
Hey ho Robin, *&c.*

ROBIN.

What if I *Kate* for thee disdain,
And former love return again,
To link us in the strongest chain?
For kind *Robin* lo'es thee.
Hey ho Jeany, *&c.*

JEANY.

Tho' *Paty*'s kind, as kind can be,
And thou more stormy than the sea,
I'd chuse to live and die with thee,
If kind *Robin* lo'es me.
Hey ho Robin, *&c.*

O my heavy Heart!

Tune of, *The Broom of* Cowdenknows.

I.

O My heart, my heavy, heavy heart,
Swells as 'twou'd burst in twain!
No tongue can e'er describe its smart;
Nor I conceal its pain.

II.

Blow on, ye winds, descend, soft rains,
To sooth my tender grief:
Your solemn music lulls my pain,
And yields me short relief.
O my heart, &c.

III.

In some lone corner would I sit,
Retir'd from human kind;
Since mirth, nor show, nor sparkling wit,
Can ease my anxious mind.
O my heart, &c.

IV.

The ſun which makes all nature gay,
Torments my weary eyes,
And in dark ſhades I paſs the day,
Where echo ſleeping lies.
O my heart, &c.

V.

The ſparkling ſtars which gaily ſhine,
And glitt'ring deck the night,
Are all ſuch cruel foes of mine,
I ſicken at their ſight.
O my heart, &c.

VI.

The gods themſelves their creatures love,
Who do their aid implore;
O learn of them, and bleſs the nymph
Who only you adore.
O my heart, &c.

VII.

The ſtrongeſt paſſion of the mind,
The greateſt bliſs we know,
Ariſes from ſucceſsful love,
If not the greateſt wo.
O my heart, &c.

Bellaſpelling.

I.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd *Lewelling*,
By water clear, come every year,
And drink at *Bellaſpelling*.
Tho' pox or itch your ſkin enrich
With rubies paſt the telling,
'Twill clear your ſkin, ere you have been
A month at *Bellaſpelling*.

II.

Tho' ladies cheeks be green as leeks,
When they come from their dwelling,
The kindling roſe within them blows
While ſhe's at *Bellaſpelling*.

The

The ſutty brown juſt come from town,
Grows here as freſh as *Helen*;
Then back ſhe goes to kill the beaux,
By dint of *Bellaſpelling*.

III.

Our ladies are as freſh and fair
As *Roſs* or bright *Dunkelling*;
And *Mars* might make a fair miſtake,
Were he at *Bellaſpelling*.
We muſt ſubmit as they think fit,
And there is no rebelling;
The reaſon's plain, the ladies reign
Our queens at *Bellaſpelling*.

IV.

By matchleſs charms and conquering arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such deſperate foes as dare oppoſe
Their power at *Bellaſpelling*.
Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know't becauſe I fell in
The happy ſtream where a fair dame
Did bathe at *Bellaſpelling*.

V.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
And bring their *Anne* and *Nell* in
With ſo much grace, I'm ſure no place
Can vie with *Bellaſpelling*.
No politics, or ſubtile tricks,
No man his country ſelling;
We eat and drink, and never think,
Like rogues at *Bellaſpelling*.

VI.

The pain'd in mind, the puff'd with wind,
They all come here pell-mell in,
And they are ſure to find a cure
By drinking *Bellaſpelling*.
Tho' dropſy fill you to the gill,
From chin to toe high ſwelling,
Pour in, pour out, you need not doubt
A cure at *Bellaſpelling*.

VII.

Death throws no darts in these good parts,
No sextons here are knelling:
Come judge and try, you'll never die
While you are at *Bellaspelling*;
Except you feel darts tipt with steel,
Which here are very belle in,
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
You die at *Bellaspelling*.

VIII.

Good cheer, good air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste and smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much,
Each day at *Bellaspelling*.
Within this bound we all sleep sound,
No noisy dogs are yelling,
Except you wake for *Celia*'s sake
All night at *Bellaspelling*.

IX.

Here all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in,
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who live at *Bellaspelling*.
My rhyme is gone, I think I've done,
Unless I shou'd bring hell in;
But since we're here to heaven so near,
I can't at *Bellaspelling*.

The wandering Beauty.

I.

THE graces and the wandering loves
Are fled to distant plains,
To chase the fawns, or in the groves
To wound admiring swains:
With their bright *mistress* there they stray,
Who turns their careless eyes
From daily victories; yet each day
Behold new triumphs in her way,
And conquers as she flies;
And conquers, &c.

But

II.

But ſee! implor'd by moving prayers
To change the lover's pain;
Venus her harneſs'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals who this maid purſue,
Think you ſhe'll e'er reſign?
Ceaſe, fools, your wiſhes to renew,
Till ſhe grows fleſh and blood like you,
Or you like her divine;
Or you, &c.

The Sweet Temptation.

I.

SAW ye the nymph whom I adore?
Saw ye the goddeſs of my heart?
And can you bid me love no more?
And can you think I feel no ſmart?

II.

So many charms around her ſhine,
Who can the ſweet temptation fly?
Spite of her ſcorn, ſhe's ſo divine,
That I muſt love her, tho' I die.

Bonny Barbara Allan.

I.

IT was in and about the *Martinmas* time,
When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir *John Græme* in the weſt country
Fell in love with *Barbara Allan*.

II.

He ſent his man down through the town,
To the place where ſhe was dwelling,
O haſte and come to my maſter dear,
Gin ye be *Barbara Allan*.

III.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think you're dying.

IV.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
And 'tis a' for *Barbara Allan.*
O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a-spilling.

V.

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted *Barbara Allan?*

VI.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to *Barbara Allan.*

VII.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him;
And sighing, said, she cou'd not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

VIII.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead bell gied,
It cry'd, Wo to *Barbara Allan.*

IX.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow,
Since my love dy'd for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

The

The Toper's Petition.

I.

O Grant me, kind *Bacchus*,
The god of the vine,
Not a pipe nor a tun,
But an ocean of wine,
With a ſhip that's well mann'd
With ſuch rare-hearted fellows,
Who ne'er left the tavern
For a porterly alehouſe.

II.

Let the ſhip ſpring a leak,
To let in the tipple,
Without pump or longboat,
To ſave ſhip or people:
So that each jolly lad
May always be bound,
Or to drink, or to drink,
Or to drink, or be drown'd.

III.

When death does prevail,
It is my deſign
To be nobly entomb'd
In a wave of good wine:
So that living or dead,
Both body and ſpirit,
May float round the world
In an ocean of claret.

The Relief by the Bowl.

SInce drinking has power to bring us relief,
Come fill up the bowl, and the pox on all grief:
If we find that won't do, we'll have ſuch another;
And ſo we'll proceed from one bowl to another;
Till, like ſons of *Apollo*, we'll make our wit ſoar
Or in homage to *Bacchus* fall down on the floor.

Apollo

Apollo and *Bacchus* were both merry ſouls,
Each of them delighted to toſs off their bowls;
Then let us, to ſhew ourſelves mortals of merit,
Be toaſting theſe gods in a bowl of good claret,
And then we ſhall each be deſerving of praiſe:
But the man that drinks moſt ſhall go off with the bays.

On Maſonry.

I.

BY *Maſon*'s art, the aſpiring dome
In various columns ſhall ariſe;
All climates are their native home,
Their godlike actions reach the ſkies.
Heroes and *kings* revere their name,
And *poets* ſing their deathleſs fame.

II.

Great, gen'rous, noble, wiſe, and brave,
Are titles they moſt juſtly claim;
Their deeds ſhall live beyond the grave,
Which babes unborn ſhall loud proclaim;
Time ſhall their glorious acts inroll,
Whilſt love and friendſhip charm the ſoul.

The Coquet.

I.

FRom *Whyte*'s and *Will*'s,
To purling rills,
The love-ſick *Strephon* flies;
There full of wo,
His numbers flow,
And all in rhyme he dies.

II.

The fair coquet,
With feign'd regret,
Invites him back to town;

But

But when in tears
The lad appears,
She meets him with a frown.

III.

Full of the maid
This prank had play'd,
Till angry *Strephon* ſwore,
And what is ſtrange,
Tho' loath to change,
Would never ſee her more.

Gently touch, *&c.*

I.

GEntly touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe ſeems inclin'd to reſt,
Fill her ſoul with fond deſire,
Softeſt notes will ſooth her breaſt.
Pleaſing dreams aſſiſt in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

II.

On the moſſy bank ſhe lies,
(Nature's verdant velvet-bed),
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head.
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whiſpers ſound.

IMITATED.

I.

GEntly ſtir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roaſt:
Get me, quick, 'tis my deſire,
In the dreeping-pan a toaſt,
That my hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

On

II.

On the dreſſer ſee it lies :
  Oh the charming white and red !
Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,
  On the ſweeteſt graſs it fed :
Swiftly make the jack go round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

III.

On the table ſpread the cloth,
  Let the knives be ſharp and clean ;
Pickles get of every ſort,
  And a ſallad criſp and green :
Then with ſmall beer and ſparkling wine,
O ye gods ! how I ſhall dine.

The happy Beggars.

Queen of the Beggars.

HOW bleſs'd are beggar-laſſes,
  Who never toil for treaſure !
Who know no care, but how to ſhare
  Each day ſucceſſive pleaſure !
Drink away, let's be gay,
  Beggars ſtill with bliſs abound,
Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy,
  Whilſt the ſparkling glaſs goes round.

First Woman.

A fig for gaudy faſhions,
  No want of cloaths oppreſſes ;
We live at eaſe with rags and fleas,
  We value not our dreſſes.
Drink away, &c.

Second Woman.

We ſcorn all ladies waſhes,
  With which they ſpoil each feature,
No patch or paint our beauties want,
  We live in ſimple nature.
Drink away, &c.

No

Third Woman.

No colic, ſpleen, or vapours,
At morn, or evening teaſe us;
We drink no tea, or ratafia;
When ſick, a dram can eaſe us.
Drink away, &c.

Fourth Woman.

That ladies act in private,
By nature's ſoft compliance;
We think no crime, when in our prime,
To kiſs without a licence.
Drink away, &c.

Fifth Woman.

We know no ſhame or ſcandal,
The beggars law befriends us;
We all agree in liberty,
And poverty defends us.
Drink away, &c.

Sixth Woman.

Like jolly beggar wenches,
Thus, thus we drown all ſorrow;
We live to-day, and ne'er delay
Our pleaſure till to-morrow.
Drink away, &c.

LUCY and COLIN.

I.

OF *Leiſter*, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright *Lucy* was the grace;
Nor e'er did *Liffy*'s limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo ſweet a face:
Till luckleſs love and pining care
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lips and damaſk cheeks,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

II.

Oh! have you ſeen a lily pale,
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow-conſuming maid,
Her life was near an end.
By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair,
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd ſwains, beware.

III.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing:
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn boding ſound,
And thus in dying words beſpoke,
The virgins weeping round;

IV.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
"Which ſays I muſt not ſtay;
"I ſee a hand you cannot ſee,
"Which beckons me away.
"By a falſe heart and broken vows,
"In early youth I die;
"Was I to blame, becauſe his bride
"Was thrice as rich as I?

V.

"Ah *Colin!* give not her thy vows,
"Vows due to me alone;
"Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiſs,
"Nor think him all thy own.
"To-morrow in the church to wed,
"Impatient both prepare:
"But know, fond maid, and know, falſe man,
"That *Lucy* will be there.

"Then

VI.

"Then bear my corſe, my comrades dear,
"This bridegroom blithe to meet;
"He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
"I in my winding-ſheet."
She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd: her corſe was born,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
She in her winding-ſheet.

VII.

Then what were perjur'd *Colin*'s thoughts!
How were theſe nuptials kept!
The bride's men flock'd round *Lucy* dead,
And all the village wept.
Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.

VIII.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more!)
The varying crimſon fled,
When ſtretch'd before her rival's corſe,
She ſaw her huſband dead.
Then to his *Lucy*'s new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mold with her, beneath one ſod,
For ever now remains.

IX.

Oft at his grave, the conſtant hind,
And plighted maids are ſeen,
With garlands gay and true love-knots
They deck the ſacred green.
But, ſwain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ſpot forbear;
Remember *Colin*'s dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him here.

DERMET's Cronoch.

I.

ONE *Sunday* after maſs,
Dermet and his laſs
To the *Greenwood* did paſs,
All alone, all alone,
All alone, all alone, all alone.

II.

He aſk'd for a pogue,
And ſhe call'd him a rogue,
And ſtruck him with her brogue,
Ahon! ahon! ahon!

III.

Said he, My dear ſhoy,
Why will you prove coy?
Let us play, let us toy,
All alone, all alone,
All alone, all alone, all alone.

IV.

If I were ſo mild,
You are ſo very wild,
You would get me a ſhild.
Ahon! ahon! ahon!

V.

He brib'd her with fruits,
And he brib'd her with nuts,
Till a thorn prick'd her foots.
Haloo! haloo! haloo! haloo!

Shall I pull it out!
You will hurt me, I doubt,
And make me to ſhout.
Haloo! haloo! haloo!

A Review of St Paul's Church, Covent Garden.

I.

HAving ſpent all my time
Upon women and wine,
I went to the church out of ſpite;
But what the prieſt ſaid
Is quite out of my head,
I reſolv'd not to edify by't.

II.

All the women I view'd,
Both religious and lewd,
From the ſable top-knot to the ſcarlets;
An even wager I'd lay,
That at a foul play,
The houſe ne'er ſwarm'd ſo with harlots.

III.

Madam lovely I ſaw
With her daughters-in-law,
Whom ſhe offers to ſale ev'ry *Sunday*;
In the midſt of her pray'rs
She negotiates affairs,
And ſigns aſſignations for *Monday*.

IV.

Next a baron knight's daughter,
Whoſe own mother taught her,
By precept and practical notions,
To wear gaudy cloaths,
And ogle the beaux,
Was at church, to ſhew ſigns of devotion.

V.

Next, a lady of fame,
Whom we ſhall not name,
She'll give you no trouble in teaching;
She has a very fine book,
But ne'er on it does look,
And regards neither praying nor preaching.

VI.

Madam fair there ſhe ſits,
Almoſt out of her wits,
Betwixt vice and devotion debating;
She's as vitious as fair,
And has no buſineſs there,
To hear Maſter *Tickle* text-prating.

VII.

From the corner of the ſquare
Comes a hopeful young pair,
As religious as they ſee occaſion;
But if patches or paint
Be true ſigns of a ſaint,
We've no reaſon to fear their damnation.

VIII.

When thus he had done,
He bleſs'd every one,
With his benediction the people:
So I run to the *Crown*,
Leſt the church ſhou'd fall down,
And beat out my brains with the ſteeple.

SUSAN's Complaint and Remedy.

I.

AS down in the meadows I chanced to paſs,
Oh! there I beheld a young beautiful laſs,
Her age, I am ſure, it was ſcarcely fifteen,
And ſhe on her head wore a garland of green;
Her lips were like rubies; and as for her eyes,
They ſparkled like diamonds, or ſtars in the ſkies;
And as for her voice, it was charming and clear,
And ſhe ſung a ſong for the loſs of her dear.

II.

Why does my love *Willy* prove falſe and unkind?
Ah! why does he change like the wavering wind,
From one that is loyal in every degree?
Ah! why does he change to another from me?

Or

Or does he take pleasure to torture me so ?
Or does he delight in my sad overthrow ?
Susanna will always prove true to her trust,
'Tis pity lov'd *Willy* shou'd prove so unjust.

III.

In the meadows as we were a-making of hay,
There did we pass the soft minutes away ;
Then was I kiss'd, and set down on his knee,
No man in the world was so loving as he.
And as he went forth to harrow and plow,
I milk'd him sweet sillabubs under my cow :
O then I was kiss'd as I sat on his knee !
No man in the world was so loving as he.

IV.

But now he has left me, and *Fanny* the fair
Employs all his wishes, his thoughts, and his care :
He kisses her lip as she sits on his knee,
And says all the sweet things he once said to me :
But if she believe him, the false-hearted swain
Will leave her, and then she with me may complain.
For nought is more certain, believe silly *Sue*,
Who once has been faithless can never be true.

V.

She finish'd her song, and rose up to be gone,
When over the meadow came jolly young *John*,
Who told her that she was the joy of his life,
And if she'd consent, he wou'd make her his wife :
She cou'd not refuse him, so to church they went ;
Young *Willy*'s forgot, and young *Susan*'s content.
Most men are like *Willy*, most women like *Sue* ;
If men will be false, why shou'd women be true ?

The Cobler.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and hall;
No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor no duns at his gate.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented

II.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himſelf happy
If at night he cou'd purchaſe a cup of brown nappy;
He'd laugh then and whiſtle, and ſing too moſt ſweet,
Saying, Juſt to a hair I've made both ends meet.
Derry down, &c.

III.

But love the diſturber of high and of low,
That ſhoots at the peaſant as well as the beau,
He ſhot the poor cobler quite thro' the heart,
I wiſh it had hit ſome more ignoble part.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damſel continually lay;
Her eyes ſhone ſo bright when ſhe roſe every day,
That ſhe ſhot the poor cobler ſtraight over the way.
Derry down, &c.

V.

He ſung her love-ſongs as he ſat at his work,
But ſhe was as hard as a *Jew* or a *Turk*:
Whenever he ſpoke, ſhe wou'd flounce, and wou'd tear;
Which put the poor cobler quite into deſpair.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

He took up his awl, that he had in the world,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd,
He pierc'd thro' his body inſtead of the ſole:
So the cobler he died, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, &c.

The bonny Earl of Murray.

I.

YE Highlands, and ye Lawlands,
Oh! where have you been?
They have ſlain the Earl of *Murray*,
And they laid him on the green!
They have, &c.

Now

II.

Now wae be to thee, *Huntly,*
And wherefore did you ſae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to ſlay.
I bade, &c.

III.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of *Murray,*
Oh! he might have been a king.
And the, &c.

IV.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba':
And the bonny Earl of *Murray*
Was the flower amang them a'.
And the, &c.

V.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the glove:
And the bonny Earl of *Murray,*
Oh! he was the queen's love.
And the, &c.

VI.

Oh! lang will his lady
Look o'er the caſtle *Down,*
Ere ſhe ſee the Earl of *Murray*
Come ſounding thro' the town.
Ere ſhe, &c.

If e'er I do well, 'tis a Wonder.

I.

WHen I was a young lad,
My fortune was bad;
If e'er I do well, 'tis a wonder:

I ſpent all my means
On whores, bawds, and queans:
Then I got a commiſſion to plunder.
Fall all de rall, &c.

II.

The hat I have on,
So greaſy is grown,
Remarkable 'tis for its ſhining;
'Tis ſtitch'd all about,
Without button or loop,
And never a bit of a lining.
Fall all de rall, &c.

III.

The coat I have on,
So thread-bare is grown,
So out at the armpits and elbows,
That I look as abſurd
As a ſailor on board,
That has ly'n fifteen months in the biſbos.
Fall all de rall, &c.

IV.

My ſhirt it is tore
Both behind and before,
The colour is much like a cinder;
'Tis ſo thin and ſo fine,
That it is my deſign
To preſent it to the muſes for tinder.
Fall all de rall, &c.

V.

My blue fuſtian breeches
Is wore to the ſtitches,
My legs you may ſee what's between them;
My pockets all four,
I'm the ſon of a whore,
If there's ever one farthing within them.
Fall all de rall, &c.

VI.

I've ſtockings, 'tis true,
But the devil a ſhoe,
I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather;

Be damn'd the boot-ſole,
Curſe on the ſpur-roll,
Confounded be the upper-leather.
Fall all de rall, &c.

VII.

Had ye then but ſeen
The ſad plight I was in,
Ye'd not ſeen ſuch a poet amongſt twenty;
I have nothing that's full,
But my ſhirt and my ſcull,
For my pockets and belly were empty.
Fall all de rall, &c.

The Fumbler's Rant.

I.

COme carls a' of fumblers ha',
And I will tell you of our fate,
Since we have married wives that's braw,
And canna pleaſe them when 'tis late:
A pint we'll take, our hearts to cheer;
What fauts we have, our wives can tell:
Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
The auldeſt bairn we hae's ourſell.

II.

Chriſt'ning of weans we are rid of,
The pariſh-prieſt 'tis he can tell,
We aw him nought but a gray groat,
The off'ring for the houſe we dwell.
Our bairns's tocher is a' paid,
We're maſters of the gear our ſell;
Let either well or wae betide,
Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

III.

Our nibour's auld ſon and the laſs,
Into the barn amang the ſtrae,
He grips her in the dark begueſs,
And after that comes meikle wae.

Repentance

Repentance ay comes afterhin',
It coſt the carl baith corn and hay;
We're quat of that with little din,
Sic croſſes haunt ne'er you nor I.

IV.

Now merry, merry may we be,
When we think on our nibour *Robie*,
The way the carl does, we ſee,
Wi' his auld ſon and his daughter *Maggy*:
Boots he maun hae, piſtols, why not;
The huſſy maun hae corkit ſhoon:
We are no ſae; gar fill the pot,
We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

V.

Here's a health to *John Mackay* we'll drink,
To *Hughie*, *Andrew*, *Rob*, and *Tam*:
We'll ſit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
It is o'er ſoon for us to gang.
Foul fa the cock, he'as ſpilt the play,
And I do trow he's but a fool,
We'll ſit a while, 'tis lang to day,
For a' they rave at *Yool*.

VI.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
The foremoſt hame ſhall bear the mell;
I'll ſet me down, leſt I be fee,
For fear that I ſhou'd bear't myſell.
And I, quoth *Rob*, and down ſat he,
The gear ſhall never me outride,
But we'll take a ſoup of the barley-bree,
And drink to our yell fireſide.

The Matron's Wiſh.

I.

WHen my locks are grown hoary,
And my viſage looks pale;
When my forehead has wrinkles,
And my eye-ſight does fail;

Let

Let my words and my actions
  Be free from all harm,
And may I have my old husband
  To keep my back warm.

CHORUS.

The pleasures of youth
  Are flowers but of May;
Our life's but a vapour,
  Our body's but clay:
O let me live well,
  Tho' I live but a day.

II.

With a sermon on *Sunday*,
  And a Bible of good print;
With a pot on the fire,
  And good viands in't;
With ale, beer, and brandy,
  Both winter and summer,
To drink to my gossip,
  And be pledg'd by my cummer.
  The pleasures of, &c.

III.

With pigs and with poultry,
  And some money in store,
To purchase the needful,
  And to give to the poor:
With a bottle of *Canary*
  To sip without sin,
And to comfort my daughter
  Whene'er she lies in.
  The pleasures of, &c.

IV.

With a bed soft and easy
  To rest on at night,
With a maid in the morning
  To rise with the light.

To do her work neatly,
And obey my desire,
To make the house clean,
And blow up the fire.
The pleasures of, &c.

V.

With health and content,
And a good easy chair;
With a thick hood and mantle,
When I ride on my mare.
Let me dwell near my cupboard,
And far from my foes,
With a pair of glass eyes
To clap on my nose.
The pleasures of, &c.

VI.

And when I am dead,
With a sigh let them say,
Our honest old cummer's
Now laid in the clay:
When young, she was chearful,
No scold, nor no whore;
She assisted her neighbours,
And gave to the poor.
Tho' the flower of her youth
In her age did decay,
Tho' her life like a vapour
Evanish'd away,
She liv'd well and happy
Unto her last day.

The Free Masons Song.

I.

COme let us prepare,
We *brothers* that are
Assembled, on merry occasion:
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
Our wine has a spring;
Here's a health to an accepted mason.

The

II.

The world is in pain
Our ſecret to gain,
And ſtill let them wonder and gaze on:
They ne'er can divine
The word, or the ſign,
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

III.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why ſo many great men of the nation
Should aprons put on,
To make themſelves one,
With a free and an accepted maſon.

IV.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
Have laid by their ſwords,
Our myſt'ry to put a good grace on,
And ne'er been aſham'd
To hear themſelves nam'd
With a free and an accepted maſon.

V.

Still firm to our truſt,
In friendſhip we're juſt,
Our actions we guide by our reaſon:
By obſerving this rule,
The paſſions move cool
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

VI.

All idle debate
About church or the ſtate,
The ſprings of impiety and treaſon:
Theſe raiſers of ſtrife
Ne'er ruffle the life
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

VII.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our ſide,
Which adds high renown to our ſtation:

There's nought but what's good
To be underſtood
By a free and an accepted maſon.

VIII.

The clergy embrace,
And all *Aaron*'s race,
Our ſquare actions their knowledge to place on;
And in each degree
They'll honoured be
With a free and an accepted maſon.

IX.

We're true and ſincere
In our love to the fair,
Who will truſt us on every occaſion:
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted maſon.

X.

Then join hand in hand,
T' each other firm ſtand,
Let's be merry, and put a good face on:
What mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt
As a free and an accepted maſon?

The Sailor's Rant.

I.

HOW pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes,
Who roams o'er the watery main!
No treaſure he ever amaſſes,
But chearfully ſpends all his gain.
We're ſtrangers to party and faction,
To honour and honeſty true;
And would not commit a bad action,
For power or profit in view.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches,
Or any ſuch glittering toy?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Goes thorough the world, brave boy.

II.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the bleſſings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds ſtrife.
When terrible tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous billows affright;
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But ſkilful induſtry ſteers right.
Then why ſhould, &c.

III.

The courtier's more ſubject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the ſtate,
Than we, that to politics are ſtrangers,
Eſcape the ſnares laid for the great.
The various bleſſings of nature,
In various nations we try:
No mortal than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Then why ſhould, &c.

A Love-Song in the modern Taſte,

By Dr SWIFT.

I.

FLutt'ring ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions,
Nature muſt give way to art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling youth,
Him the boar, in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers,
Fair *Diſcretion*, ſtring the lyre,
Sooth my ever waking numbers,
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy choir,

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors
Wat'ring ſoft *Elyſian* plains.

VI.

Mournful cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia*'s brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy, ſmooth Meander
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate;
See the birds of *Juno* ſtooping:
Melody reſigns to fate.

SYLVIA and the Flaſk.

I Thank thee, my friend,
That at length you declare,
Why *Sylvia*'s ſo coy
As to ſhun me with care.

I mus'd every night,
  And rack'd my poor ſoul,
To find out the cauſe
  Of a falſehood ſo foul.

II.

But ſhe tells me ſhe cannot
  With claret agree,
That ſhe thinks of a hogſhead
  Whene'er ſhe ſees me :
That I ſmell like a beaſt,
  And therefore that I
Muſt reſolve to forſake her,
  Or claret, good claret deny.

III.

Ye gods ? was ere it known
  That beaſts ſmell'd of wine ?
They brutiſhly abhor
  A liquor ſo divine :
'Tis when we are moſt beaſts,
  When like them in common,
We eagerly go a hunting
  For the next lewd woman.

IV.

Muſt I leave my dear bottle,
  That has been ever my friend,
Which prolongs all my joys,
  To my grief puts an end ?
Which inſpires me with wit,
  And makes me ſo ſublime,
That there's none are like us
  That drink the beſt wine ?

V.

But *Silvia*, whom nature
  So perfect has made,
Has no room left for wiſhes,
  New beauties to add.
Muſt I leave her, I'm ſorry,
  It is too hard a taſk ;
Yet ſhe may go to the devil,
  Bring me the other flaſk.

Love, Drink, and Debt.

I.

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
These many and many a year ;
And these are plagues enough I shou'd think
For any poor mortal to bear.
'Twas love made me fall into drink,
And drink made me fall into debt ;
And tho' I have struggled and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

II.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain :
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets ;
And my mistress, that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again :
Then, then I shall fall to my loving and drinking again.

The Farmer's Son.

I.

SWeet *Nelly*, my heart's delight,
Be loving, and do not slight
The proffer I make, for modesty's sake,
I honour your beauty bright ;
For love I profess, I can do no less,
Thou hast my favour won :
And since I see your modesty,
I pray agree and fancy me,
Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

II.

No ; I am a lady gay,
'Tis very well known I may
Have men of renown in country and town,
Sir *Roger* without delay.
Court *Bridget*, or *Sue*, *Kate*, *Nanny*, or *Prue*,
Their loves will soon be won ;

But

But don't ye dare to ſpeak me fair,
As tho' I were at my laſt prayer,
To marry a farmer's ſon.

III.

My father has riches in ſtore,
Two hundred a year and more,
Beſides ſheep and cows, carts, harrows, and plows,
His age is above threeſcore :
And when he gives way, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won ;
Both land and kine, and all ſhall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a farmer's ſon.

IV.

A fig for your cattle and corn,
Your proffer'd love I ſcorn ;
'Tis known very well, my name is *Nell*,
And you're but a bumpkin born.
Well, ſince it is ſo, away I will go,
And I hope no harm is done :
Farewell, adieu, I hope to woo
As good as you, and win her too,
Tho' I'm but a farmer's ſon.

V.

Be not in ſuch haſte, quoth ſhe,
Perhaps we may ſtill agree :
For, man, I proteſt, I was but in jeſt,
Come prithee ſit down by me ;
For thou art the man that verily can
Perform what muſt be done,
Both ſtraight and tall, genteel withal ;
Therefore I ſhall be at your call
To marry a farmer's ſon.

VI.

Dear *Nelly*, believe me now,
I ſolemnly ſwear and vow,
No lords in their lives take pleaſure in their wives
Like fellows that drive the plow.

For

For whatever they gain with labour and pain,
They don't to harlots run,
As courtiers do; I never knew
A *London* beau that cou'd outdo
A country-farmer's ſon.

The Angel Woman.

I.

WHen thy beauty appears
With its graces and airs,
All bright as an *angel*
New dropt from the ſky;
At a diſtance I gaze,
And am aw'd by my fears!
So ſtrangely you dazzle mine eye!

II.

But when without art
Your thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in bluſhes
Through every vein,
When it darts from your eyes,
When it pants from your heart,
Then I know you are a *woman* again.

III.

There's a paſſion and pride
In our ſex, ſhe reply'd,
And thus (might I gratify both)
I would do,
Still an *angel* appear
To each lover beſide,
But ſtill be a *woman* to you.

Roger's Courtſhip.

YOung *Roger* came tapping
At *Dolly*'s window,
Tumpaty, Tumpaty, Tump.

He

He begg'd for admittance,
She anſwer'd him, no ;
Glumpaty, Glumpaty, Glump.
My *Dolly*, my dear,
Your true love is here,
Dumpaty, Dumpaty, Dump.
No, no, *Roger*, no,
As you came you may go,
Slumpaty, Slumpaty, Slump.

II.

Oh what is the reaſon,
Dear *Dolly* ? he cry'd :
Humpaty, &c.
That thus I am caſt off,
And unkindly deny'd ?
Trumpaty, &c.
Some rival more dear
I gueſs has been here :
Crumpaty, &c.
Suppoſe there's been two, Sir,
Pray what's that to you, Sir ?
Numpaty, &c.

III.

Oh ! then with a ſad look
His farewell he took :
Humpaty, &c.
And all in deſpair
He leap'd into the brook :
Plumpaty, &c.
His courage he cool'd,
He found himſelf fool'd :
Mumpaty, &c.
He ſwam to the ſhore,
And ſaw *Dolly* no more :
Rumpaty, &c.

IV.

Oh ! then ſhe recall'd,
And recall'd him again :
Humpaty, &c.

Whilſt he like a madman
Ran over the plain :
Slumpaty, &c.
Determin'd to find
A damſel more kind :
Plumpaty, &c.
While *Dolly* afraid
She muſt die an old maid :
Mumpaty, &c.

Jump at a Cruſt.

I.

AS I am a friend,
Be willing to lend
An ear to theſe lines,
Which in pity I penn'd.
'Tis a cordial advice,
Girls, be not too nice,
Young lovers are now
At another gate price
Than they have been.

II.

I pray you refrain
Your ſcorn and diſdain,
If young men you ſlight,
They'll ſlight you again.
They'll make you run mad,
Sigh heavy and ſad,
There are not ſo many
Young men to be had
As there have been.

III.

Perhaps you ſuppoſe
Fine furbelow'd cloaths
Will ſerve for a portion :
But under the roſe,

If truth may be ſpoke,
'Tis but a mere joke,
For love without money
Will vaniſh like ſmoke,
Let me tell ye.

IV.

The country-clown,
When he comes to town,
He values not miſs
With her butterfly-gown:
I tell you it won't do,
There muſt be a few
Bright glittering guineas,
A thouſand or two,
Or he'll leave ye.

V.

Young men are grown wiſe,
A portion they prize,
They are done with the charms
Of your conquering eyes.
A portion! they cry,
If love you would buy;
In order to purchaſe,
You then muſt bid high,
Or live ſingle.

VI.

Once bachelors, they
Did ſigh, whine, and pray;
But ſtill were put off
With a ſcornful delay.
Down with your duſt,
A portion there muſt;
Poor girls wou'd be glad
To jump at a cruſt,
Cou'd ye get it.

Merry Beggars.

First Beggar.

I Once was a poet at *London*,
I kept my heart ſtill full of glee;
There's no man can ſay that I'm undone,
For begging's no new trade to me.
Toll deroll, &c.

Second Beggar.

I once was an attorney at law,
And after a knight of the poſt;
Give me a briſk wench and clean ſtraw,
And I value not who rules the roſt.
Toll deroll, &c.

Third Beggar.

Make room for a ſoldier in buff,
Who valiantly ſtrutted about,
Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,
And then he moſt wiſely ſold out.
Toll deroll, &c.

Fourth Beggar.

Here comes a courtier polite, Sir,
Who flatter'd my Lord to his face;
Now railing is all his delight, Sir,
Becauſe he miſs'd getting a place.
Toll deroll, &c.

Fifth Beggar.

I ſtill am a merry gut-ſcraper,
My heart never yet felt a qualm;
Tho' poor, I can frolic and vapour,
And ſing any tune but a pſalm.
Toll deroll, &c.

Sixth Beggar.

I was a fanatical preacher,
I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd:
But my hearers half-ſtarv'd their teacher,
For they believ'd not one word that I ſaid.
Toll deroll, &c.

First

First Beggar.

Whoe'er would be merry and free,
Let him lift, and from us he may learn;
In palaces who shall you see
Half so happy as we in a barn?
Toll de roll, &c.

CHORUS of all.

Whoe'er wou'd be merry, &c.

To Signora CUZZONI.

I.

LIttle *Syren* of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire;

II.

Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeebler of the heart;
Oh too pleasing is thy strain!
Hence to southern climes again.

III.

Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
To this island bid farewell:
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the *Britons* rough and free.

HAPPINESS.

Tune, *To all you ladies now at land.*

I.

MY dearest maid, since you desire
To know what I wou'd wish,
What store of wealth I would require,
To gain true happiness;
This faithful inventary take
Of all that life can easy make.

II.

Here happy only are the few
  Who wiſh to live at home,
Who never do extend their view
  Beyond their ſmall income;
An income which ſhould ever be
The fruit of honeſt induſtry.

III.

A ſoul ſerene and free from fears,
  With no contentions vex'd,
Nor yet with vain and anxious cares
  To be at all perplex'd.
A body that's with health endow'd,
An open temper, yet not rude.

IV.

A heart that's always circumſpect,
  Unknowing to deceive,
Yet ever wiſely can reflect,
  Not eaſy to believe.
As to my dreſs, let it be plain,
Yet always neat without a ſtain.

V.

A cleanly hearth and chearful fire
  To drive away the cold,
A moderate glaſs one would require
  When merry tales are told:
The company of an eaſy friend,
My like in fortune and in mind.

VI.

Some ſhelfs of books of the right kind,
  For knowledge and delight,
Not intricate, nor interlin'd
  With narrow party-ſpite:
A garden fair, to paint me clear
Nature's gradations through the year.

VII.

To give true reliſh to delight,
  A chaſte and chearful wife,
With ſweeteſt humour to unite
  Our hearts as long as life:

Sound

Sound ſleep, whoſe kind deluſive turn
Shall join the evening to the morn.

VIII.

So would we live agreeably,
And ever be content,
To PROVIDENCE ay thankful be
For all thoſe bleſſings lent.
O ſovereign power! but grant me this,
No more I'll aſk, no more I'll wiſh.

Smirky NAN.

Tune, *Nannio.*

I.

AH! woes me, poor *Willy* cry'd,
See how I'm waſted to a ſpan?
My heart I loſt, when firſt I ſpy'd
The charming lovely milk-maid *Nan.*
I'm grown ſo weak, a gentle breeze
Of duſky *Roger*'s winnowing fan
Would blow me o'er yon beechy trees,
And all for thee, my ſmirky *Nan.*

II.

The alewife miſſes me of late,
I us'd to take a hearty can;
But I can neither drink nor eat,
Unleſs 'tis brew'd and bak'd by *Nan.*
The baker makes the beſt of bread,
The flour he takes, and leaves the bran;
The bran is every other maid,
Compar'd with thee, my ſmirky *Nan.*

III.

But *Dick* o' the green, that naſty lown,
Laſt *Sunday* to my miſtreſs ran,
He ſnatch'd a kiſs; I knock'd him down,
Which hugely pleas'd my ſmirky *Nan.*
But hark! the roaring ſoger comes,
And rattles *Tantara Tarran,*
She leaves her cows for noiſy drums,
Woes me I've loſt my ſmirky *Nan!*

Tarry Woo.

I.

TArry woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to ſpin,
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd, and ſpun,
Then the work is haſtens done;
But when woven, dreſs'd, and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

II.

Sing, my bonny harmleſs ſheep,
That feed upon the mountains ſteep,
Bleating ſweetly as ye go
Through the winter's froſt and ſnow;
Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
No be ha'f ſo uſeful are;
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

III.

Up ye ſhepherds, dance and ſkip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praiſe of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too:
Harmleſs creatures without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou;
Leeſe me on the tarry woo.

IV.

How happy is a ſhepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free of ſtrife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins anſwer mae:
No ſuch muſic to his ear,
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly too,
Well defend the tarry woo.

He

V.

He lives content, and envies none;
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal ſceptre ſways,
Has not ſweeter holydays.
Who'd be a king, can only tell,
When a ſhepherd ſings ſae well;
Sings ſae well, and pays his due,
With honeſt heart and tarry woo.

On Henrietta's Recovery.

Tune, *My deary, if thou die.*

I.

IF heaven, its bleſſings to augment,
Call *Henny* to the ſkies,
Hence from the earth flies all content,
The moment that ſhe dies;
For in this earth there is no fair
Can give ſuch joy to me;
How great muſt then be my deſpair,
My *Henny*, an thou die?

II.

But now pale ſickneſs leaves her face,
And now my charmer ſmiles;
New beauty heightens ev'ry grace,
And all my fear beguiles:
The bounteous powers have heard the pray'rs
I daily made for thee,
Like them be kind, and eaſe my cares,
Elſe I myſelf muſt die.

Hodge of the Mill and buxome Nell.

YOung *Roger* of the mill,
One morning very ſoon,
Put on his beſt apparel,
New hoſe and clouted ſhoon;

And

And he a-wooing came
  To bonny buxome *Nell*,
Dear laſs, cries he, cou'dſt fancy me,
  I like thee wondrous well.

II.

My horſes I have dreſs'd,
  And gi'en them corn and hay,
Put on my beſt apparel :
  And having come this way,
Let's ſit and chat a while
  With thee, my bonny *Nell*.
Dear laſs, cries he, cou'dſt fancy me,
  I'ſe like thy perſon well.

III.

Young *Roger*, you're miſtaken,
  The damſel then reply'd,
I'm not in ſuch a haſte
  To be a ploughman's bride ;
Know I then live in hopes
  To marry a farmer's ſon :
If it be ſo, ſays *Hodge*, I'll go ;
  Sweet miſtreſs, I have done.

IV.

Your horſes you have dreſs'd,
  Good *Hodge*, I heard you ſay,
Put on your beſt apparel ;
  And being come this way,
Come ſit and chat a while.
  O no indeed, not I,
I'll neither wait, nor ſit, nor prate,
  I've other fiſh to fry.

V.

Go take your farmer's ſon,
  With all my honeſt heart :
What tho' my name be *Roger*,
  That goes at plough and cart ?
I need not tarry long,
  I ſoon may gain a wife :
There's buxome *Joan*, it is well known,
  She loves me as her life.

Pray

VI.

Pray what of buxome *Joan ?*
  Can't I pleaſe you as well ?
For ſhe has ne'er a penny,
  And I am buxome *Nell* ;
And I have fifty ſhillings.
  The money made him ſmile :
Oh then, my dear, I'll draw a chair,
  And chat with thee a while.

VII.

Within the ſpace of half an hour
  This couple a bargain ſtruck,
Hoping that with their money
  They both wou'd have good luck.
To your fifty I've forty,
  With which a cow we'll buy ;
We'll join our hands in wedlock-bands,
  Then who but you and I ?

Buttery May.

I.

IN yonder town there wons a *May*,
  Snack and perfyte as can be ony,
She is ſae jimp, ſae gamp, ſae gay,
  Sae capernoytie, and ſae bonny :
She has been woo'd and loo'd by mony,
  But ſhe was very ill to win ;
She wadna hae him except he were bonny,
  Tho' he were ne'er ſae noble a kin.

II.

Her bonnyneſs has been foreſeen
  In ilka town baith far and near,
And when ſhe kirns her minny's kirn,
  She rubs her face till it grows clear ;
But when her minny ſhe did perceive
  Sic great inlack amang the butter,
Shame fa' that filthy face of thine,
  'Tis criſh that gars your grunzie glitter.

There's

There's Dunkyſon, Davyſon, Robie Carniel,
The laſs with the petticoat dances right well,
Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrum, Stony,
An ye dance ony mair, we'ſe tell Meſs Johny.
Sing, *&c.*

The wiſe Penitent.

Sung by Mr GAY.

I.

D*Aphnis* ſtood penſive in the ſhade;
With arms acroſs, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And ſighs reliev'd his love-ſick mind;
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, ſighs, and actions ſeem'd to ſay,
My *Chloe* is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats!
Ye larks, ye linnets, ceaſe your ſtrains;
I faintly hear in your ſoft notes
My *Chloe*'s voice, that wakes my pains.
But why ſhould you your ſongs forbear?
Your mates delight your ſongs to hear,
But *Chloe* mine diſdains.

III.

As thus he melancholy ſtood
Dejected, as the lonely dove,
Sweet ſound broke gently thro' the wood.
I feel a ſound my heart-ſtrings move:
'Twas not the nightingale that ſung;
No, 'tis *Chloe*'s ſweeter tongue:
Hark! hark! what ſays my love?

IV.

How ſimple is the nymph, ſhe cries,
Who trifles with her lover's pain?
Nature ſtill ſpeaks in womens eyes,
Our artful lips are made to feign.

Oh

Oh *Daphnis ! Daphnis !* 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd :
Come back, dear youth, again.

V.

As t' other day my hand he ſeiz'd :
My blood with trickling motion flew,
Sudden I put on looks diſpleas'd,
And haſty from his hold withdrew :
'Twas fear alone, thou ſimple ſwain :
Then hadſt thou preſs'd my hand again,
My heart had yielded too.

VI.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy lip and roſy cheek ;
Think not thy ſkill in ſong defam'd,
Thy lip ſhould other pleaſures ſeek.
Much, much thy muſic I approve,
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love
Much more to hear thee ſpeak.

VII.

My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd ;
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone !
Laſt night with *Delia*'s dog he play'd ;
Love by ſuch trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear ſhepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart betray.
Ah *Chloe !* thou art won.

VIII.

The youth ſtept forth with haſty pace,
And found where wiſhing *Chloe* lay ;
Shame ſudden light'ned in her face,
Confus'd ſhe knew not what to ſay :
At laſt, in broken words ſhe cry'd,
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am loſt to-day.

Old

Old Darby.

An Advice to Chloe.

I.

DEar *Chloe*, while thus beyond meaſure
You treat me with doubts and diſdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleaſure,
And hoard up an old age of pain;
Your maxim, that love is ſtill founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its dictates obey.

II.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
By kindneſs, you ought to improve;
Soft looks and gay ſmiles are the dawn,
Fruition the ſun-ſhine of love.
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are ſo gay,
And darkneſs obſcure all the ſkies,
You ne'er can forget it was day.

III.

Old *Darby*, with *Joan* by his ſide,
You have often regarded with wonder,
He's dropſical, ſhe is dim-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder:
Together they totter about,
Or ſit in the ſun at the door;
And at night when old *Darby*'s pot's out,
His *Joan* will not ſmoke a whiff more.

IV.

No beauty nor wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral failings to cover:
Then, what are the charms, can you gueſs,
That make them ſo fond of each other?
'Tis the pleaſing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that youth did beſtow,
The thoughts of paſt pleaſure and truth,
The beſt of our bleſſings below.

Thoſe

V.

Thoſe traces for ever will laſt,
No ſickneſs or time can remove:
For when youth and beauty are paſt,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
By reviews of ſuch raptures as theſe;
The current of fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

The modern Marriage-queſtion.

I.

HAppy the world in that bleſs'd age,
When beauty was not bought and ſold,
When the fair mind was uninflam'd
With the mean thirſt of baneful gold.
With the mean thirſt, &c.

II.

Then the kind ſhepherd when he ſigh'd,
The ſwain, whoſe dog was all his wealth,
Was not by cruel parents forc'd
To breathe the am'rous vow by ſtealth.
To breathe, &c.

III.

Now the firſt queſtion fathers aſk,
When for their girls fond lovers ſue,
Is, — *What's the ſettlement you'll make?*
You're poor! — *he flings the door at you.*
You're poor, &c.

The Country-wake.

I'LL ſing you a ditty, and warrant it true,
Give but attention unto me a while,
Of tranſactions in court, and in country too,
Toilſome pleaſure, and pleaſing toil:

Accept it, I pray, as your help-mates you take,
To ſome 'twill give joy,
And ſome others annoy:
All's fair at a country-wake.
All's fair, &c.

II.

Many ladies at court are ſtyl'd unpolite,
Becauſe truly virtuous and prone to no ill;
Whilſt others, who ſparkle in diamonds bright,
Are ſtript of their pride at baſſet or quadrille,
Till their loſſes at play do their lords credit ſhake:
Then, their toys to recover,
They'll grant the laſt favour;
Strange news at a country-wake.
Strange news, &c.

III.

Here moſt of our gentlemen patriots are,
Tho' very bad ſtateſmen, I freely confeſs,
They deſign harm to none, but a fox or a hare,
And are always found loyal in war and in peace.
The farmer's induſtry does earth fertile make;
The huſbandman's plowing,
His planting and ſowing,
Gets health and good cheer at a country-wake.
Gets health, &c.

IV.

Our maids blooming fair, without waſhes and paints,
From neighbouring villages hither reſort,
They kiſs ſweet as roſes, yet virtuous as ſaints;
(Who can ſay more for the ladies at court)?
No worldly cares vex them aſleep or awake,
But their time they improve
In peace and true love,
And innocent mirth at a country-wake.
And innocent, &c.

V.

The ſchemes of a courtier are full of intrigues:
Here all's fair and open, dark deeds we deſpiſe,
Set rural contentment 'gainſt courtly fatigue,
Who chuſes the former is happy and wiſe:

Now

Now let's pray for the king, and, for *Britain*'s ſake,
From all factions free,
May his ſubjects agree,
As well at the court as the country-wake.
As well, &c.

Oaths in faſhion.

CUſtom prevailing ſo long 'mongſt the great,
Makes oaths eaſy potions to ſleep on;
Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,
Without e'er deſigning to keep one.
For an oath's ſeldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame,
A lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good name;
A lawyer to truth, or a ſtateſman from blame,
Or a patriot's heart in a courtier.

The terrible Law.

THE terrible law when it faſtens its paw
On a poor man, it grips till he's undone;
And what I am doing may prove to my ruin,
Tho' rich as the lord mayor of *London*.

II.

Therefore I'll be wary what meſſage I carry,
Unleſs we firſt make a ſure zure bargain;
I will be dempnified, thoroughly ſatisfied,
That ch'an ſhan't zuffer a varding.

The Play of Love.

Firſt Act.

THE play of love is now begun,
And thus the actions do go on;
Strephon, enamour'd, courts the fair,
She hears him with a careleſs air,
And ſmiles to find him in love's ſnare.

Second Act.

The act tune play'd, they meet again,
Here pity moves her for his pain,
Which ſhe evades with ſome pretence,
And thinks ſhe may with love diſpenſe,
But pants to hear a man of ſenſe.

Third Act.

The third approach her lover makes,
She colours up whene'er ſhe ſpeaks;
But with feign'd ſlights ſhe put him by,
And faintly cries, ſhe can't comply,
Altho' ſhe gives her heart the lie.

Fourth Act.

Now the plot riſes, he ſeems ſhy,
As if ſome other fair he'd try;
At which ſhe ſwells with ſpleen and fear,
Leſt ſome more wiſe his love ſhou'd ſhare,
Which yet no woman e'er can bear.

Fifth Act.

The laſt act now is wrought ſo high,
That thus it crowns the lover's joy;
She does no more his paſſion ſhun,
He ſtrait into her arms does run:
The curtain falls, the play is done.

FANNY fair.

TO *Fanny* fair could I impart
The cauſe of all my wo!
That beauty which has won my heart,
She ſcarcely ſeems to know:
Unſkill'd in the art of womankind,
Without deſign ſhe charms;
How can thoſe ſparkling eyes be blind,
Which every boſom warms?

She

II.

She knows her power is all deceit,
The conſcious bluſhes ſhows,
Thoſe bluſhes to the eye more ſweet
Than th' op'ning budding roſe :
Yet the delicious fragrant roſe,
That charms the ſenſe ſo much,
Upon a thorny brier grows,
And wounds with ev'ry touch.

III.

At firſt when I beheld the fair,
With raptures I was bleſt;
But as I would approach more near,
At once I loſt my reſt;
Th' inchanting ſight, the ſweet ſurpriſe,
Prepare me for my doom;
One cruel look from thoſe bright eyes
Will lay me in my tomb.

The Bottle preferr'd.

I.

PRoud woman, I ſcorn you,
Briſk wine's my delight,
I'll drink all the day,
And I'll revel all night.

II.

As great as a monarch,
The moments I paſs,
The bottle's my globe,
And my ſceptre's the glaſs.

III.

The table's my throne,
And the tavern's my court,
The drawer's my ſubject,
And drinking's my ſport.

IV.

Here's the chief of all joy,
  Here's a miſtreſs ne'er coy;
Dear cure of all ſorrows,
  And life of all bliſs:
I'm a king when I hug you,
  But more when I kiſs.

Tippling JOHN.

I.

AS tippling *John* was jogging on,
  Upon a riot-night,
With tottering pace, and fiery face,
  Suſpicious of high flight;
The guards, who took him, by his look,
  For ſome chief fiery-brand,
Aſk'd, whence he came? what was his name?
  Who are you? Stand, friend, ſtand.

II.

I'm going home, from meeting come:
  Ay, ſays one, that's the caſe;
Some meeting he has burnt, you ſee
  The flame's ſtill in his face.
John thought it time to purge his crime,
  And ſaid, My chief intent
Was to aſſwage my thirſty rage,
  I' th' meeting that I meant.

III.

Come, friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,
  Says one, pray let us know,
That we may find how you're inclin'd;
  Are you high church or low?
John ſaid to that, I'll tell you what,
  To end debates and ſtrife,
All I can ſay, this is the way
  I ſteer my courſe of life.

IV.

I ne'er to *Bow*, nor *Burgeſs* go,
To ſteeple-houſe nor hall,
The briſk bar-bell beſt ſuits my zeal
With gentlemen, d'ye call;
Gueſs then, am I low church or high,
From that tow'r, or no ſteeple,
Whoſe merry toll exalts the ſoul,
And muſt make high-flown people?

V.

The guards came on, and look'd at *John*
With countenance moſt pleaſant,
By whiſper round they all ſoon found
He was no damag'd peaſant.
Thus while *John* ſtood the beſt he cou'd,
Expecting their deciſion;
Damn him, ſays one, let him begone,
He's of our own religion.

BELINDA.

I.

WOuld fate to me *Belinda* give,
With her alone I'd chuſe to live,
Variety I'd ne'er require,
Nor a greater, nor a greater,
Nor a greater bliſs deſire.

II.

My charming nymph, if you can find
Amongſt the race of human kind,
A man that loves you more than I,
I'll reſign you, I'll reſign you,
I'll reſign you, tho' I die.

III.

Let my *Belinda* fill my arms,
With all her beauty, all her charms;
With ſcorn and pity I'd look down
On the glories, on the glories,
On the glories of a crown.

Beauty

Beauty and Rigour.

I.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
No less than a wonder by nature design'd;
She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,
And the cause of a flame that never can die.
And the cause, &c.

II.

Her mouth, from whence wit still obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose:
Love and destiny both attend on her will,
She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.
She wounds, &c.

III.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
Where *Beauty* and *Rigour* are both in excess;
In *Silvia* they meet, so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must love, who loves her must die.
Who sees her, &c.

The Rival.

I.

OF all the torment, all the care,
By which our lives are curst,
Of all the sorrows that we bear,
A *rival* is the worst.
By partners in another kind
Afflictions easier grow,
In love alone we hate to find
Companions in our wo.

II.

Silvia, for all the griefs you see
Arising in my breast,
I beg not that you'd pity me,
Would you but slight the rest.
Howe'er severe your rigours are,
Alone with them I'd cope,
I can endure my own d spair,
But not another's hope.

Hunting

Hunting Song going out.

I.

HArk ! away, 'tis the merry ton'd horn
Calls the hunters all up with the morn ;
To the hills and the woodlands they ſteer,
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

CHORUS of Huntſmen.

All the day long,
This, this is our ſong,
Still hallooing,
And following ;
So frolic and free,
Our joys know no bounds,
While we're after the hounds,
No mortals on earth are ſo jolly as we.

II.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
While the hills they all echo hillo ;
With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
Then our ſhouts they reſound to the ſkies.
All the day, &c.

III.

When we ſweep o'er the valleys, or climb
Up the heath-breathing mountain ſublime,
What a joy from our labour we feel !
Which alone they who taſte can reveal.
All the day, &c.

The Return from the Chace.

THE ſweet roſy morn peeps over the hills,
With bluſhes adorning the meadows and fields ;
The merry, merry, merry horn calls, Come, come away,
Awake from your ſlumbers, and hail the new day.
The merry, &c.

The

II.

The ſtag rous'd before us, away ſeems to fly,
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry,
Then follow, follow, follow the muſical chace,
Where pleaſure and vigorous health you embrace.
Then follow, &c.

III.

The day's ſport when over makes blood circle right,
And gives the briſk lover freſh charms for the night;
Then let us, let us now enjoy all we can while we may,
Let love crown the night, as our ſports crown the day.
Then let us, &c.

The Girl that's blithe and gay.

Tune, *Black Jock*.

OF all the girls in our town,
Or black, or yellow, or fair, or brown,
With their ſoft eyes, and faces ſo bright;
Give me a girl that's blithe and gay,
As warm as *June*, and as ſweet as *May*,
With her heart free, and faithful as light.
What lovely couple then cou'd be
So happy and ſo bleſs'd as we!
On whom the ſweeteſt joys wou'd ſmile,
And all the cares of life beguile,
Entranc'd in bliſs each rapt'rous night.

Cynthia's Perplexity.

I.

Cynthia frowns whene'er I woo her,
Yet ſhe's vex'd if I give over;
Much ſhe fears I ſhould undo her,
But much more to loſe her lover;
Thus in doubting ſhe refuſes,
And not winning thus ſhe loſes.

Prithee,

II.

Prithee, *Cynthia*, look behind you,
  Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you ;
Then too late, deſire will find you
  When the power muſt forſake you.
Think upon the ſad condition
  To be paſs'd, yet wiſh fruition.

Nought but Love.

I.

THE ſun was ſunk beneath the hill,
  The weſtern clouds were lin'd with gold,
The ſky was clear, the winds were ſtill,
  The flocks were pent within the fold ;
When from the ſilence of the grove,
Poor *Damon* thus deſpair'd of love !

II.

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant roſe
From the bare rock, or oozy beach ;
Who from each barren weed that grows
  Expects the grape, or bluſhing peach ;
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

III.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
  No fields that wave with golden grain,
No paſtures green, nor gardens fair,
  A maiden's venal heart to gain :
Then all in vain my ſighs muſt prove,
For I, alas ! have nought but love.

IV.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
  Since womens hearts are bought and ſold ?
They aſk not vows of ſacred truth,
  Whene'er they ſigh, they ſigh for gold.
Gold can the frowns of ſcorn remove,
But I, alas ! have nought but love.

To

V.

To buy the gems of *India*'s coaſt,
What wealth, what treaſure can ſuffice?
Not all their ſhine can ever boaſt
The living luſtre of her eyes:
For theſe the world too cheap would prove;
But I, alas! have nought but love.

VI.

O *Silvia!* ſince nor gems, nor ore,
Can with your brighter gems compare,
Conſider that I offer more,
More ſeldom found a ſoul ſincere:
Let riches meaner beauties move,
Who pays thy worth, muſt pay in love.

Tell me, my Heart.

I.

When *Delia* on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but hers can bear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III.

If ſhe ſome other ſwain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondeſt friend,
That inſtant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV.

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring, or ſhady grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When

V.

When arm'd with insolent disdain,
She seem'd to triumph in my pain;
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

CUPID mistaken.

I.

AS after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river,
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, and fill'd his quiver:
With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
With all his might his bow he drew,
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart,
The too well-guided arrow flew.

II.

I faint! I die! the goddess cry'd:
O cruel! cou'dst thou find none other
To wreak thy spleen on? parricide,
Like *Nero*, thou hast slain thy mother!
Poor *Cupid*, sobbing, scarce cou'd speak;
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy the mistake,
I took you for your likeness *Chloe*.

SILVIA to ALEXIS.

A *Lexis*, how artless a lover!
How bashful and silly you grow!
In my eyes can you never discover
I mean Yes, when I often say No?
I mean, &c.

II.

When you pine and you whine out your paſſion,
And only intreat for a kiſs;
To be coy and deny is the faſhion,
Alexis ſhould raviſh the bliſs.
Alexis *ſhould*, &c.

III.

In love, as in war, 'tis but reaſon
To make ſome defence for the town:
To ſurrender without it, were treaſon,
Before that the outworks were won.
Before that, &c.

IV.

If I frown, 'tis my bluſhes to cover,
'Tis for honour and modeſty's ſake;
He is but a pitiful lover
Who is foil'd by a ſingle attack.
Who is, &c.

V.

But when we by force are o'erpower'd,
The beſt and the braveſt muſt yield;
I am not to be won by a coward,
Who hardly dares enter the field.
Who hardly, &c.

The ſerious Lover.

I.

BElieve my ſighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you have won,
Believe my vows to you ſincere,
Or, *Jenny*, I'm undone.
You ſay, I'm fickle, and apt to change,
At every face that's new:
Of all the girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My

II.

My heart was like a lump of ice,
  Till warm'd by your bright eye;
And then it kindled in a trice,
  A flame that ne'er can die.
Then take and try me, you ſhall find
  That I've a heart that's true;
Of all the girls I ever ſaw,
  I ne'er lov'd one like you.

The grateful Admirer.

FAlſe tho' ſhe be to me and love,
  I'll ne'er purſue revenge;
For ſtill the charmer I approve,
  Tho' I deplore her change.
In hours of bliſs we oft have met,
  They could not always laſt;
But tho' the preſent I regret,
  I'm grateful for the paſt.
  I'm grateful, &c.

Celia and Sabina.

I.

THirſis, a young and am'rous ſwain,
  Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
  Who both his heart ſubdue:
Gay *Celia*'s eyes were dazzling fair;
Sabina's eaſy ſhape and air,
  With ſofter muſic drew.

II.

  He haunts the ſtream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
  And ſeems for each to die;
Till each a little ſpiteful grown,
Sabina Celia's ſhape ran down,
  And ſhe *Sabina*'s eye.

III.

Their envy made the ſhepherd find
Thoſe eyes that love could only blind;
So ſet the lover free.
No more he haunts the grove or ſtream,
Or, with a true love-knot or name,
Engraves a wounded tree.

IV.

Ah *Celia!* fly *Sabina* cry'd,
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd,
Let either fix the dart.
Poor girl! ſays *Celia*, ſay no more;
That ſpite which broke his chains before,
Would break the other's heart.

The fair Warning.

YOung *virgins* love pleaſure,
As *miſers* do treaſure;
And both alike ſtudy
To heighten the meaſure;
Their hearts they will rifle
For every new trifle,
And when in their teens
Fall in love for a ſong;
But ſoon as they marry,
And find things miſcarry;
Oh! how they ſigh
That they were not more wary.
Inſtead of ſoft wooing,
They run to their ruin,
And all their lives after
Drag ſorrow along.

Petticoat

Petticoat wooing.

I.

DEar *Colin*, prevent my warm blushes,
How can I speak without pain?
My eyes have oft told you their wishes:
Why can't you the meaning explain?

II.

My passion wou'd lose by expression,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then pray don't expect a confession
Of what is too tender to name.

III.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
How can you expect it from me?
Our wishes shou'd be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they shou'd be.

IV.

Then quickly why don't you discover?
Did your heart feel such tortures as mine?
I need not tell over and over
What I in my bosom confine.

Colin's Reply.

I.

GOod Madam, when ladies are willing,
A man must needs look like a fool;
For me, I would not give a shilling
For one that does love without rule.

II.

At least ye shou'd wait for our offers,
Nor snatch like old maids in despair;
Had you liv'd to these years without proffers,
Your sighs were all spent in the air.

III.

You shou'd leave us to guess by your blushing,
And not tell the matter so plain;
'Tis ours to be writing and pushing,
And yours to affect a disdain.

IV.

But you're in a terrible taking,
By all the fond oglings I ſee;
The fruit that can fall without ſhaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.

The Country-laſs's Ambition.

I.

WHat tho' they call me country-laſs?
I read it plainly in my glaſs,
That for a ducheſs I might paſs,
Oh! could I ſee the day!
Wou'd fortune but attend my call,
At park, at play, at ring, and ball,
I'd brave the proudeſt of them all,
With a ſtand-by, Clear the way.

II.

Surrounded by a croud of beaux,
With ſmart toupees, and powder'd cloaths,
Arrivals I'll turn up my noſe;
Oh! could I ſee the day!
I'll dart ſuch glances from theſe eyes,
Shall make ſome duke, or lord, my prize;
And then, oh! how I'll tyrannize,
With a ſtand-by, Clear the way.

III.

Oh! then for every new delight,
For equipage, and diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and balls, and plays, all night:
Oh! could I ſee the day!
Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
The tedious hours of life to kill,
In every thing I'd have my will,
With a ſtand-by, Clear the way.

The

The following Song is ſaid to be made in honour of our Sovereign Lady MARY Queen of SCOTS.

I.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
Who poorly ſatisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
Ye are but officers of the ſkies;
What are you when the moon doth riſe?

II.

You violets that firſt appear,
By your fine purple colour known,
Taking poſſeſſion of the year,
As if the ſpring were all your own;
What are ye when the roſe is blown?

III.

You charming birds, that in the woods
Do warble forth your lively lays,
Making your paſſion underſtood
In ſofteſt notes; what is your praiſe,
When *Philomel* her voice does raiſe?

IV.

You glancing jewels of the eaſt,
Whoſe eſtimation fancies raiſe,
Pearls, rubies, ſapphires, and the reſt
Of glittering gems; what is your praiſe,
When the bright diamond ſhews his rays?

V.

But, ah! poor light, gem, voice, and ſmell,
What are ye if my MARY ſhine?
Moon, diamond, flowers, and *Philomel*,
Light, luſtre, ſcent, and muſic tine,
And yield to merit more divine.

VI.

Thus when my miſtreſs you have ſeen
In beauties of her face and mind,
Firſt, by deſcent, ſhe is a *Queen*;
Judge then if ſhe be not divine,
And glory of all womankind.

There

VII.

There rose and lily, the hale spring,
Unto her breath for sweetness speed;
The diamond darkness in the ring:
When she appears, the moon looks dead,
As when *Sol* lifts his radiant head.

There Gowans are gay.

I.

THere gowans are gay, my joy,
There gowans are gay;
They gar me wake when I shou'd sleep,
The first morning of *May*.

II.

About the fields as I did pass,
There gowans are gay;
I chanc'd to meet a proper lass,
The first morning of *May*.

III.

Right busy was that bonny maid,
There gowans are gay;
I hass'd her, syne to her I said,
The first morning of *May*:

IV.

O lady fair, what do you here?
There gowans are gay;
Gathering the dew, what need ye speir?
The first morning of *May*.

V.

The dew, quoth I, what can that mean?
There gowans are gay;
Quoth she, to wash my mistress clean,
The first morning of *May*.

VI.

I asked farther at her syne,
There gowans are gay,
Gif to my will she wad incline?
The first morning of *May*.

She

VII.

She ſaid, her errand was not there,
Where gowans are gay;
Her maidenhead on me to ware,
The firſt morning of *May*.

VIII.

Then, like an arrow frae a bow,
There gowans are gay;
She ſkift away out o'er the know,
The firſt morning of *May*;

IX.

And left me in the garth my lane,
There gowans are gay;
And in my heart a twang of pain,
The firſt morning of *May*.

X.

The little birds they ſang full ſweet,
There gowans are gay;
Unto my comfort was right meet,
The firſt morning of *May*.

XI.

And thereabout I paſt my time,
There gowans are gay;
Until it was the hour of prime,
The firſt morning of *May*;

XII.

And then returned hame bedeen,
There gowans are gay;
Panſand what maiden that had been,
The firſt morning of *May*,

Slighted Love ſair to bide.

I Had a heart, but now I heartleſs gae;
I had a mind, but daily was oppreſt;
I had a friend that's now become my fae;
I had a will that now has freedom loſt:

What have I now ?
Naething I trow,
But grief where I had joy :
What am I than ?
A heartleſs man :
Could love me thus deſtroy !
I love, I ſerve ane whom I much regard,
Yet for my love diſdain is my reward.

II.

Where ſhall I gang to hide my weary face ?
Where ſhall I find a place for my defence ?
Where my true love remains the fitteſt place,
Of all the earth that is my confidence.
She is my heart
Till I depart :
Let her do what ſhe liſt,
I cannot mend,
But ſtill depend,
And daily to inſiſt,
To purchaſe love, if love my love deſerve ;
If not for love, let love my body ſtarve.

III.

O lady fair ! whom I do honour moſt,
Your name and fame within my breaſt I have ;
Let not my love and labour thus be loſt,
But ſtill in mind I pray thee to engrave,
That I am true,
And ſall not rue
Ane word that I have ſaid :
I am your man,
Do what you can,
When all theſe plays are plaid.
Then ſave your ſhip unbroken on the ſand,
Since man and goods are all at your command.

The

The Invitation.

I.

COme, love, let's walk by yonder ſpring,
Where we may hear the blackbird ſing,
The robin-red-breaſt and the thruſh,
And nightingale in thorny buſh,
The mavis ſweetly carroling;
This to my love, this to my love,
Content will bring.

II.

See where the nymph, with all her train,
Comes ſkipping thro' the park amain,
And in this grove ſhe means to ſtay,
At barley-breaks to ſport and play;
Where we may ſit us down and ſee
Fair beauty mix'd, fair beauty mix'd
With chaſtity.

III.

In yonder dale are fineſt flowers,
With mony pleaſant ſhady bowers,
A purling brook, whoſe ſilver ſtreams
Are beautified with *Phœbus'* beams;
Which ſteal out thro' the trees for fear,
Becauſe *Diana*, becauſe *Diana*
Bathes her there.

IV.

All her delight is as ye ſee,
This way to ſport, and here to be
Delyting in this caler ſpring,
Only to bathe herſelf therein,
Until *Acteon* her eſpy'd;
Then to the thicket, then to the thicket
Did ſhe glyde.

V.

And there by magic art ſhe wrought,
And in her heart ſhe thus bethought,
With ſecret ſpeed away to flee,
And he a hart was turn'd to be;

Becauſe

Becauſe he follow'd *Diana*'s train,
His life he loſt, his life he loſt,
Her love to gain.

Caſt away Care.

I.

CAre, away gae thou frae me,
For I am no fit match for thee,
Thou bereaves me of my wits,
Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits :
Therefore I will care no moir,
Since that in cares comes no reſtoir ;
Bur I will ſing hey down a dee,
And caſt doilt care away frae me.

II.

If I want, I care to get,
The more I have, the more I fret ;
Love I much, I care for moir,
The moir I have I think I'm poor :
Thus grief and care my mind oppreſs,
Nor wealth or wae gives no redreſs ;
Therefore I'll care no moir in vain,
Since care has coſt me meikle pain.

III.

Is not this warld a ſlidd'ry ball ?
And thinks men ſtrange to catch a fall ?
Does not the ſea baith ebb and flow ?
And fortune's but a painted ſhow,
Why ſhou'd men take care or grief,
Since that by theſe comes no relief ?
Some careful ſaw what careleſs reap,
And waſters ware what niggards ſcrape.

IV.

Well then, ay learn to knaw thyſelf,
And care not for this warldly pelf :
Whether thy 'ſtate be great or ſmall,
Give thanks to GOD whate'er befall,
Sae ſall thou than ay live at eaſe,
No ſudden grief ſhall thee diſpleaſe ;
Then mayſt thou ſing, Hey down a dee,
When thou haſt caſt ilk care frae thee.

The

The faireſt of her Days.

I.

WHoe'er beholds my *Helen*'s face,
And ſays not that good hap has ſhe;
Who hears her ſpeak, and tents her grace,
Sall think nane ever ſpake but ſhe.
The ſhort way to reſound her praiſe,
She is the faireſt of her days.

II.

Who knows her wit, and not admires,
He maun be deem'd devoid of ſkill:
Her virtues kindle ſtrong deſires
In them that think upon her ſtill.
The ſhort way, &c.

III.

Her red is like unto the roſe
Whaſe buds are op'ning to the ſun,
Her comely colours to diſcloſe
The firſt degree of ripeneſs won.
The ſhort way, &c.

IV.

And with the red is mix'd the white,
Like to the ſun or fair moon-ſhine,
That does upon clear waters light,
And makes the colour ſeem divine.
The ſhort way to reſound her praiſe,
She is the faireſt of her days.

N. B. The ſix foregoing ſongs I took out of a very old MSS. collection, wrote by a gentleman in *Aberdeen.*

Lord HENRY and KATHARINE.

IN ancient times, in *Britain*'s iſle,
Lord *Henry* well was known,
Nor knight in all the land more fam'd,
Or more deſerv'd renown;

His thoughts on honour always run,
He ne'er cou'd bow to love,
No nymph in all the land had charms
His frozen heart to move.

II.

Amongſt the nymphs where *Kath'rine* came,
The faireſt face ſhe ſhows,
She was as bright as morning-ſun,
And ſweeter than a roſe:
Although ſhe was of mean degree,
She daily conqueſts gains;
For ne'er a youth who her beheld,
Eſcap'd her powerful chains.

III.

But ſoon her eyes their luſtre loſt,
Her cheek grew pale and wan,
A pining ſeiz'd her lovely form,
And cures were all in vain:
The ſickneſs was to all unknown
That did the fair one waſte,
Her time in ſighs and floods of tears,
And broken ſlumbers paſt.

IV.

Once in a dream ſhe cry'd aloud,
Oh *Henry*, I'm undone!
Oh cruel fate! oh wretched maid!
Thy love muſt ne'er be known!
Such is the fate of womankind,
They muſt the truth conceal,
I'll die ten thouſand thouſand deaths,
Ere I my love reveal.

V.

A tender friend that watch'd the fair
To *Henry* hy'd away.
My Lord, ſays ſhe, we've found the cauſe
Of *Kath'rine*'s quick decay:
She in a dream the ſecret told,
Till now no mortal knew:
Alas! ſhe now expiring lies,
And dies for love of you!

The

VI.

The gen'rous *Henry*'s ſoul was touch'd,
His heart began to flame,
Ah, poor unhappy maid! he cry'd,
Yet I am not to blame.
Ah *Kath'rine!* too too modeſt maid,
Thy love I never knew,
I'll eaſe your pains and ſwift as wind
To her bedſide he flew.

VII.

Awake! awake! he fondly cry'd,
Awake! awake! my dear;
If I had only gueſs'd your love,
You ne'er had ſhed a tear:
'Tis *Henry* calls, complain no more,
Renew thy wonted charms;
I come to ſave thee from deſpair,
And take thee to my arms.

VIII.

Theſe words reviv'd the dying fair,
She rais'd her drooping head,
And gazing on the long-lov'd youth,
She ſtarted from the bed.
Around his neck her arms ſhe flung,
In ecſtaſy, and cried,
Will you be kind? Will you indeed?
My love! — and ſo ſhe died.

The Milking-pail.

I.

YE nymphs and *ſilvan* gods,
That love green fields and woods,
When ſpring newly born herſelf does adorn
With flowers and blooming buds:
Come ſing in the praiſe, while flocks do graze
On yonder pleaſant vale,
Of thoſe that choſe to milk their ewes,
And in cold dews, with clouted ſhoes,
To carry the milking-pail.

II.

You goddeſs of the morn,
With bluſhes you adorn,
And take the freſh air, whilſt linnets prepare
A conſort on each green thorn:
The blackbird and thruſh, on every buſh,
And the charming nightingale,
In merry vein, their throats do ſtrain,
To entertain the jolly train
Of thoſe of the milking-pail.

III.

When cold bleak winds do roar,
And flowers will ſpring no more,
The fields that were ſeen ſo pleaſant and green,
With winter's all candied o'er.
See how the town-laſs looks with her white face,
And her lips ſo deadly pale?
But it is not ſo with thoſe that go
Thro' froſt and ſnow, with cheeks that glow,
And carry the milking-pail.

IV.

The miſs of courtly mold,
Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
With waſhes and paint her ſkin does ſo taint,
She's wither'd before ſhe's old:
While ſhe of commode puts on a cart-load,
And with cuſhions plumps her tail.
What joys are found in ruſhy ground,
Young plump and round, nay, ſweet and ſound,
Of thoſe of the milking-pail.

V.

You girls of *Venus* game,
That venture health and fame,
In practiſing feats, with cold and heats,
Make lovers grow blind and lame:
If men were ſo wiſe to value the prize
Of wares moſt fit for ſale,
What ſtore of beaux would daub their cloaths,
To ſave a noſe, by following of thoſe
Who carry the milking-pail?

The

VI.

The country-lad is free
From fears and jealouſie,
Whilſt upon the green he is often ſeen
With his laſs upon his knee;
With kiſſes moſt ſweet he doth her ſo treat,
And ſwears ſhe'll never grow ſtale;
But the *London* laſs, in every place,
With brazen face deſpiſes the grace
Of thoſe of the milking-pail.

PHILLIS, deſpiſe not.

I.

Phillis, deſpiſe not your faithful lover,
Play not the tyrant, becauſe you are fair;
Beauty will fade, my charming maid,
Juſt as the lily, my beautiful *Philly*,
Ceaſe to prove coy, ſmile on the boy,
Grant him the bleſſing he longs to enjoy.

II.

Crowns are but trifles, compar'd with my *Philly*:
Who can behold her, and not be enſlav'd?
Angel divine! wert thou but mine;
Pity my ſtory, I laugh at all glory,
Here I proteſt, on thy dear breaſt,
With thee in a cottage I'd think myſelf bleſt.

Drink while ye can.

LEt's drink, my friends, while here we live,
The fleeting moments as they paſs
This ſilent admonition give,
T' improve our time, and puſh the glaſs.

II.

When once we've ent'red *Charon*'s boat,
Farewell to drinking, joys divine,
There's not a drop to weet our throat,
The grave's a cellar void of wine.

Meddlers out of Season.

I.

COme, lads, ne'er plague your heads
With what is done in *Spain*,
But leave to them
Who are supreme,
To settle peace again:
Debating, prating, jumbling, grumbling,
Pays no nation's debt;
'Tis time must clear it,
Just like claret,
When it is on the fret.

II.

Each one should mind his own,
Not business of the state:
This all we get,
By meddling yet,
More troubles to create.
Our wrangling, jangling, clam'ring, hamm'ring,
But disturb the town;
Such men of mettle,
In a kettle,
Make two holes for one.

III.

If you the dangers knew
Of those that wear a crown,
You'd scarce envy
A state so high,
But wisely use your own:
Unsteady, giddy, busy, dizzy,
With the dazling height;

Yet

Yet daily ſtooping,
Almoſt drooping
Underneath the weight.

IV.

Low ſwains that range the plains,
Their native freedom keep,
Who yet command,
With crook in hand,
Their faithful dog and ſheep:
Their leiſure, pleaſure, ſporting, courting,
None but time deceive;
Whilſt *Amaryllis*,
Jug and *Phyllis*,
Flow'ry garlands weave.

Complaint on Scorn.

I.

WHY will *Florella*, when I gaze,
My raviſh'd eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face,
I can behold with love?
To ſhun your ſcorn, and eaſe my care,
I ſeek a nymph more kind:
And as I range from fair to fair,
Still gentle uſage find.

II.

But O! how faint is ev'ry joy,
Where nature has no part?
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.
So reſtleſs exiles, as they roam,
Meet pity ev'ry where;
Yet languiſh for their native home,
Tho' death attends them there.

Love

Love or Wine.

I.

IF *Phillis* denies me relief,
If ſhe's angry, I'll ſeek it in wine ;
Tho' ſhe laughs at my am'rous grief,
At my mirth why ſhou'd ſhe repine ?
At my mirth, &c.

II.

The ſparkling *Champaign* ſhall remove
All the cares my dull grief has in ſtore :
My reaſon I loſt when I lov'd,
And by drinking what can I do more ?
And by drinking, &c.

III.

Wou'd *Phillis* but pity my pain,
Or my am'rous vows wou'd approve,
The juice of the grape I'd diſdain,
And be drunk with nothing but love.
And be drunk, &c.

Twenty-one favourite SONGS, in the BEGGAR'S OPERA.

SONG I.

Tune, *An old woman clothed in grey*, &c.

THrough all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuſes his brother :
Whore and rogue they call huſband and wife,
All profeſſions be-rogue one another ;
The prieſt calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine ;
And the ſtateſman, becauſe he's ſo great,
Thinks his trade as honeſt as mine.

SONG

SONG II.

Tune, *The bonny grey-ey'd morn*, &c.

'TIS woman that ſeduces all mankind,
By her we firſt were taught the wheedling arts:
Her very eyes can cheat, when moſt ſhe's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts:
For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
And practiſe ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For ſuits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty muſt be fee'd into our arms.

SONG III.

Tune, *Why is your faithful ſlave diſdain'd?* &c.

IF love the virgin's heart invade,
How, like a moth, the ſimple maid
Still plays about the flame!
If ſoon ſhe be not made a wife,
Her honour's ſing'd, and then for life
She's what I dare not name.

SONG IV.

Tune, *Of all the ſimple things we do*, &c.

A Maid is like a golden ore,
Which hath guineas intrinſical in't,
Whoſe worth is never known, before
It is try'd, and impreſs'd in the mint.
A wife's like a guinea in gold,
Stampt with the name of her ſpouſe;
Now here, now there; is bought, or is ſold;
And is current in every houſe.

SONG V.

Tune, *What shall I do to show how much I love her*, &c.

VIrgins are like the fair flower in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around;
But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To *Covent-Garden* 'tis sent, (as yet sweet),
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

SONG VI.

Tune, *Oh* London *is a fine town.*

OUR *Polly* is a sad slut! nor heeds what we taught her,
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
For she must have both hoods and gowns,
And hoops to swell her pride,
With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace;
And she will have men beside;
And when she's dress'd with care and cost,
All tempting fine and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber,
She flings herself away.
Our Polly *is a sad slut*, &c.

SONG VII.

Tune, *Grim king of the ghosts*, &c.

CAN love be controll'd by advice!
Will *Cupid* our mothers obey?
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
At his flame, 'twould have melted away.
When he kiss'd me so closely he prest,
'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd:
So I thought it both safest and best,
To marry for fear you shou'd chide.

SONG

SONG VIII.

Tune, *A ſoldier and a ſailor.*

A Fox may ſteal your hens, Sir,
A whore your health and pence, Sir,
Your daughter rob your cheſt, Sir,
Your wife may ſteal your reſt, Sir,
A thief your goods and plate.
But this is all but picking,
With reſt, pence, cheſt, and chicken :
It ever was decreed, Sir,
If lawyer's hand is fee'd, Sir,
He ſteals your whole eſtate.

SONG IX.

Tune, *Over the hills and far away.*

WEre I laid on *Greenland*'s coaſt,
And in my arms embrac'd my laſs ;
Warm amidſt eternal froſt,
Too ſoon the half-year's night would paſs.
Were I ſold on *Indian* ſoil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the ſultry toil,
When on my charmer's breaſt repos'd.
And I would love you all the day,
Every night would kiſs and play,
If with me you'd fondly ſtray,
Over the hills and far away.

SONG X.

Tune, *O the broom*, &c.

THE miſer thus a ſhilling ſees,
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With ſighs reſigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for ay.
The boy, thus, when his ſparrow's flown,
The bird in ſilence eyes ;
But ſoon as out of ſight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, ſobs, and cries.

SONG

SONG XI.

Tune, *Cotillon.*

YOuth's the ſeaſon made for joys,
Love is then our duty;
She alone who that employs,
Well deſerves her beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a flower deſpis'd in decay,
Youth's the ſeaſon, *&c.*
Let us drink and ſport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow,
Love with youth flies ſwift to-day,
Age is nought but ſorrow.
Dance and ſing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of ſpring.
Chorus. Let us drink, *&c.*

SONG XII.

Tune, *When once I lay with another man's wife.*

THE gameſters and lawyers are jugglers alike,
If they meddle, your all is in danger;
Like gypſies, if once they can finger a ſouſe,
Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your houſe,
And give your eſtate to a ſtranger,

SONG XIII.

Tune, *Courtiers, courtiers, think it no harm,* &c.

MAN may eſcape from rope or gun,
Nay, ſome have outliv'd the doctor's pill;
Who takes a woman muſt be undone,
That baſiliſk is ſure to kill.
The fly that ſips treacle is loſt in the ſweets,
So he that taſtes woman, woman, woman,
He that taſtes woman, ruin meets.

SONG

SONG XIV.

Tune, *The ſun had loos'd his weary teams*, &c.

THE firſt time at the looking-glaſs
The mother ſets her daughter,
The image ſtrikes the ſmiling laſs,
With ſelf-love ever after.
Each time ſhe looks, ſhe, fonder grown,
Thinks ev'ry charm grows ſtronger:
But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own,
Can ſee you are not younger.

SONG XV.

Tune, *How happy are we*, &c.

WHen you cenſure the age,
Be cautious and ſage,
Leſt the courtiers offended ſhould be:
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis pat to all the tribe,
Each cries — That was levell'd at me.

SONG XVI.

Tune, *London ladies*.

IF you at an office ſolicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected;
You muſt quicken the clerk with the perquiſite too,
To what his duty directed.
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has this palpable failing,
The perquiſite ſoftens her into conſent;
That reaſon with all is prevailing.

SONG XVII.

Tune, Packinton's *pound*.

THus gameſters united in friendſhip are found,
Tho' they know that their induſtry all is a cheat,
They flock to their prey at the dice-box's ſound,
And join to promote one another's deceit;

But if by mishap,
They fail of a chap,
To keep in their hands, they each other entrap:
Like pikes lank with hunger, who miss of their ends,
They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.

SONG XVIII.

Tune, *Lillibullero.*

THE modes of the court so common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met;
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
'Tis true you find
Some friends so kind,
Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend.
In sorrowful ditty,
They promise, they pity,
But shift you for money, from friend to friend.

SONG XIX.

Tune, *Down in the north country,* &c.

WHat gudgeons are we men!
Every woman's easy prey,
Though we have felt the hook, agen
We bite and they betray.
The bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling mate,
To her he flies, again he's clapt
Within the wiry grate.

SONG XX.

Tune, *A cobler there was,* &c.

OUrselves, like the great, to secure a retreat,
When matters require it, must give up our gang:
And good reason why,
Or instead of the fry,
Ev'n *Peachum* and I
Like poor petty rascals, might hang, hang;
Like poor petty rascals, might hang.

SONG

SONG XXI.

Tune, *Green Sleeves.*

SInce laws were made for ev'ry degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as me,
I wonder we han't better company,
Upon *Tyburn* tree!
But gold from law can take out the ſting,
And if rich men like us were to ſwing,
'Twould thin the land, ſuch numbers to ſtring,
Upon *Tyburn* tree!

ANDRO and his cutty Gun.

I.

BLyth, blyth, blyth was ſhe,
Blyth was ſhe butt and ben;
And well ſhe loo'd a *Hawick* gill,
And leugh to ſee a tappit hen.
She took me in, and ſet me down,
And heght to keep me lawing-free;
But, cunning carling that ſhe was,
She gart me birle my bawbie.

II.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
But waes my heart my caſh was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
And laith I was to pawn my ſhoon.
When we had three times toom'd our ſtoup,
And the neiſt chappin new begun,
In ſtarted, to heeze up our hope,
Young *Andro* with his cutty gun.

III.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes well toaſted brown;
Well does the canny kimmer ken,
They gar the ſcuds gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about,
Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,
And ay the cleaneſt drinker out,
Was *Andro* with his cutty gun.

IV.

He did like ony mavis ſing,
And as I in his oxter ſat,
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
And mony a ſappy kiſs I gat.
I hae been eaſt, I hae been weſt,
I hae been far ayont the ſun;
But the blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw,
Was *Andro* with his cutty gun.

Sailors Song.

HOW happy are we,
Now the wind is abaft;
And the boſſon he pipes,
Hawl both your ſheets aft.
Steady, ſteady, ſays the maſter,
It blows a freſh gale;
We'll ſoon reach our port, boys,
If the wind does not fail.
Then drink about, *Tom*,
Altho' the ſhip roll:
Then drink about, *Tom*,
Altho the ſhip roll:
We'll ſave our rich liquor,
We'll ſave, &c.
By ſlinging our bowl.

A hundred Years hence.

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,
With claret, canary, theorboe, and voice;
The changeable world to our joys is unjuſt,
And all pleaſure's ended when we are in duſt.

In

In mirth let us ſpend our ſpare hours and our pence,
For we ſhall be paſt it a hundred years hence.

II.

The butterfly-courtier, that pageant of ſtate,
That mouſe-trap of honour, and may-game of fate;
For all his ambition, his freaks, and his tricks,
He muſt die like a bumkin, and fall into Styx:
His plot againſt death's but a ſlender pretence,
Who'd take his place from him a hundred years hence?

III.

The beautiful bride, who with garlands is crown'd,
And kills with each glance as ſhe treads on the ground;
Her glittering dreſs does caſt ſuch a ſplendor,
As if none were fit but the ſtars to attend her;
Altho' ſhe is pleaſant, and ſweet to the ſenſe,
She'll be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

IV.

The right-hearted ſoldier, who's a ſtranger to fear,
Calls up all his ſpirits when danger is near;
He labours and fights, great honour to gain,
And hardily thinks it will ever remain;
But virtue and courage prove in vain a pretence,
To flouriſh his ſtandard a hundred years hence.

V.

The merchant who ventures his all on the main,
Not doubting to graſp what the *Indies* contain,
He buzzes and buſtles like a bee in the ſpring,
Yet knows not what harveſt the autumn will bring:
Tho' fortune's great queen ſhould load him with pence,
He'll near reach the market a hundred years hence.

VI.

The rich bawling lawyer, who, by fools wrangling ſtrife,
Can ſpin out a ſuit to the end of a life;
A ſuit which the client does wear out in ſlavery,
Whilſt the pleader makes conſcience a cloak for his knavery;
Tho' he boaſts of his cunning, and brags of his ſenſe,
He'll be *non eſt inventus* a hundred years hence.

VII.

The plush-coated quack, who, his fees to enlarge,
Kills people by licence, and at their own charge;
He builds up fair structures with ill-gotten wealth,
By the dregs of a piss-pot, and the ruins of health:
By the treasures of health he pretends to dispense,
He'll be turn'd into mummy a hundred years hence.

VIII.

The meagre-chopp'd usurer, who in hundreds gets twenty,
But starves in his wealth, and pines in his plenty;
Lays up for a season he never will see,
The year of one thousand eight hundred and three:
He must change all his houses, his lands, and his rents,
For a worm-eaten coffin a hundred years hence.

IX.

The learned divine, with all his pretensions
To knowledge superior, and heavenly mansions;
Who lives by the tithe of other folks labour,
Yet expects that his blessing be receiv'd as a favour,
Tho' he talks of the spirit, and bewilders our sense,
Knows not what will come of him a hundred years hence.

X.

The poet himself, who so loftily sings,
And scorns any subject but heroes or kings,
Must to the capricio of fortune submit;
Which will make a fool of him in spite of his wit:
Thus health, wealth, and beauty, wit, learning, and sense,
Must all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

XI.

Why should we turmoil then in cares and in fears,
By converting our joys into sighs and to tears?
Since pleasures abound, let us ever be tasting,
And to drive away sorrow while vigour is lasting,
We'll kiss the brisk damsels, that we may from thence
Have brats to succeed us a hundred years hence.

The

XII.

The true-hearted maſon, who acts on the ſquare,
And lives within compaſs by rules that are fair;
Whilſt honour and conſcience approve all his deeds,
As virtue and prudence directs he proceeds,
With friendſhip and love, diſcretion, and ſenſe,
Leaves a pattern for brothers a hundred years hence.

JOHNY FAA, the Gypſie Laddie.

THE gypſies came to our good Lord's gate,
And vow but they ſang ſweetly;
They ſang ſae ſweet, and ſae very complete,
That down came the fair lady.

II.

And ſhe came tripping down the ſtair,
And a' her maids before her;
As ſoon as they ſaw her well-far'd face,
They cooſt the glamer o'er her.

III.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a plaidie,
For if kith and kin, and a' had ſworn,
I'll follow the gypſie laddie.

IV.

Yeſtreen I lay in a well-made bed,
And my good Lord beſide me:
This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,
Whatever ſhall betide me.

V.

Come to your bed, ſays *Johny Faa*,
Oh come to your bed, my deary;
For I vow and I ſwear, by the hilt of my ſword,
That your Lord ſhall nae mair come near ye.

VI.

I'll go to bed to my *Johny Faa*,
I'll go to bed to my deary;
For I vow and ſwear by what paſt yeſtreen,
That my Lord ſhall nae mair come near me.

I'll

VII.

I'll make a hap to my *Johny Faa*,
And I'll make a hap to my deary,
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my Lord ſhall nae mair come near me.

VIII.

And when our Lord came hame at een,
And ſpeir'd for his fair lady,
The tane ſhe cry'd, and the other reply'd,
She's away with the gypſie laddie.

IX.

Gae ſaddle to me the black black ſteed,
Gae ſaddle and make him ready;
Before that I either eat or ſleep,
I'll gae ſeek my fair lady.

X.

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Altho' we were na bonny:
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

Old Chiron.

OLD *Chiron* thus preach'd to his pupil *Achilles*,
I'll tell thee, young gentleman, what the fates will is:
You, my boy, muſt go
(The gods will have it ſo)
To the ſiege of *Troy*;
Thence never to return to *Greece* again,
But before thoſe walls to be ſlain.

II.

Let not your noble courage be caſt down,
But all the while you lie before the town,
Drink and drive care away, drink and be merry:
You'll ne'er go the ſooner to the Stygian ferry.

Bottle

Bottle and Friend.

I.

SUm up all the delights
This world does produce,
The darling allurements
Now chiefly in uſe,
You'll find if compar'd,
There's none can contend
With the ſolid enjoyments
Of a bottle and friend.

II.

For honour, for wealth,
For beauty may waſte;
Theſe joys often fade,
And rarely do laſt;
They're ſo hard to attain,
And ſo eaſily loſt,
That the pleaſure ne'er anſwers
The trouble and coſt.

III.

None but wine and true friendſhip
Are laſting and ſure,
From jealouſy free,
And from envy ſecure;
Then fill all the glaſſes
Until they run o'er,
A friend and good wine
Are the charms we adore.

Dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

Tune, *Yellow-hair'd laddie.*

I.

ON *Whitſunday* morning
I went to the fair,
My yellow-hair'd laddie
Was ſelling his ware;

He

He gied me ſick a blyth blink
With his bonny black eye,
And a dear blink, and a fair blink
It was unto me.

II.

I wiſt not what ail'd me
When my laddie came in,
The little wee ſtarnies
Flew ay frae my een;
And the ſweat it dropt down
Frae my very eye-brie,
And my heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

III.

I wiſt not what ail'd me,
When I went to my bed,
I toſſed and tumbled,
And ſleep frae me fled.
Now its ſleeping and waking
He is ay in my eye;
And my heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

Roger and Dolly.

As *Dolly* was milking of the cows,
Young *Roger* came tripping it over the plain,
And made unto her moſt delicate bows,
And then he went tripping it back again.
My pretty ſweet *Roger*, come back again,
My pretty ſweet *Roger*, come back again;
For it is your company that I do lack,
Or elſe my poor heart will burſt in twain.
I winna come back, nor I canna come back;
I wonot, I cannot; no, no, not I:
And if 'tis my company that you do lack,
You may lack it until the day you die.

Oh!

Oh! do you not mind the curds and cream,
And many a bottle of good *March* beer?
When you was going along with your team?
And then it was *Dolly* my own ſweet dear.
But I winna come back, nor I canna come back, *&c.*

The Invocation.

I.

YE powers that o'er mankind preſide,
And pity human woes,
My ſteps to ſome retirement guide,
That no diſturbance knows.
Ye powers, &c.

II.

There let my ſoul forget her pain,
Reſtor'd to bliſsful peace again;
Nor e'er reſign the calm retreat,
To feel the ſorrows of the great,
To feel the ſorrows of the great.

The Virgin's Choice.

I.

VIrgins, if e'er at laſt it prove
My deſtiny to be in love,
Pray wiſh me this good fate:
May wit and prudence be my guide,
And may a little decent pride
My actions regulate.

II.

If e'er I an amour commence,
May it be with a man of ſenſe,
And learned education;
May all courtſhip eaſy be,
Neither too formal, nor too free,
But wiſely ſhew his paſſion.

May

III.

May his eſtate be like to mine,
That nothing look like a deſign
To bring us into ſorrow.
Grant me but this that I have ſaid,
And willingly I'll live a maid
No longer than to-morrow.

Still he's the Man.

I.

WHat woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free,
Yet do all I can,
I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,
Still, ſtill, he's the man.
They tell me at once, he to twenty will ſwear:
When vows are ſo ſweet, who the falſehood can fear?
So when you have ſaid all you can,
Still, — ſtill he's the man.

II.

I caught him once making love to a maid,
When to him I ran,
He turn'd, and he kiſs'd me, then who cou'd upbraid
So civil a man?
The next day I found to a third he was kind,
I rated him ſoundly, he ſwore I was blind;
So let me do what I can,
Still, — ſtill he's the man.

III.

All the world bids me beware of his art:
I do what I can;
But he has taken ſuch hold of my heart,
I doubt he's the man!
So ſweet are his kiſſes, his looks are ſo kind,
He may have his faults, but if none I can find,
Who can do more than they can,
He, — ſtill is the man.

An

An old Catch.

NOW God be wi' old *Symon*,
For he made cans to many a one,
And a good old man was he;
And *Jenkin* was his journeyman,
And he cou'd tipple off ev'ry can;
And thus he ſaid to me:
To whom drink you, Sir Knave?
Turn the timber like the lave;
Ho! jolly *Jenkin*,
I ſpy a knave in drinking;
Come, troll the bowl to me.

The Cobler's Merits.

Tune, *Charming* SALLY.

OF all the trades from eaſt to weſt,
The cobler's, paſt contending,
Is like in time to prove the beſt,
Which every day is mending.
How great his praiſe who can amend
The ſoals of all his neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his end,
But to his laſt he labours!

The Cobler's Happineſs.

Tune, *Come, let us prepare.*

I.

LET matters of ſtate
Diſquiet the great,
The cobler has nought to perplex him;
Has nought but his wife
To ruffle his life,
And her he can ſtrap, if ſhe vex him.

II.

He's out of the pow'r
Of *Fortune*, that whore,
Since low as can be ſhe has thruſt him;
From duns he's ſecure,
For being ſo poor,
There's none to be found that will truſt him.

The Honourable Support.

Tune, *The milking-pail.*

I Hate the coward tribes,
Who, by mean ſneaking bribes,
By tricks and diſguiſe,
By flattery and lies,
To power and grandeur riſe.
Like heroes of old,
Be ſtill greatly bold;
Let the ſword your cauſe ſupport;
Never learn to fawn,
And never be drawn
Your truth to pawn
Among the ſpawn
Who practiſe the frauds of courts.

Self, the prime Mover.

Tune, *Hunt the ſquirrel.*

THE world is always jarring,
This is purſuing
T' other man's ruin;
Friends with friends are warring
In a falſe cowardly way.
Spurr'd on by emulations,
Tongues are engaging,
Calumny raging,
Murders reputations,
Envy keeps up the fray.

Thus,

Thus, with burning heat,
Each returning hate
Wounds and robs his friends
In civil life;
Even man and wife
Squabble for ſelfiſh ends.

The ſpotleſs Virgin.

Tune, *My deary, if thou die.*

PURE as the new-fallen ſnow appears
The ſpotleſs virgin's fame,
Unſully'd white her boſom bears
As fair her form and fame;
But when ſhe's ſoil'd, her luſtre greets
The admiring eye no more;
She ſinks to mud, defiles the ſtreets,
And ſwells the common ſhore.

The Worth of Wine.

Tune, *Let's be jovial.*

I.

'TIS wine that clears the underſtanding,
Makes men learn'd withoutten books:
It fits the general for commanding,
And gives ſogers fiercer looks.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

II.

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,
Heightens beauties of the fair;
Truth from falſehood it diſcovers,
Quickens joys, and conquers care.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

III.

Wine will ſet our ſouls on fire,
Fit us for all glorious things;
When rais'd by *Bacchus* we aſpire
At flights, above the reach of kings.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Bring in bonny magnums plenty,
Be each glaſs a bumper crown'd;
None to flinch till they be empty,
And full fifty toaſts gone round.
With a ſa, la, la, la, &c.

Woman compar'd to China.

Tune, *Pinks and Lilies.*

I.

A Woman's ware, like china,
Now cheap, now dear is bought;
When whole, though worth a guinea,
When broke's not worth a groat;
When broke, &c.

II.

A woman at St *James's,*
With hundreds you obtain;
But ſtay till loſt her fame is,
She'll be cheap in *Drury-lane.*
She'll be cheap, &c.

Slow Men of London.

I.

THere were three lads in our town,
Slow men of *London*;
They courted a widow was bonny and brown,
Yet they left her undone.

II.

They often taſted the widow's chear,
Slow men of *London*;
Yet the widow was never the near,
For ſtill they left her undone.

III.

They went to work without their tools,
Slow men of *London*;
The widow ſhe ſent them away like fools,
Becauſe they left her undone.

Blow,

Blow, ye winds, and come down, rain,
  Slow men of *London*;
They never ſhall woo this widow again,
  Becauſe they left her undone.

Follow your Leaders.

To the foregoing tune.

THE manners of the great affect;
  Stint not your pleaſure:
If conſcience had their genius checkt,
  How got they treaſure?
The more in debt, run in debt the more,
  Careleſs who is undone;
Morals and honeſty leave the poor,
  As they do at *London*.

The Pimp and Politician Parallels.

Tune, *'Twas within a furlong of* Edinburgh *town.*

IN pimps and politicians
  The genius is the ſame:
Both raiſe their own conditions
  On others guilt and ſhame:
With a tongue well tipt with lies
Each the want of parts ſupplies;
And with a heart that's all diſguiſe
  Keeps his ſchemes unknown.
Seducing as the devil,
  They play the tempter's part,
  And have, when moſt they're civil,
  Moſt miſchief in their heart.
Each a ſecret commerce drives,
Firſt corrupts and then connives,
And by his neighbour's vices thrives,
  For they are all his own.

PHILANDER and AMORET.

I.

WHen gay *Philander* fell a prize
To *Amoreta*'s conquering eyes,
He took his pipe, he ſought the plain;
Regardleſs of his growing pain;
And reſolutely bent to wreſt
The bearded arrow from his breaſt.

II.

Come, gentle gales, the ſhepherd cry'd,
Be *Cupid* and his bow defy'd;
But as gales obſequious flew,
With flow'ry ſcents and ſpicy dew,
He did unknowingly repeat,
The breath of Amoret *is ſweet.*

III.

His pipe again the ſhepherd try'd,
And warbling nightingales reply'd;
Their ſounds in rival meaſures move,
And meeting echoes charm the grove:
His thoughts that rov'd again repeat,
The voice of Amoret *is ſweet.*

IV.

Since every fair and lovely view
The thoughts of *Amoret* renew,
From flow'ry lawn and ſhady green
To proſpect gloomy change the ſcene:
Sad change for him! for ſighing there,
He thought of lovers in deſpair.

V.

Convinc'd, the ſad *Philander* cries,
Now, cruel god, aſſert thy prize,
For love its fatal empire gains;
Yet grant, in pity to my pains,
Theſe lines the nymph may oft repeat,
And own *Philander*'s lays are ſweet.

The

The Wit and the Beau.

Tune, *Bright* Aurelia.

I.

With every grace young *Strephon* chose
His person to adorn,
That by the beauties of his face
In *Sylvia*'s love he might find place,
And wonder'd at her scorn.

II.

With bows and smiles he did his part,
But oh ! 'twas all in vain;
A youth less fine, a youth of art,
Had talk'd himself into her heart,
And would not out again.

III.

With change of *habits Strephon* press'd,
And urg'd her to admire;
His *love* alone the other dress'd,
As verse or prose became it best,
And mov'd her soft desire.

IV.

This found, his courtship *Strephon* ends,
Or makes it to his glass;
There in himself now seeks amends,
Convinc'd, that where a *wit* pretends,
A *beau* is but an *ass*.

The Nurse's Song.

Tune, *Yellow stockings*.

I.

Hey ! my kitten, a kitten,
Hey ! my kitten, a deary;
Such a sweet pett as this
Is neither far nor neary:
Here we go up, up, up;
Here we go down, down, downy;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

II.

Chicky, cockow, my lily cock;
See, ſee, ſic a downy;
Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
And hey for *Dublin* towny.
This pig went to the market;
Squeek mouſe, mouſe, mouſy;
Shoe, ſhoe, ſhoe the wild colt,
And hear thy own dol douſy.

III.

Where was a jewel and petty,
Where was a ſugar and ſpicy;
Huſh a baba in a cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a tricy.
Did-a pappa torment it?
Did-e vex his own baby? did-e?
Huſh a baba in a boſie;
Take ous own ſucky: did-e?

IV.

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke;
Slavers a thread o' cryſtal,
Now the ſweet poſſet comes up;
Who ſaid my child was piſs'd all?
Come water my chickens, come clock.
Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you;
Come, gie me your hand, and I'll beat him:
Wha was it vexed my baby?

V.

Where was a laugh and a craw;
Where was, was, was a gigling honey?
Goody, good child ſhall be fed,
But naughty child ſhall get nony.
Get ye gone, raw-head and bloody-bones,
Here is a child that won't fear ye.
Come, piſſy, piſſy, my jewel,
And ik, ik ay, my deary.

The

The Magpie.

I.

GOod people, draw near,
A ſtory ye's hear,
A ſtory both pleaſant and true;
Which happened of late,
And's not out of date;
I am going to tell it to you.

II.

It was an old cobler,
Who ſoal'd ſhoes at *Dubler*,
And lov'd to drink the juice of good barley;
And then with his wife,
As dear as his life,
When drunk, he lov'd for to parley.

III.

This cobler, they ſay,
Being drunk on a day,
His wife ſhe did murmur and chat;
This cobler, they ſay,
Did thraſh her that day,
And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

IV.

He had a magpie
That was very ſly,
And uſed for to murmur and chat;
Who ſoon got the tone,
Before it was long,
Of, What a pox wad ye be at?

V.

And this magpie,
Who was ſo very ſly,
He into a meeting-houſe gat;
And as the old parſon
Was canting his leſſon,
Cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

The

VI.

The parſon ſurpris'd,
Did lift up his eyes :
Now help us, pray, Father, in need :
For Satan, I fear,
Does viſit us here;
So help us, pray, Father, with ſpeed.

VII.

The parſon again
Began to explain
To thoſe around him that ſat ;
But Magpie indeed
Flew over his head,
And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at ?

VIII.

Then the parſon did ſkip,
Five yards at a leap,
From his pulpit quite down to the floor ;
And left every ſaint,
Quite ready to faint,
Leaping out of the meeting-houſe door.

IX.

Then ſome without hats,
And ſome without hoods,
Then out of the meeting-houſe gat :
And Magpie happ'd after,
Which cauſed much laughter,
Crying, What a pox wad ye be at ?

X.

Then a ſanctify'd ſoul,
Who thought to controul,
Look'd Magpie quite full in the face,
Said, Satan, how dare
You thus to appear
In this our ſanctify'd place ?

XI.

But Magpie he pranc'd,
He ſkipp'd and he danc'd,
And out of the meeting-houſe gat ;

And

And all the way long,
He kept up his ſong,
Of a, What pox wad ye be at !

A good Excuſe for Drinking.

UPbraid me not, capricious fair,
With drinking to exceſs ;
I ſhould not want to drown deſpair,
Were your indifference leſs.
Love me, my dear, and you ſhall find,
When this excuſe is gone,
That all my bliſs, when *Chloe*'s kind,
Is fix'd on her alone.
The god of wine the victory
To beauty yields with joy ;
For *Bacchus* only drinks like me,
When *Ariadne*'s coy.

Maſon's Song.

Tune, *Leave off your fooliſh prating.*

WE have no idle prating,
Of either *Whig* or *Tory* ;
But each agrees
To leave at eaſe,
And ſing, or tell a ſtory.

CHORUS.

Fill to him to the brim ;
Let it round the table roll ;
The divine tells you, wine
Cheers the body and the ſoul.

II.

We will be men of pleaſure,
Deſpiſing pride or party ;
Whilſt knaves and fools
Preſcribe us rules,
We are ſincere and hearty.
Fill to him, &c.

III.

If any are ſo fooliſh,
To whine for courtiers favour,
We'll bind him o'er
To drink no more
Till he has a better ſavour.
Fill to him, &c.

IV.

If an accepted maſon
Sould talk of high or low church,
We'll ſet him down
A ſhallow crown,
And underſtanding no church.
Fill to him, &c.

V.

The world is all in darkneſs;
About us they conjecture;
But little think
A ſong in drink
Succeeds the maſon's lecture.
Fill to him, &c.

VI.

Then, landlord, bring a hogſhead,
And in the corner place it;
Till it rebound
With hollow ſound,
Each maſon here ſhall face it.
Fill to him, &c.

The frugal Maid.

I.

I Am a poor maiden forſaken,
Yet I bear a contented mind;
I am a poor maiden forſaken,
Yet I'll find another more kind:
For altho' I be forſaken,
Yet this I would have you to know,
I ne'er was ſo ill provided,
But I'd two'r three ſtrings to my bow.

II.

I own that once I lov'd him,
  But his ſcorn I cou'd never endure;
Nor yet to that height of perfection,
  For his ſlights to love him the more.
I own he was very engaging,
  Yet this I would have you to know,
I ne'er was ſo ill provided,
  But I'd two'r three ſtrings to my bow.

III.

Ye maidens who hear of my ditty,
  And are unto loving inclin'd,
Mens minds they are ſubject to changing,
  And wavering like the wind;
Each object creates a new fancy:
  Then this I would have you to do;
Be eaſy and free, and take pattern by me,
  And keep two'r three ſtrings to your bow.

DAMON'S Picture of CELIA.

Tune, *Down the burn*, DAVIE.

I.

ASſiſt your vot'ry, friendly Nine,
  Inſpire becoming lays;
Cauſe *Celia*'s matchleſs beauty ſhine,
  Till heaven and earth ſhall blaze.
She's pleaſant as returning light,
  Sweet as the morning-ray,
When *Phœbus* quells the ſhades of night,
  And brings the chearful day.

II.

Her graceful forehead's wondrous fair,
  As pureſt air ſerene;
No gloomy paſſion riſing there,
  O'ercaſt the peaceful ſcene:
Her ſmall bright eye-brows finely bend,
  Tranſport darts from her eyes;
The ſparkling diamond they tranſcend,
  Or ſtars which gem the ſkies.

III.

A rising blush of heavenly dye
O'er her fair cheek still glows;
Her shining locks in ringlets lie,
Well shap'd and siz'd her nose;
Her smiling lips are lovely red,
Like roses newly blown;
Her iv'ry teeth (for most part hid)
You'd wish for ever shown.

IV.

Her snowy neck and breasts like glass,
Or polish'd marble smooth,
That nymphs in beauty far surpass
Who fir'd the Trojan youth;
Her slender waist, white arm and hand,
Just symmetry does grace:
What's hid from these (if you demand)
Let lively fancy trace,

V.

A sprightly and angelic mind
Reigns in this comely frame,
With decent ease acts unconfin'd,
Inspires the whole like flame;
Minerva or *Diana*'s state,
With *Venus*' softness join'd,
Proclaim her goddess, meant by fate,
Love's rightful queen design'd.

VI.

Good gods! what raptures fire my soul!
How flutters my fond heart!
When tender glances art controul,
And love suppress'd impart.
Propitious pow'rs, make *Celia* mine,
Complete my dawning bliss;
At monarch's pomp I'll not repine,
Nor grudge their happiness.

The

The new Light.

I.

CElia, now my heart hath broke
The bond of your ungentle yoke,
Diſſolv'd the fetter of that chain
By which I ſtrove ſo long in vain :
May I be ſlighted if I e'er
Am caught again within your ſnare,
Am caught, &c.

II.

In vain you ſpread your treach'rous net,
In vain your wily ſnares are ſet;
The bird can now your arts eſpy,
And, arm'd with caution, from them fly :
Some heedleſs ſwain your prey may be,
But faith you're too well known to me,
But faith, &c.

III.

I with contempt can now deſpiſe
The treach'rous follies of your eyes,
And with contempt can ſit and hear
You prattle nonſenſe half a year,
And go away as little mov'd
As you was lately when I lov'd,
As you was, &c.

IV.

I wonder what the plague it was
Made me ſuch a ſtupid aſs,
To fancy ſuch a noble grace
In your language, mien, and face,
Where now I nothing more can find
Than what I ſee in all your kind,
Than what, &c.

V.

Thus when the drouſy god of ſleep,
Upon our wearied fancies creep,
Some headleſs piece of image riſe,
By fancies form'd delude our eyes :

But ſoon as e'er the god of day
Appears, they faint and die away,
Appears, they, &c.

The Fickle fix'd.

I.

MY love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would ſettle in my heart;
From beauty ſtill to beauty ranging,
In ev'ry place I found a dart.

II.

'Twas firſt a charming ſhape enſlav'd me,
An eye that gave the fatal ſtroke,
Till by her wit *Corinna* ſav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

III.

But now a long and laſting anguiſh
For *Belvidera* I endure;
Hourly I ſigh, and hourly languiſh:
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

IV.

For here the falſe unconſtant lover,
After a thouſand beauties ſhown,
Does new ſurpriſing charms diſcover,
And finds variety in one.

EXPLANATION

OF THE

SCOTS WORDS.

A', *all.*
Abeit, *albeit.*
Aboon, *above.*
Ae, *one.*
Aff, *off.*
Aften, *often.*
Aik, *oak.*
Ain, *own.*
Aith, *oath.*
Air, *early.*
Ajee, *aside.*
Alane, *alone.*
Amaist, *almost.*
Ambry, *cupboard.*
Ane, *one.*
Anither, *another.*
Awa, *away.*
Auld, *old.*
Ayont, *beyond.*

B.

BA', *ball.*
Baith, *both.*
Bane, *bone.*
Bannocks, *oat-bread.*
Baps, *roll-bread.*
Bawm, *balm.*
Bauk, *baulk.*
Bedrals, *beadles.*
Beet, *to help or repair.*
Bend, *to drink.*
Bennison, *blessing.*
Bent, *the open fields.*
Bewith, *somewhat in the mean time.*
Birks, *birch.*
Bigg, *build.*
Billy, *brother.*
Binging, *becking, bending.*
Blate, *bashful.*
Blaw, *blow.*
Bleeze, *blaze.*
Blink, *glance of the eye.*
Blutter, *blunder.*
Bode, *predict.*
Bodin, *stored.*
Bot *or* But, *without.*
Bougils, *sounding horns.*
Bountith, *a gratuity.*
Bowt, *bolt.*
Brachen, *a sort of broth.*
Brae, *rising ground.*
Brankit, *primm'd up.*
Braid, *broad.*
Brander, *a gridiron.*

Braw, *finely dressed.*
Broach, *a buckle.*
Brack, *broken parts, or refuse.*
Brow, *the forehead.*
Bruik, *to love or enjoy.*
Bught, *sheep-fold.*
Burnist, *polished.*
Burn, *a rivulet.*
Busk, *to deck.*
But *and* Ben, *be out and be in.*
Byer, *a cow-house.*

C.

CA', *call.*
adgie, *chearful.*
Caff, *calf.* id. *chaff.*
Canna, *cannot.*
Canker'd, *angry.*
Canny, *cautious, lucky.*
Carlings, *old women.* Id. *boiled pease.*
Cauld, *cold.*
Cauler, *cool, fresh.*
Cawk, *chalk.*
Clag, *failing or imperfection.*
Clat, *a rake.*
Claiths, *cloaths.*
Clashes, *tittle tattle.*
Clock, *a beetle.*
Cockernony, *the hair bound up.*
Cod, *a pillow.*
Coft, *bought.*
Cogg, *a wooden dish.*
Coof, *a blockhead.*
Coots, *joint of the ancle.*
Courchea *or* Curtchea, *a handkerchief.*
Crack, *to boast.*
Creel, *basket or hamper.*
Crocks, *lean sheep.*
Croft, *corn-land.*
Crouse, *brisk, bold.*
Crowdy-mowdy, *a sort of gruel.*
Crummy, *a cow's name.*
Cunzie, *coin.*

D.

DAffin, *folly, wantonness.*
Daft, *mad, foolish.*
Dawt, *fondle, caress.*
Dight, *to wipe.*
Dinna, *do not.*
Ding, *beat.*
Dool, *trouble.*
Dosend, *frozen, cold.*
Dorty, *haughty,*
Dow, *can.* Id. *dove.*
Downa, *cannot.*
Dowf, *spiritless.*
Doughtna, *could not.*
Dowy, *weary, lonely.*
Drant, *to speak slow.*
Dramock, *cold gruel.*
Drap, *drop.*
Dwining, *decaying.*
Dunting, *beating.*
Dulce and tangle, *sea plants.*
Durk, *a dagger.*

Eard,

E.

EArd, *earth.*
Een, *eyes.*
Eild, *age.*
Eith, *easy.*
Elding, *fewel.*
Eem, *cousin.*
Ettle, *aim.*
Eydent, *diligent.*

F.

FA', *fall.*
Fadge, *a coarse sort of roll-bread*
Fae, *foe.*
Fand, *found.*
Fangle, Newfangle, *fond of what's new.*
Farles, *thin oat-cakes.*
Fash, *trouble.*
Fause, *false.*
Faut, *fault.*
Fee, *wages.*
Feirs, *brothers.*
Fendy, *active, industrious.*
Fenzie, *fain*
Ferley, *wonder.*
Fey, *attended by a fatality.*
Flee, *fly.*
Flouks, *flounders.*
Flyte, *to scold.*
Fog, *moss.*
Fore, to the fore, *in being or lasting.*
Fouth, *plenty.*
Frae, *from*
Fraising, *babling with a foolish wonder.*
Fou, *or* fu', *full.*

G

GAb, *the mouth.*
Gabocks, *large mouthfuls.*
Gaberlunzie, *a wallet that hangs on the side or loin.*
Gae, *gave.* Id. *go.*
Gane, *gone.*
Gar, *make or cause.*
Gawsy, *jolly, large.*
Gate, *way.*
Gawn, *going.*
Gawd, *gall'd.* Id. *goad.*
Gawky, *empty, foolish.*
Gawnt, *to yawn.*
Geck, *to flout and jeer.*
Genty, *small and neat.*
Gin *and* gif, *if.*
Glaive, *a sword.*
Glaikit, *idle and rompish.*
Glee, *joy.*
Gleed, *squinting.*
Glen, *a hollow between hills.*
Gloyd, *an old horse.*
Glowr, *to stare*
Gowk, *the cuckow.* Id. *a fool.*
Gowping, *handful.*
Graip, *to grope.* Id. *a trident fork for dung.*
Graith, *accoutrements.*
Grots, *skinned oats.*
Gutcher, *grandfather.*

Ha',

H.

HA', *hall.*
Hae, *have.*
Haf, *half.*
Hagies, *a boiled pudding made of a sheeps pluck minced, with sewet.*
Halucket, *light-headed, whimsical.*
Hale, *whole.*
Haly, *holy.*
Hame, *home.*
Hames *and* brechoms, *wore about the neck of a cart-horse.*
Hawse, *embrace.*
Heese, *to lift.*
Hecht, *promised.*
Heugh, *any steep place.*
Hodle, *to waddle in walking.*
Hoden, *coarse cloth.*
Hows, *hollows.*
Howms, *valleys on river-sides.*

I.

JEe, *to* jee back and again, *the motion of a balance.*
Ill-fard, *ill-favoured, or ugly.*
Ilka, *each.*
Ilka, *every.*
Ingle, *fire.*
Jo, *sweet-heart.*
Jouk, *to bow.*
Irk, *weary or tired.*
Irie, *afraid of ghosts.*
Ishogles, *icicles.*
Ise, *I shall.*
Ither, *other.*

K.

KAirn, *or* Cairn, *heaps of monumental stones.*
Kail, *coleworts.* Id. *broth.*
Kaim, *comb.*
Kebuck, *a cheese.*
Keek, *peep.*
Ken, *know.*
Kepp, *to catch.*
Kilted, *tucked up.*
Kirn, *chirn.*
Kimmer, *a she-gossip.*
Kirtle, *upper petticoat.*
Kurchie, *handkerchief.*

L.

LAg, *to fall behind.*
Laigh, *low.*
Lane, *own self.*
Laith, *loath.*
Lapperd, *crudled.*
Law, *low.*
Lawty, *justice.*
Lave, *the rest.*
Lee, *fallow-ground.*
Leesome, *lovely.*
Leese me, *a phrase used when one loves or is pleased with a person.*
Leil, *exact.*
Leugh, *laughed.*
Lib, *to geld.*

Lilt,

Lilt, *a tune.*
Linkan, *to move quickly.*
Loor, *rather.*
Loos, *loves.*
Loun, *a sly wencher.*
Lout, *to bow.*
Lowan, *flaming.*
Lown, *calm.*
Lucken, *gathered together, or close join'd to one another.*
Lyart, *hoary or grey.*

M.

MAik, *a mate.*
Mair, *more.*
Maist, *most.*
Maksna, *it matters not.*
Main, *moan.*
March, *limits or border of grounds.*
Marrow, *match.*
Maun, *must.*
Mawking, *a hare.*
Mavis, *the thrush.*
Meikle, *or* Muckle, *much.*
Meise, *move.*
Mends, *revenge.*
Mense, *manners.* Id. *to decorate.*
Menzie, *a company or retinue.*
Milsy, *a search for milk.*
Mint, *attempt*
Minny, *mother.*
Mirk, *dark.*
Mons-meg, *a very large iron cannon in the castle of* Edinburgh, *capable of holding two people.*
Mou, *mouth.*
Moup, *to eat as wanting teeth.*
Mouter, *the miller's toll.*
Muck, *dung.*
Mutches, *linen quoifs or hoods.*

N.

NA', *and* Nae, *no, none.*
Nane, *none.*
Nees, *nose.*
Neist, *next.*
Nither, *starve or pinch.*
Nowther, *neither.*

O.

OE, *grandchild.*
Ony, *any.*
Owrly, *a cravat.*
Owsen, *oxen.*
Oxter, *arm-pit.*

P.

PAntry, *a buttery.*
Partans, *crab-fish.*
Pat, *put*
Pawky, *cunning.*
Paunches, *tripe.*
Peat-pot, *peat coal-pit.*
Pibrogh, *a highland tune.*
Pickle, *a small share.*
Pig, *earthen pot.*
Pillar, *stool of repentance.*
Pine, *pain.*
Pith, *strength.*

Plet,

Plet, *to fold.* Id. *twist.*
Poortith, *poverty.*
Pou, *or* Pu, *well.*
Powſowdy, *ram-head ſoup.*
Prig, *haggle.*
Prive, *to prove, or taſte.*

R.

RAir, *roar.*
Raſhes, *ruſhes.*
Red up, *put in order.*
Renzie, *rein.*
Rever, *robber.*
Rifarts, *radiſhes.*
Rife, *plenty.*
Riggs, *ridges.*
Row, *roll.*
Rowth, *wealth.*
Rude, *croſs.*
Runkled, *wrinkled.*
Rung, *a club.*
Ruſe, *or* rooſe, *to praiſe.*

S.

SAe, *ſo.*
Saft, *ſoft.*
Sair, *ſore.*
Sawt, *ſalt.*
Seim, *appearance.*
Sell, *ſelf.*
Sey, *try.*
Shanna, *ſhall not.*
Shangy-mouthed, *or* ſhevil-gabit, *the mouth much to one ſide.*
Sharn, *cow-dung.*
Shaw, *ſhow.* Id. *a woody bank.*
Shoo, *a ſhoe.*
Shoon, *ſhoes.*
Shore, *to threaten.*
Shire, *thin.*
A ſhire lick, *a ſmart fellow.*
Sic, *or* Sick, *ſuch.*
Sican, *ſuch an one.*
Sin, *or* Syne, *ſince.*
Sindle, *ſeldom.*
Sinſyne, *ſince that time.*
Skair, *ſhare.*
Skaith, *harm, loſs.*
Skink, *ſtrong ſoup.*
Sma', *ſmall.*
Snack, *ſmart.*
Snaw, *ſnow.*
Sneiſt, *to ſnarl.*
Sniſhing, *ſnuff.*
Snood, *a head-band.*
Snug, *convenient, neat.*
Sodden, *boiled.*
Sonſy, *fortunate, jolly.*
Sowens, *a kind of ſowered gruel, boiled like paſte.*
Soum, *of ſheep* 20.
Spake, *ſpoke.*
Speer, *to aſk.*
Spelding, *dried white-fiſh.*
Stane, *ſtone.*
Starns, *ſtars.*
Steek, *ſhut.*
Stend, *ſtalk haſtily.*
Stirk, *a young bullock.*
Stoup, *a prop.*
Strae, *ſtraw.*
Streek, *ſtretch.*
Stenzie, *to ſtain.*
Swats, *ſmall ale.*

Sweer,

Sweer, *unwilling, lazy.*
Swither, *in doubt.*
Seybows, *young onions.*
Syne, *then.*

T.

TAe, *toe.*
Tald, *told.*
Taiken, *token.*
Tane, *taken.* Id. *the one.*
Tap, *top.*
Taulk, *talk.*
Thae, *those.*
Tent, *notice.*
Theyse, *they shall.*
Thole, *to suffer.*
Thowless, *spiritless.*
Thud, *noise of a stroke.*
Tine, *lose.*
Tint, *lost.*
Titter, *rather.*
Tocher, *dowery.*
Tooly, *fight, contend.*
Todlen, *a rolling short step.*
Touzle, *to ruffle.*
Trig, *neat.*
Trow, *believe.*
Triste, *appointment.*
Twin, *to part from.*

W.

WAd, *would.*
Wae, *wo.*
Wale, *to chuse, the choice.*
Waen, *child.*
Wallowit, *faded or withered.*
Wan, *pale.* Id. *Won.*
Wallop, *gallop.*
Wame, *womb, belly.*
Ware, *bestow.*
War, *worse.*
Wat, *know.*
Waws, *walls.*
Wawk, *walk.* Id. *Wake.*
Wakerife, *not inclined to sleep.*
Wear in, *hem in.*
Wee, *little.*
Weind, *thought.*
Weirs, *wars.*
Wha, *who.*
Whang, *a large cut.*
Whatrecks, *what matters it.*
Whilk, *which.*
Whinging, *whining.*
Whisht, *hold your peace.*
Whillywha, *a cheat or bite.*
Wilks, *periwinkles.*
Win, *or* Won, *dwell.*
Winna, *will not.*
Winsome, *handsome.*
Wist, *known.*
Withershins, *to move contrary.*
Woo, *wool.*
Wood, *mad.*
Woody, *a withy.*
Wow! *wonderful!* Id. *ah!*
Wylie, *cunning.*
Wyson, *the gullet.*
Wyre, *to blame.*
Unco, *very strange.*

Yad,

Y

YAd, *a mare.*
Yese, *ye shall.*
Yern, *desire.*
Yestreen, *yesternight.*

FINIS.